Frontier Times

September, 1965

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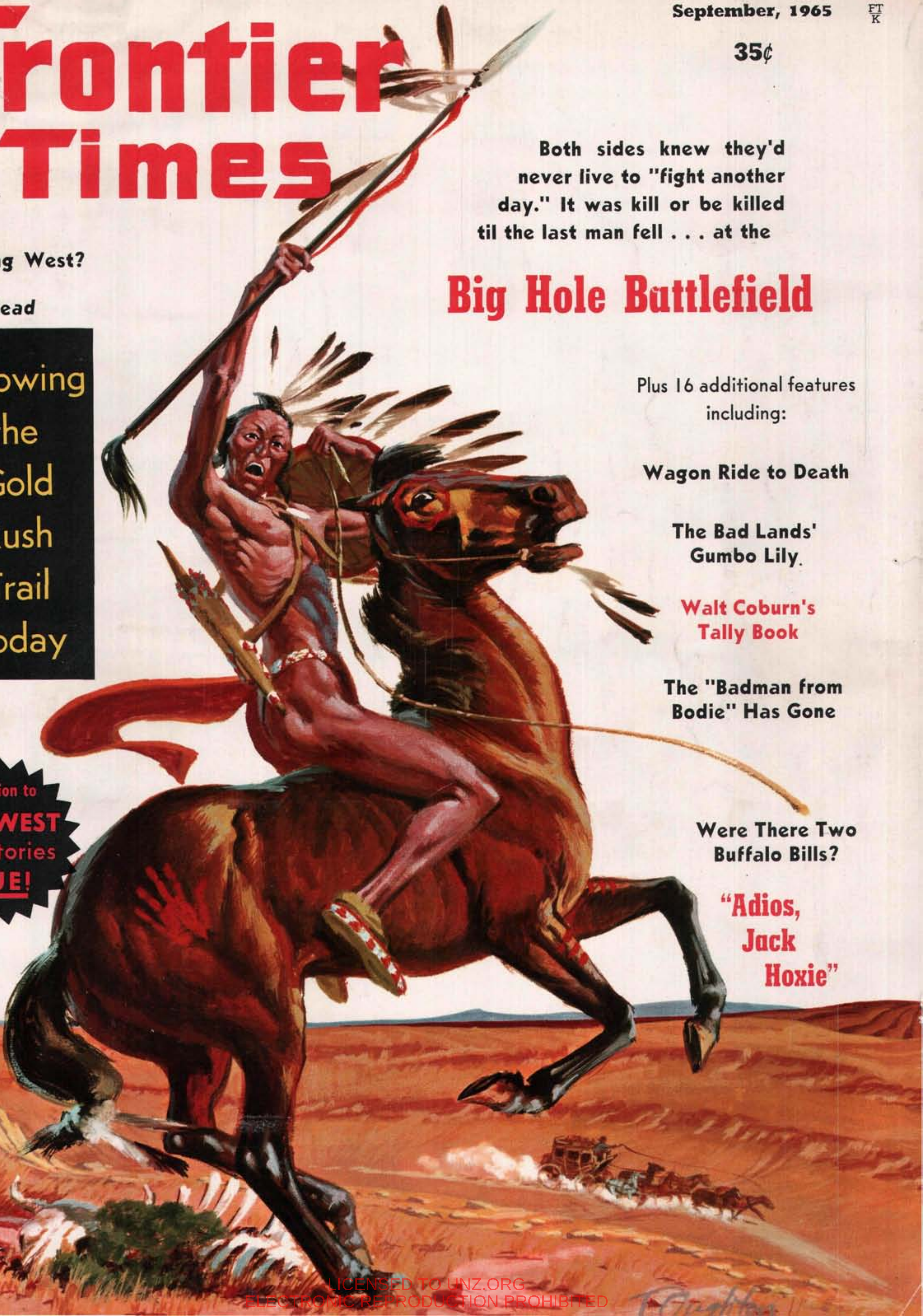

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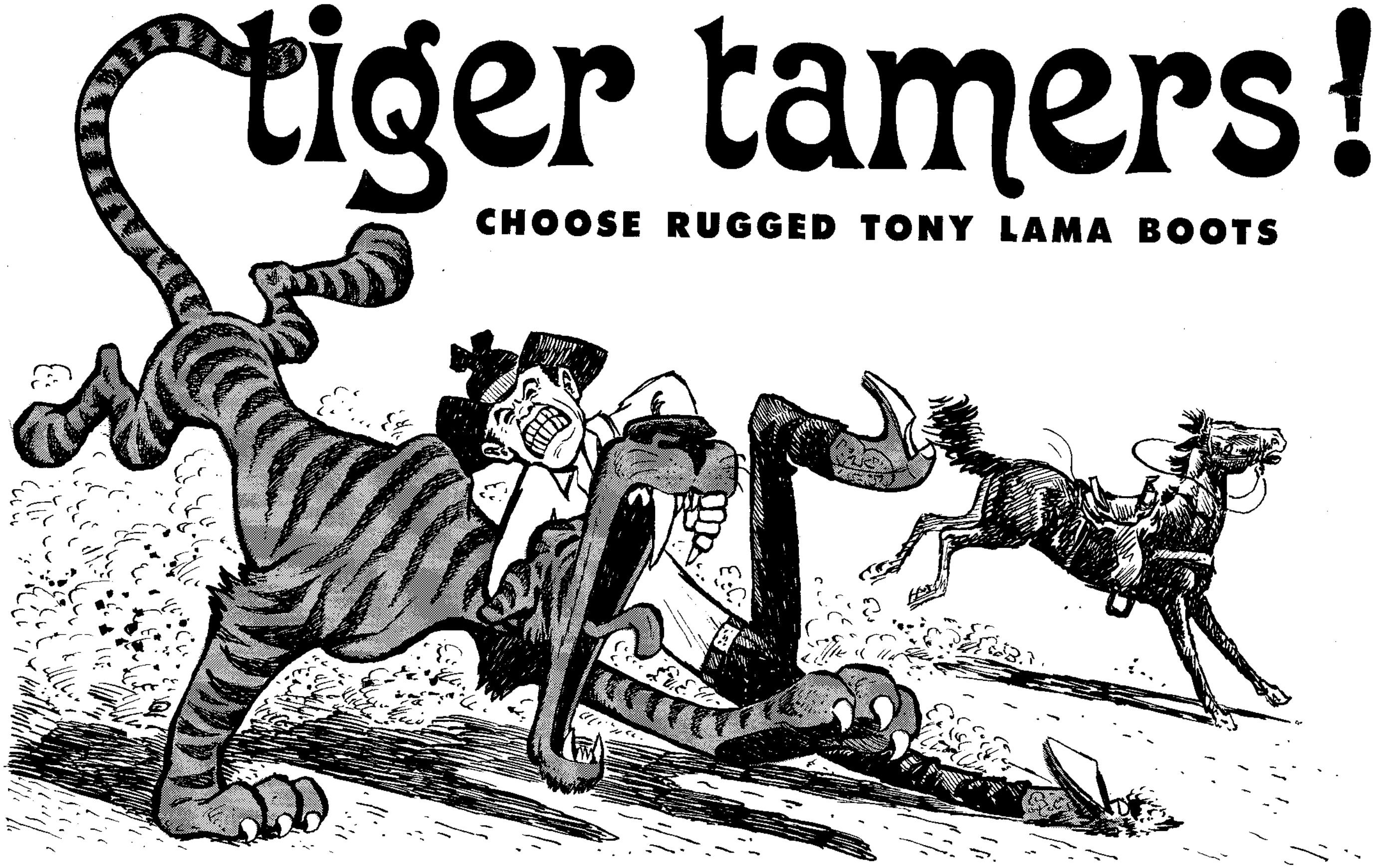

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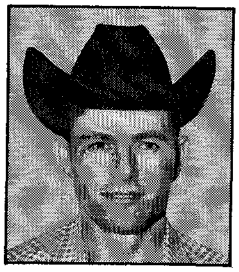

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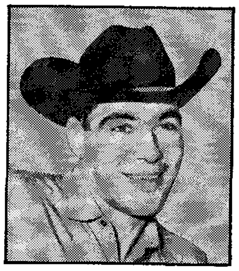

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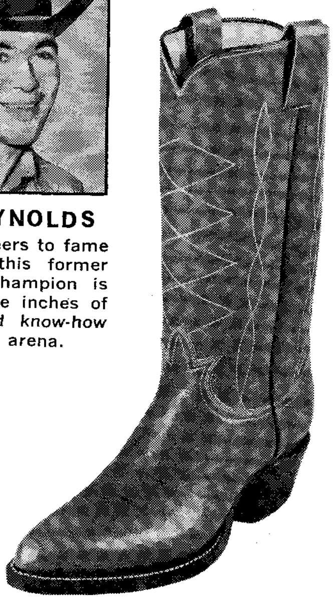

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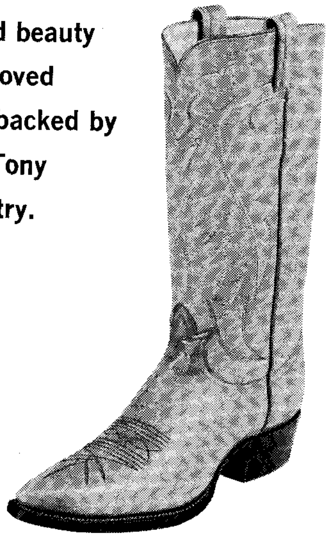

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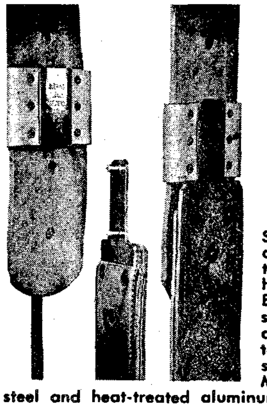

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704. 35c per copy, $4.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions and Canada. $5.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1965 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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ALSO IN THIS ISSUE: **THE FEATHERBEDDERS** by Paul Byington as told to Dade Gipson, **FORT SILKIRK: WHERE THE STEAMBOATS PASS NO MORE** by Michael Jenkinson, **FORGOTTEN CITY OF NAPIAS CREEK** by Lester F. Bardin, **A LONELY PLACE TO DIE** by Jordan Bean and **MY OLD COMPADRE—FRANK KING** by Fred Lambert.

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FRONTIER POST

Various Devilments

Hi, Hoss!

Now I'd be the last one to holler about anybody having a swig out of the old jug once in awhile. But when you nice fellers start having that swig while you're putting my magazines together—well, I just HAVE to holler! The last issue I got had the first twelve pages completely gone and two sets of pages 13-25. How in the devil am I supposed to read my favorite magazines when all the stories ain't there? Somebody goofed bad!—Bill Manning, 5120 Skyline Drive, Mission, Kansas.

Podner, we're responsible for most of the things we're accused of and probably even a few extras. But this time we're innocent as newborn babes. It's them fellers down at the printing shop. They tell me, "This is a case where the operator of the binding machine picked up a wrong stack of sections and put them in the wrong hopper." We really never did quite understand how this works since we ain't so smart, but it sounds real probable and we don't argue none.

However, when this happens, only about twenty-five of these copies are turned loose on the world since that's the average lift. Since we print over a thousand jackloads of each rag now, it would take nineteen people twenty-one days to check each magazine before mailing out to you critters. We're running this letter in all three magazines since we don't put out spooked copies on purpose, and we want all you folks to know what's happening around here. Besides, we don't make enough money to keep our screaming younguns in milk, much less buying that vile whusky to make mistakes with.

So, when you folks get a copy that isn't all put together right and proper, just stick it in an envelope and fire it back down our way. We'll send you a copy that is pretty and clean and fresh as a spring morning on the Colorado River.—Hoss

Dear Sir:

This is just a note to tell your company about the rascal that was in this area about one year ago representing TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES.

This fellow had real good identification, which was false, and came by and asked us to subscribe to the magazines. Of course we did, as they are favorites of the whole family.

According to his story, he was studying to become a doctor and got so many points for each magazine subscription he sold.

We went to the sheriff of our county and found out this fellow was wanted in the States of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana for forging identification papers and selling magazine subscriptions without proper authority. We gave the sheriff our check he had cashed and our receipt and, by golly, they caught the guy. He is serving a sentence in the pen now.

He rooked us out of $29.00 and I want to tell you that when I get another $29.00 I'm going to have TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES or know the reason why. Wonder how many other people he robbed?

Thanks so much for listening to my story.—Mrs. Victor E. Mobley, Rangely Route, Meeker, Colorado 81641.

Thanks for writing us about this! I hope every reader of all three of our magazines will read this. We only have three agents in the field—Hackberry Johnson of Austin, Texas, Milt Hinkle of Kissimmee, Florida, and Mrs. Hazel Earnest of Vernon, Texas! So before you give away your hard-earned cash, folks, be sure you know your man! We are listed with a number of national agencies who have local representatives. These people you will know or can find out about on the spot. Also, if you deal with a local representative of a national subscription agency, you can always cut off his ears if something goes wrong!

The thing to do if there is any doubt in your mind whatsoever is to call your local Better Business Bureau or make the person prove without any doubt that he is reputable.

Mrs. Mobley, there is not one in 267,000 people who would have done what you and your husband did. They just decide, "Well, I've been took!" and let it go at that—blaming the representative as well as the company involved and, of course, the company never knows a thing about it. You have stopped a man who might have sold thousands of dollars worth of our magazines to unsuspecting people and it has saved us all a big headache. So, we are going to honor your $29.00 even though we never heard of the man and didn't see a penny of the money. These sneakers are all over, folks, so please be careful!—Joe.

Howdy, Hoss!

By durn, Podner, I just don't know what I am going to do and I'm depending on you folks to help me out.

I've been subscribing to your rags for quite awhile now and they've always arrived at my house in good shape. However, the last one or two I got were so badly messed up that it looked like every person who handled it from the time it left your corral till it reached mine had taken a bite out of it. The cover was barely hanging on and I'm sure every postal employee between here and Timbuktu beat it on a hard rock for half an hour. Can't you help me out?—Clayton Thompson, 1817 Park Street, Huntington Beach, California.

By golly, Clayton, it is actually amazing! Up until recently we hardly received a complaint from a subscriber regarding the condition of his magazines upon arrival. But lately they have been coming in at a right smart clip. If any of you readers get a copy that looks dog-eared, send it back to us in a hurry and we'll

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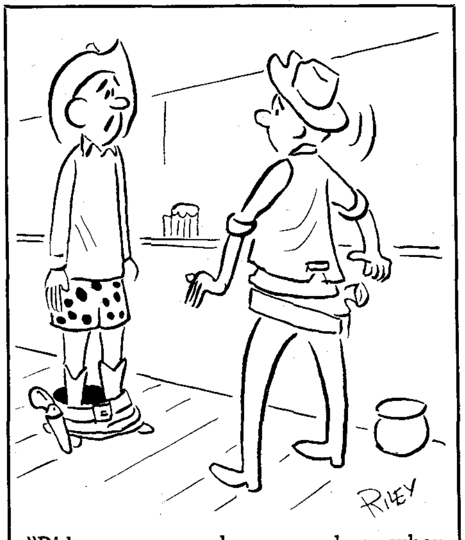


"Did you ever have a day when NOTHING went right?"

send you another—well protected. We need the dog-eared ones to show the post office.

Our magazines go out in envelopes where there is only one subscriber in a town. When there are more than one subscriber in any town, the magazines are wrapped in heavy paper and tied with durned-nigh unbreakable wire. Your local post office opens this package and delivers the magazines via your postman. How they could get as beat up as some we have seen is an absolute mystery!

Also, we have had quite a bit of trouble sending out our newsstand packages. Our printer securely wraps these packages and strong wire is used as an extra precaution. He even took one of these packages of fifty magazines and threw it on the concrete floor until he worked up a sweat. He couldn't break it! Yet, we get notices that packages are disintegrated to the extent that no address is left and they send a messed up looking bunch of magazines and strips of wrapping paper and wire back to us.

Since all of this has been in comparatively recent months (and we are hearing complaints from other publishers), I'm wondering just what sort of giants work in the mail service these days. I can just see the help wanted ad: "Wanted: Strong men with special talents such as breaking granite with their bare hands!"

We're doing the best we can to remedy this but, for gosh sakes, keep sending in those mutilated copies—WE NEED THEM! We'll send you a good one by return mail—even if we have to start putting them in steel envelopes!—Joe.

The Pipeliners

Gentlemen:

In the May issue of FRONTIER TIMES, 1965, the story, "Rolling Stone" mentions Augusta, Kansas. Augusta, Kansas, was my birthplace. The main street was a dirt street. After a large rain the streets were rough and full of holes; still had kerosene lamps for tail lights on their cars and trucks. The lamps wouldn't stay lit. The cops were taking drivers in right and left; five-dollar fines each time. The city was sure getting rich on the fines.

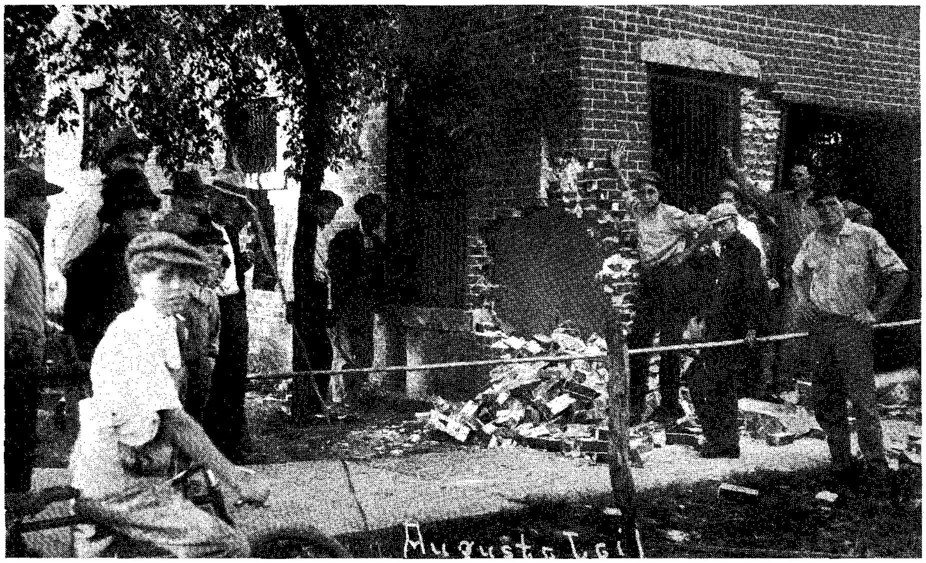
On Friday night, October 6, 1916, we ran seven cops out of town. We citizens started the whole thing—the tanker drillers and tool dressers *did not start this.* They had but little to do with this. The businessmen were the ones. About four o'clock one evening the citizens started gathering on Main Street—men, women and children. We all had been planning for something for some time. Later in the evening one of our bankers there in town paraded the street horseback with a long pole on his shoulder, a lantern on the end of it. How the crowd roared over it.

The chief of police went out in the street, drew his .45, and shot six times in air. The horse went to pitching. Four large men grabbed the chief, got his gun and badge. Then the chief's brother came up and they did the same thing to him and told them to get going. Then the businessmen got out of it. Us hometown boys and pipeliners took over.

We went to the jail and got a long timber twenty feet long. It didn't take twenty men long to poke two holes in the wall and let fifteen men free. Earlier that day a little Irishman in a restaurant had a little too much fighting whiskey, I guess, and got in an argument with a fellow. He pulled a knife and when the cops were called, he resisted arrest and wanted to fight them. They got him in jail, and he was in the jail with the rest of those fellows when we went to working on it. He was frightened out of his wits—thought we were a lynching party after

(Continued on page 70)

The day of the big "jail break" in Augusta, Kansas



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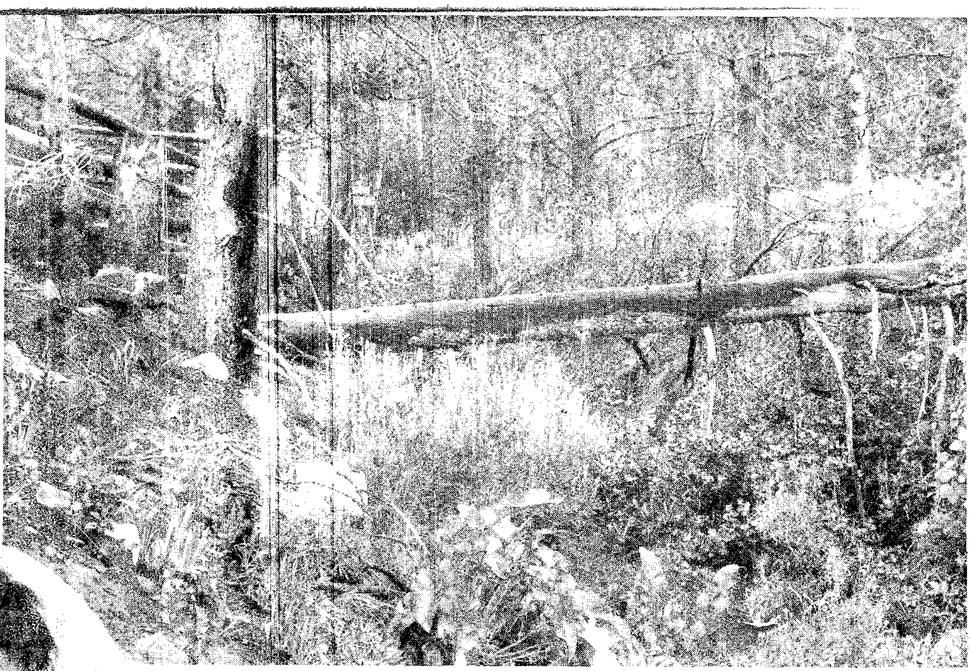


A ravine in which soldiers took shelter during the battle. They felled trees across it to afford a place of concealment. The tree above was the only one remaining when this photograph was made in 1913.

Chief Joseph
Smithsonian
Institution

BIG HOLE

Never before had Indians fought like these. The soldiers and the scouts admitted it. The Nez Percés avoided the traps, scorned the ruses, and *almost* made the last fifty miles to safety

IN THE BIG Hole Basin of southwestern Montana, at the foot of the eastern slope of the Continental Divide, is the Big Hole Battlefield. There Colonel John Gibbon's command of 200 soldiers and citizen volunteers desperately fought for their lives against Chief Joseph and his Nez Percé warriors on a hot August day, eighty-eight years ago, in one of the last battles of the old Indian frontier in the Northwest. With casualties steadily mounting under the deadly fire of the enemy, only the timely arrival of General Oliver O. Howard with reinforcements and ammunition saved Gibbon and his command from another Custer "massacre."

It is a strange coincidence that only the year before, Gibbon's Seventh Infantry with General Terry saved the beleaguered remnants of the Seventh Cavalry under Reno and Benteen from Custer's fate. Lieutenant James H. Bradley, in command of Gibbon's scouts, the first white man to reach the Custer battlefield, was to die a year later in the charge of the Seventh Infantry on the Nez Percé village; and Henry Bostwick, the post guide from Fort Shaw, Montana, who was with Bradley at the Little Big Horn, was killed during the fighting in the timber at the Big Hole. Another Seventh Infantry officer with Gibbon at the Custer battlefield was Lieutenant William L. English, who fell before Nez Percé rifles and died eleven days later at Deer Lodge. Many, and perhaps all, of those soldiers of the Seventh who fought at the Big Hole, were with Gibbon at the Little Big Horn.

When I visited the battlefield in 1913 it was in a very isolated corner of the southern Montana wilderness. It could be reached in those days from the little cowtown of Wisdom, twelve miles east, or from Anaconda, the town of the big copper smelter, by a road which led over the Continental Divide and down through the Big Hole Basin. That was a long journey, but every mile was beautiful and picturesque. You just did not try it in an automobile in those days, however. The only safe way was on horseback or with a good team and wagon. Either you took camping equipment or stopped at ranches, where you were always welcome.

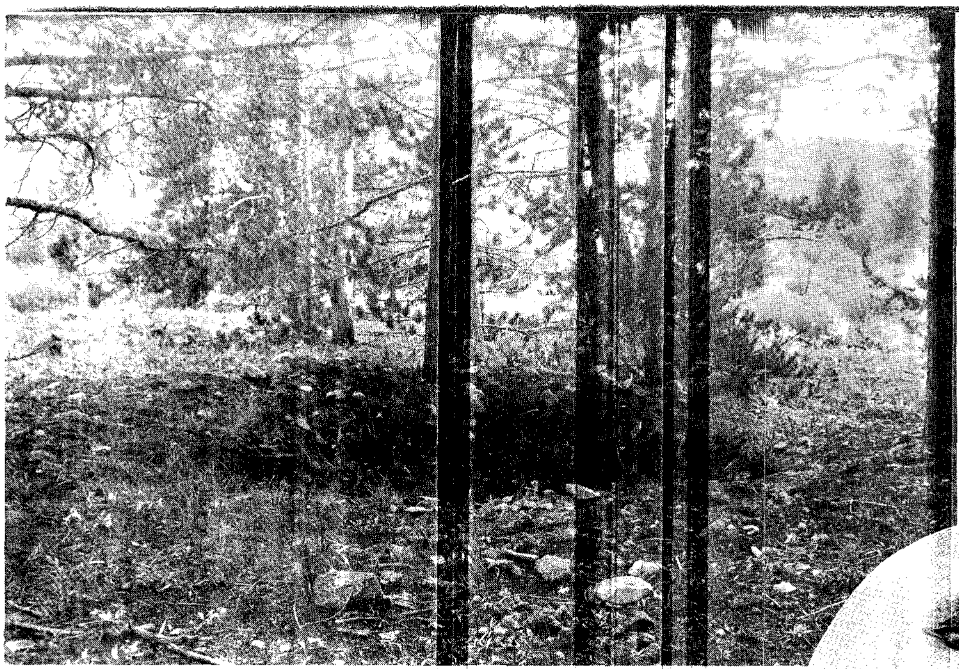
Today Route 93 from Missoula takes you within a few miles of the battlefield; but you are on the western slope of the Continental Divide, and it is necessary to leave the main highway and cross through Gibbon Pass on a road which is not much better than it was when Colonel Gibbon passed over it in pursuit of Chief Joseph.

The trail over the Divide was already old when Captain William Clark, of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, passed that way in 1806 on his return from the Pacific Coast. Clark and Lewis had separated to explore different routes to the Missouri, and Clark was the first white man known to have crossed the Continental Divide through this pass.

It was on July 3, just thirty-six years after Chief Joseph and his Nez Percés had surrounded Colonel Gibbon and his "thin blue line" on the little bench at the foot of the mountain, that I visited this important site of the old Indian warfare days. That is not long as time goes, and the scene had changed but little. I was in the Forest Service at that time, one of the rangers in charge of a crew of men fighting an epidemic of powder post beetles which had already killed hundreds of lodgepole pines in the Big Hole country. The scene of Gibbon's fight was about ten miles south of our camp, and on July 2 another ranger and I decided to take some time off and visit the battlefield. We had no horses, and the first day we walked to Camp No. 2, which was near the battleground. The next morning we continued our journey to the field. A ranger station had been located there for several years, and one of the ranger's duties was to protect the place from vandalism. This historic spot has since been set aside as a National Monument under the National Park Administration.

Ranger Arthur Keyes and his wife extended a hearty welcome as we tramped up to the station, for visitors were few and far between; and Mrs. Keyes served an excellent dinner.

Keyes knew every foot of the battlefield—which was in reality his front yard, his house being at the foot of the mountain on the western side. He showed us every point of interest from the site of the Indian village among the



This rifle pit was the largest one made by the soldiers during their stand at Big Hole. Trees were also placed over these pits, for protection from Indian sharpshooters who had climbed into nearby trees.

Battlefield

General O. O. Howard

National Archives

Smithsonian Institution

General John Gibbon

By EARLE R. FORREST

willows on the other side of Ruby Creek, to the shallow trenches and rifle pits scraped out by those desperate soldiers fighting for their lives. A group of lonely graves lay on the point near the slope down to the river, where:

"Sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed."

THE NEZ PERCÉ WAR of 1877 was the old story of the Indian fighting for his native land against the encroachment of white invaders. By the Treaty of 1863, the whites claimed the Wallowa Valley, the ancient home of Chief Joseph's people in eastern Oregon; but Joseph had refused to sign a scrap of paper that bound the red man and not the white. His father and mother were buried in that land, and before he died old Chief Joseph had told his son never to give up the land that held the bones of his fathers. And so, after the old chief's death, young Joseph refused to move with his band to the Lapwai Reservation in Idaho.

With the passing of time, settlers encroached more and more upon the Wallowa. The Nez Percés had never been at war with the whites. Ever since they had welcomed Lewis and Clark, friendliness had been extended to all white people, no matter who they were. The whites started the trouble by accusing the Nez Percés of stealing horses and cattle, a statement indignantly denied by the Indians. The whites drew first blood when A. B. Findley and Wells McNall rode into a Nez Percé camp on June 23, 1876, and accused the Indians of stealing their horses. A bitter argument followed during which Findley shot and killed We-lot-yah. The missing horses were later found quietly grazing near Findley's ranch.

"Only an Indian" had been killed and the matter did not seem of much importance; but it was murder just the same, and some of the younger tribesmen demanded revenge. When a white man met his death, General Oliver O. Howard was ordered to take the field and round up the Nez Percés.

Chief Joseph with his band started for the buffalo country in eastern Montana, but when he failed to get the support from the Crows that he had expected, he turned north in a desperate effort to join Sitting Bull's Sioux in Canada. He almost succeeded. During this epic flight of 1,800 miles Chief Joseph never had more than 350 warriors, and was burdened with women and children. Pitted against some 2,000 troops at different points along his line of retreat, this Indian who had never fought a battle before, engaged in six skirmishes in which the Indians came off best, and five pitched battles of which he won three, tied one and lost one.

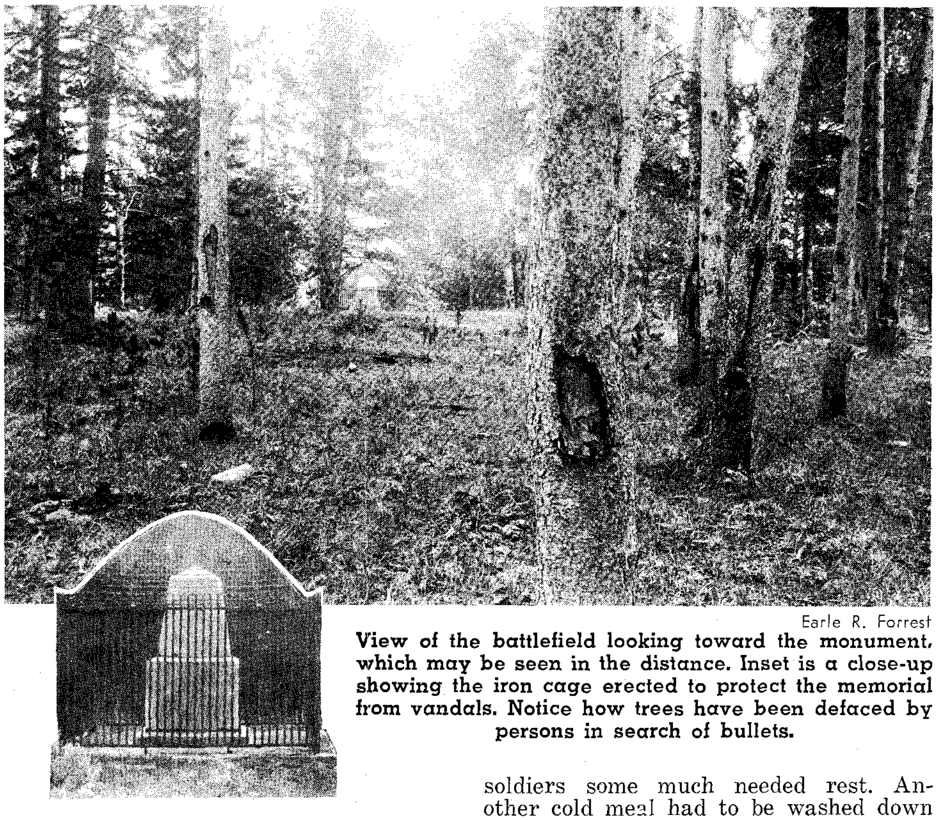
When Joseph and his band arrived at the Big Hole Basin, they camped on the banks of Ruby Creek, now known as the North Fork of the Big Hole River. The Nez Percé leader knew that he was far ahead of Howard and, believing that he was safe, decided to stop and rest his horses and men. That delay was fatal, however, for Joseph had not counted on the telegraph.

COLONEL JOHN GIBBON, another Civil War leader with an excellent record, was enjoying a day of trout fishing near his post, Fort Shaw, when he received word from Howard that the Nez Percés had eluded him and were fleeing through southern Montana. Leaving Fort Shaw on July 27 with eight officers and seventy-six men of the Seventh Infantry, he covered the 150 miles to Fort Missoula in seven days. Here he was reinforced by Captain Charles C. Rawn's command and thirty-six citizens known as the Bitterroot Volunteers, commanded by Captain John B. Catlin. Gibbon was glad to get these volunteers for they were all seasoned frontiersmen. His little army now numbered 191.

With this force he left Fort Missoula at one o'clock on the afternoon of August 4, and by marching late that night reached Fort Owen, near present-day Stevensville. In 1877 the Flathead mission at Stevensville was the charge of Father Ravalli, who had worked among the Indians for nearly forty years. Gibbon found Fort Owen packed to overflowing with settlers and their families who had fled there as soon as they heard that the Nez Percés were in the neighborhood.

When scouts reported on August 6 that the enemy had been in Ross Hole at nine o'clock that morning, Gibbon knew that he was hot on the trail. That night a dreary dry camp was made without fires, and at daybreak the column set out for Ross Hole without even making coffee, for there was no water.

Six more citizen volunteers joined them that night, one of whom was Joe Blodgett, who knew the country and assured Gibbon that he could take his wagontrain over the Continental Divide,



Earle R. Forrest

View of the battlefield looking toward the monument, which may be seen in the distance. Inset is a close-up showing the iron cage erected to protect the memorial from vandals. Notice how trees have been defaced by persons in search of bullets.

although the going might be a little rough—a classic understatement.

Ross Hole, a little pocket at the head of Bitterroot Valley, takes its name from Alexander Ross of the North West Company. Ross, with a party of explorers and trappers, was snowed in at this locality for a month in the late winter of 1824. In the outfit were seventeen Canadians, two Americans, and about thirty-five Indians. Their leader named the delay point the "Valley of Trouble," but the name did not stick.

Swallowing a hasty breakfast of bacon and hardtack on the morning of the seventh, Gibbon and his men pushed on through Ross Hole to the foot of the main Divide. The command camped at sundown after making thirteen and one-half miles over a rough trail. (State Route 93 from Missoula south along the Bitterroot follows approximately Gibbon's Trail of 1877 to the little village of Sula, where he started over the Divide. He crossed at what is now Gibbon Pass, at an elevation of 6,995 feet.)

Lieutenant James H. Bradley, accompanied by Lieutenant J. W. Jacobs, with a small force of regulars and volunteers, made a night march on the seventh, in an effort to cut off the pony herd before daylight. This was to cripple and hold the Indians until the infantry could come up.

It took Gibbon six hours to reach the summit of the Divide, where he received a message from Bradley saying that he had located the hostile camp, but that travel was so difficult he would be unable to reach the horse herd until after daylight, and that capture by surprise was impossible. Bradley and Jacobs had climbed a tall tree from which they could see a large pony herd grazing in a meadow that seemed to be almost beneath them; and some distance farther, they had seen an Indian camp among the willows on the other side of the river.

When he received this message, Gibbon corralled his wagons to give the tired soldiers some much needed rest. Another cold meal had to be washed down with water, for no fires were started for fear of discovery.

At 11 o'clock that night the men were quietly aroused and formed into line of march. The wagons and howitzer were left behind under a guard of twenty men, to follow more slowly.

Each man had previously been issued ninety rounds of ammunition and a day's rations. It was a moonless night, and guided by Lieutenant Bradley and Joe Blodgett, they stumbled along through the dense gloom of the forest, over rocks and fallen timber, and through creeks and mud until they reached more open ground on the bluffs above Ruby Creek.

THE BIG HOLE lay before them. Almost at their feet the light from a fire in a tepee pierced the dense darkness. Henry Bostwick, Gibbon's post guide from Fort Shaw, whispered to his colonel, "There they are."

They crept forward a little, and soon found themselves among the horses. Then the animals neighed and moved up the hill and dogs in the village barked, but the enemy did not become alarmed. There was no stir in the tepees and the dogs soon became quiet.

A sudden flare of light on his right startled the commander when a soldier struck a match to light his pipe. Gibbon sent an officer to put the pipe out, but he did not blame the trooper. The colonel probably would have enjoyed a good smoke himself. It cannot be said that Gibbon and his men were overconfident. They were all veteran campaigners, but they had never been up against any Indians who fought like the Nez Percés.

Quietly the commander arranged his men until he had them in what he considered a perfect position for a sudden attack.

As he stood in the pre-dawn gloom of that early August morning with his eyes glued on the village, several fires suddenly flared up in tepees. Gibbon told Henry Bostwick to take three or four civilian volunteers and drive the Indian horses back. The scout objected, telling the commander that the horses would be guarded and such action was certain to arouse the village. The colonel later expressed regret that he did not demand that the scout carry out this plan, for he afterwards learned that the horses were not guarded, and if Bostwick had gone on this mission, his life would probably have been saved. Bostwick was killed during the fight in the village. Gibbon was much attached to his chief scout in whom he had implicit confidence.

As the sky brightened into a dull glow around the eastern rim of the Big Hole and fires blazed up in more tepees, Bostwick told his commander that this was a sign that the enemy was not aware of the presence of soldiers. Gibbon sent his men into the creek bottom with orders to advance through the willow thicket as quietly as possible. Wading through water up to their waists, they had to hold their guns and ammunition over their heads.

Lieutenant Bradley's men and a group of civilian volunteers were on the left of the advancing line. As they pushed through the thick brush, a mounted Indian suddenly appeared on his way to round up the horse herd, and before he could recover from his surprise, he was shot by a soldier. Knowing that this shot would alarm the village, the whites plunged through the creek, and fired a volley into the startled Indians who were rushing from their tepees.

The surprise was complete, but the Nez Percés quickly recovered. As the sun shot up from behind the mountain rim that August 9, a desperate battle was shaping up between red men and white. Within twenty minutes the Indian fighters were in possession of the village, and had started to carry out Gibbon's order of destruction. It seemed like certain victory.

Another version told in Montana many years ago was that the troops, after being placed in position for a perfect attack, were instructed to wait for a signal shot. When black night gave way to the dull light of early dawn, a shot was fired into the village.

Waiting a minute for the Indians to appear, the soldiers fired a volley through the tepees, and then charged through the waist-deep water in the slough. This was an old trick which had always been successful, but it did not work according to schedule that morning at the Big Hole. Instead of leaping to their feet during that minute of waiting—to be cut down by the volley that followed—the Nez Percés did not jump up and not one was hit. One of the soldiers said later, "Those Nez Percés didn't fight like any Indians ever fought before."

After recovering from momentary panic, the village quickly rallied when the voices of Joseph, Looking Glass and White Bird boomed out over the noise of battle, exhorting their warriors to fight. And fight they did. Turning savagely upon their enemies, they made it so hot that the whites were driven from the burning camp, and forced on the defensive.

LIEUTENANT BRADLEY, at the head of his men, rushed forward as soon as the first Indian was shot. He had been instructed by Gibbon to be careful about entering the willow brush, and his disregard of this warning cost him his life. No braver man ever lived than Lieutenant James H. Bradley. Utterly fearless, he led his men in a charge into the willow thicket where Indians lay concealed. His soldiers reported afterwards that a man in the lead shouted, "Lieutenant, don't go in there! It's sure death!"

And "sure death" it was. A warrior rose up and fired, killing him instantly. The lieutenant was popular with his men, and when they saw him fall, they riddled his assailant. Then with courage close to madness they rushed into the brush, killing Indians on all sides.

Captain William Logan, another popular officer of the Seventh Infantry, led his men across the creek and encountered a group of Indians in the willows. Savagely the Nez Percés turned on the soldiers and killed several with a withering fire. A big warrior rushed at Logan, but the captain was too quick for him and fired, killing the brave who was almost upon him. However, before Logan could move, a squaw (said to have been the dead Indian's sister) jerked the weapon from her brother's lifeless hand and shot the officer in the head. Once more enraged soldiers sought to avenge their officer. After firing a volley, they used their guns as clubs and beat to death every Indian within reach. The girl probably perished in this onslaught.

In *War Chief Joseph*, Howard and McGrath relate another desperate hand-to-hand fight. Grizzly Bear Youth was in the rear of the white men, firing right and left, when he was spotted by a citizen volunteer who rushed at him swinging his rifle by the barrel. The warrior met the charge with his own gun as a war club. Each struck the other a terrific blow and when the white man fell, the Indian leaped upon him. Locked in a death grip, they rolled over on the ground until the volunteer choked the Nez Percé into unconsciousness. At that instant the son of Red Owl stuck the muzzle of his gun into the white man's ribs and killed him, but the bullet passed through his body and broke the arm of Grizzly Bear Youth.

California National Park Association

Joseph Memorial—erected by Nez Percé Indians in 1928. The inscription reads, "To the everlasting memory of Chief Joseph's band who fought on these grounds in the Nez Percé War of 1877."

The soldiers and volunteers had captured the village by this time, and had set the tepees on fire, but could not hold their position. Under the direction of Chief Joseph, the Indians made the place so untenable that Gibbon's men were forced back to the little timbered bench above the creek where they were soon fighting desperately for their lives.

Gibbon's horse was shot from under him, and he received a flesh wound in the leg. Lieutenant Woodruff was wounded when his horse was killed. Lieutenant Charles A. Coolidge was disabled by a bullet that went through both thighs, and had to be carried out of the danger zone.

When the soldiers reached the shelter of the timber on the little bench at the foot of the mountain, they had improved their situation only slightly. The Nez Percés were better shots than most Indians, and some climbed into tall pine trees from which they poured a telling fire into the blue ranks.

In their desperation, soldiers scraped out shallow trenches and rifle pits with bayonets and even tin cups. Trees were quickly felled and dragged to the top of the scanty earthworks above the trenches. A shallow ravine was turned into a rifle pit, covered by felling trees across it so that the defenders were concealed by the foliage. Those shallow trenches were their only protection from the concealed rifles cracking in the timber, but Gibbon's troopers were old hands at this game.

Through all the long, weary hours of fighting that hot August day, each soldier greeted whatever developed with a laugh and a curse.

Survivors related that an Indian sharpshooter climbed into a tall fir tree and every time his rifle cracked, he either killed or wounded a white man. He was finally located and driven out by a hot fire. Some said that he was shot out of the tree, but others claimed that he escaped.

Although wounded, Gibbon lay in a trench with his rifle, fighting beside his men. Late in the afternoon the Indians fired the tall, dry grass, and as the flames swept toward the bench, Gibbon, expecting an attack under cover of this smoke screen, issued an order that if such a thing happened, the men were to charge through the flames in a counterattack. Fortunately, the wind suddenly changed and drove the flames back where they died out.

Years later Gibbon wrote that had the Nez Percés pressed their attack early in the day, it would have been the battle of the Little Big Horn all over again, with himself playing the role of Custer. That had only been a year before, and those soldiers had been with him when he arrived at the Custer battlefield with his Montana Column.

ALL DAY LONG the August sun blazed down and the acid fumes of burned powder mixed with smoke from the grass fire cut the nostrils and throats of the wounded; but they never uttered a word of complaint although they were dying of thirst. The men on the firing line sucked pebbles to bring a little moisture. Their only food was flesh cut from a horse killed within the lines, and chewed raw.

With their dead and wounded on every side, the gallant little band seemed doomed, but they never once weakened. They fought hard and they died hard.

Gibbon needed the wagons and the howitzer he had left behind. He needed the ammunition, food and medicine in those wagons. Hugh Kirkendall, the wagonmaster, had got the wagontrain and its twenty-man guard within five miles of the besieged command before he camped. Hugh Kirkendall was a frontiersman with years of experience as wagonmaster for the Army.

At daylight the next morning six men started with the howitzer, but just a half-mile from the battlefield a band of mounted Indians charged from the timber. One of those heroic actions followed which should have won Medals of Honor for four soldiers.

Two of the six panicked, and people in Montana said later that they ran for a hundred miles before they stopped from sheer exhaustion. The others stood by the howitzer and fired it twice before the Indians closed in. Then they threw the gun off its trunnion and fought with their rifles, but the odds were too great. Corporal Robert E. Sale, Company G, Seventh Infantry, was killed, and Sergeants Frederics and Daly were wounded. Private Bennett, driver of the horses hauling the howitzer, was pinned under a wounded animal and escaped by feigning death until the Indians withdrew.

On the night of August 9, another act of courage was exhibited which ranks with that of young Jack Stilwell and the old mountain man, Pierre Trudeau, when they traveled eighty miles on foot to send relief to General G. A. Forsyth and his besieged scouts on Beecher Island.

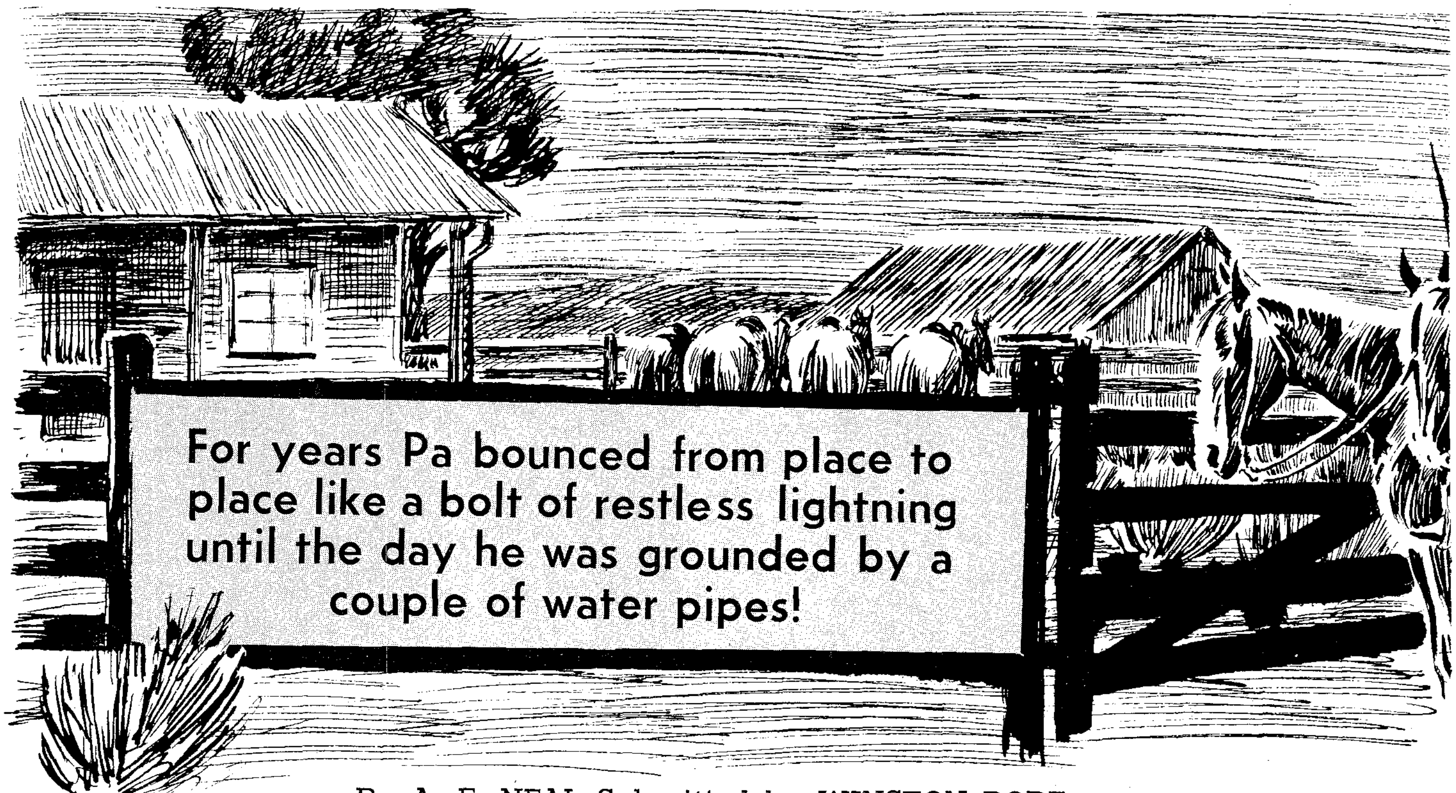
With one-third of his command as casualties, ten of them citizen volunteers, Gibbon was faced with a situation as desperate as that of Forsyth at Beecher Island just nine years earlier. At this critical period when survival seemed very remote, William H. Edwards volunteered to go for help. It was as desperate a venture as any man ever attempted, but Billy Edwards knew the country.

He cautiously crawled through the Indian lines on his belly, and then walked more than forty miles to the little mining camp of French Gulch, where he borrowed a horse and rode forty more miles to Deer Lodge. As soon as he arrived, he got in touch with General Howard by telegraph. Not once did he stop to rest.

Howard and McGrath in *War Chief Joseph* state that Sergeant Wilson, who had brought the wagontrain through, volunteered to go for help when Gibbon expressed the fear that Edwards might have been killed, and that he also succeeded in reaching Deer Lodge. Both Edwards and Wilson made epic journeys, but they are almost unknown as heroes of the battle of the Big Hole.

THE NEZ PERCÉS resumed their attack at dawn on the tenth, and all day they poured a steady fire into the

(Continued on page 56)



For years Pa bounced from place to place like a bolt of restless lightning until the day he was grounded by a couple of water pipes!

By A. E. NEAL Submitted by WINSTON BODE

PA HAD BEEN squatting since long before I was born, and in those early days in San Saba County, Texas, he had developed a real system. Being familiar with the lay of the country, he would locate a section of State land that was vital to a large cattle outfit because of a spring or convenient waterhole on it. Then he would file on this land and take up residence there. When he had acquired title to it, he would fence it and force the big cow outfit to buy it in order to get to the water. He began his squatting long before the real dirt-farming homesteader came west to claim State lands, and he got several nice jobs over without meeting any resistance.

There were certainly less honorable and less legitimate ways of making a living than squatting, when Pa was young, and one of them was cattle rustling. According to the stories handed down to us by Ma, quite a bit of local talent had devoted long hours to this profession in the San Saba country during the early 1880s. In fact, the business of rustling had got so out of hand that the sheriff and his deputies could not cope with it. It was then that a well-meaning group of cattlemen bound themselves together in an organization to protect their herds against this lawlessness. They called themselves the "Night Riders," but after they had hanged a few cattle thieves to trees and shot others from ambush, they acquired the title of "The Mob."

The Mob was just getting well set up for prompt and effective action when the remaining cattle thieves either went out of business or moved on to wider-open spaces where they had access to unguarded ranges. This left the cattlemen with an efficient organization on their hands and no cattle thieves to combat.

Then some of the more aggressive men of the organization turned their attention to the squatters who, by this time, were throwing up little houses on State lands open to homesteaders all along the San Saba River watershed. Although the squatter was operating within his full rights when he filed on a section of State land, he was certainly a thorn in the side of the big cattle outfit and cherished by cattlemen little more than the hated cattle rustlers.

A good number of squatters woke up to find notices hanging on their doors, demanding that they load their plows and other belongings onto their wagons and clear out. Some obeyed. Others bound themselves together in an organization to resist The Mob. These became known as the "Anti-Mob." They armed themselves and refused to be driven out of their homes.

Pa claimed neutrality; he called the men of both factions his friends. He had been squatting so long in San Saba County that he couldn't believe anybody would ever resent his pursuing his life's work. He was familiar with the trend of thought prevailing among the various cattle outfits with respect to the coming of the real farm-minded squatters to the open cattle ranges. The resistance these Eastern squatters met with was no great surprise to Pa. But he received the surprise of his life when one fine morning he found one of those dreaded notices hanging on his own front door. "We, the Night Riders, give you ten days to clear out, or . . ."

Just two days before the ten-day limit ran out, a horse bucked Pa off and broke his hip. On the tenth night friendly bearded men, of the squatting settlers, sat around Pa's fireplace with rifles in hand while a country doctor tried to relieve his pain. Ma was putting her four children to bed in a little adjoining shed room when twenty-odd armed men rode up to the front gate of the little house that the Neals called home. There were tense moments as these men sat there on their restless horses in the moonlight counting the extra saddle horses that stood tied up around the grounds, and talking among themselves. Inside, the squatters found their places at windows and doors with their fingers on the triggers of their rifles.

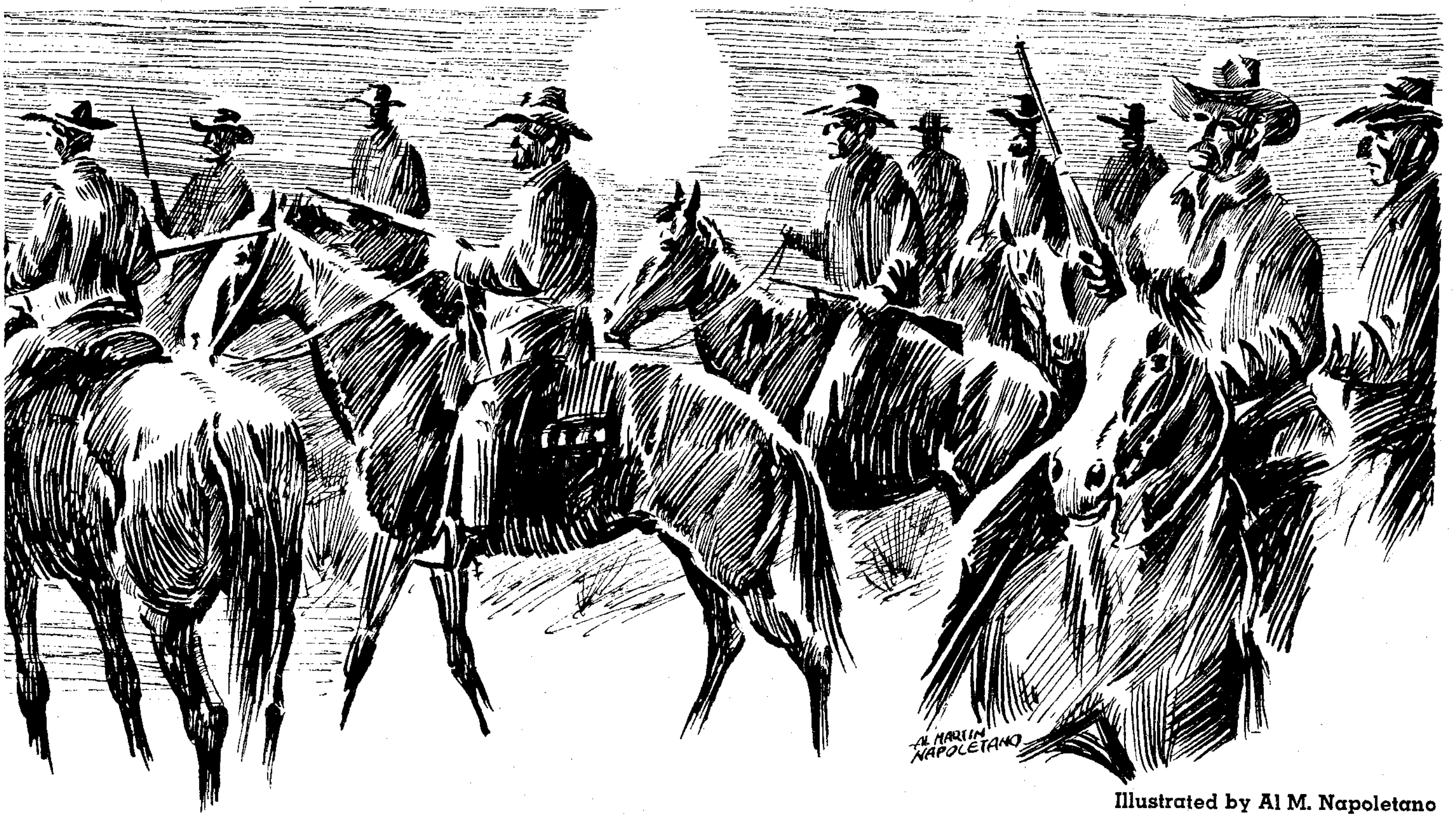
Just then, to add confusion to the already tense situation, it came my time to be born into this trouble-torn community. The tension subsided somewhat when The Mob, after thirty minutes of looking the place over, rode away as suddenly as it had come. Nobody ever knew why the men left without attempting to enforce their demands. It could have been that their will to rule the free range received a setback by the visible evidence of rising resistance. Or perhaps the impending arrival of a baby plus Pa's painful misfortune were the human events which sobered them to the realization that they were hardly living up to the Golden Rule.

When Ma would relate this experience to her family or friends, she always added that on that night she vowed to herself if she ever had the good fortune to have a home among friendly people who loved their neighbors, she would call a halt to Pa's squatting and make the place a permanent home, even if she had to anchor her house to the ground with her own hands to do it.

And that was just what she hoped to accomplish with the water pipe she was having Uncle Charlie put through the floor of her kitchen. And to make doubly sure Pa didn't hitch a string of oxen to the house and haul it off to a new squatting site, she added a crude kitchen sink with another pipe that ran down into the ground and off to a cesspool.

When Pa came in one day and found our house anchored to the ground with water pipes leading into the kitchen and sink pipes leading out, he declared that, as a squatter, he'd have to give up. And that's how I happened to grow up in one place.

PA WAS a devout Baptist, but we boys observed him after several late-night ranch-house dances and nipping bouts, and surmised that Pa must be using the Scripture which reads "There is a time and place for all things" to justify himself in taking a few drinks of that famous old brew commonly referred to in our parts as "headache juice." Pa's extreme



Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

SQUATTER'S SON

grouchy spells following these drinking bouts always meant more and harder work for everyone around him.

When he would hook up to the wagon and haul us to one of these country dances and then haul us all home, dead tired and sleepy, he might let us sleep a couple or three hours. But before the sun could melt the frost or dry the dew, he was sure to have all of us boys—or at least all who failed to beat him at his early-rising game by making a quiet getaway to some shady place on the range—down in the field baling hay, or splitting rails, or building fences.

On one such morning it was Brother Beanie who got caught up in Pa's do-it-the-hard-way scheme. It was late in November; the corn was all gathered and in the old log crib; the meat hogs had been dogged down and corralled. But there were still hog troughs to be built. And this meant work, hard work, hewing hog troughs out of hard oak tree trunks.

Perry and I had pre-calculated Pa's program for the day and made an early getaway which made Beanie even more reluctant to make a hand for Pa on that particular day. At any rate, rumors in the house had it that Beanie made himself near impossible as a helper. Making sure that everything was pursued along the line of most resistance, even the hewing of the hog troughs had to be done right there in the pen among the bristling, hoarse-breathing, tusk-rattling brush hogs. We never did learn whether it was the fear of those half-tame hogs or whether it was the thought of that half-dozen or more oak logs awaiting his hewing axe that decided Beanie to rebel. At any rate, he put up such a howl that Ma finally came out from her kitchen and rescued him from Pa and the chomping hogs. Not, however, before Pa walloped him across the seat with his heavy leather belt.

Pa made a lot of fuss about the way the whole family imposed on him and how he was always forced to do all the real hard and dirty work on the ranch alone. But in reality this sort of thing pleased him very much. He was a martyr at heart and was actually happy when he was being imposed upon, so on this day you might say he was in hog-heaven. Perry and I had run out on him, and Beanie had screamed himself out of the hog pen. Now all Pa had to do was to go about the business of hewing and placing those hog troughs so he could return to the house all covered with slush and smelling like a real boar hog to remind everybody he had sure had a rough day of it. And if Ma failed to appreciate it, and unless she watched him pretty close, he might climb right into her clean bed without a bath just to keep her reminded.

While Pa, too mad to answer the call to dinner, was still down in the hog pen, a stranger rode up to the front yard gate. A few loud "Hello's" over the noisy barking of our two old hog dogs, yard watching that day, finally aroused Beanie who, with his head on a rolled-up soft goatskin, was taking his afternoon nap in the warm autumn sunshine on the front porch.

"Is your father at home, Son?" the stranger asked.

Beanie rubbed his sleepy eyes and stammered, "Pa — Pa? — Oh, Pa. He's down yonder." He pointed the direction.

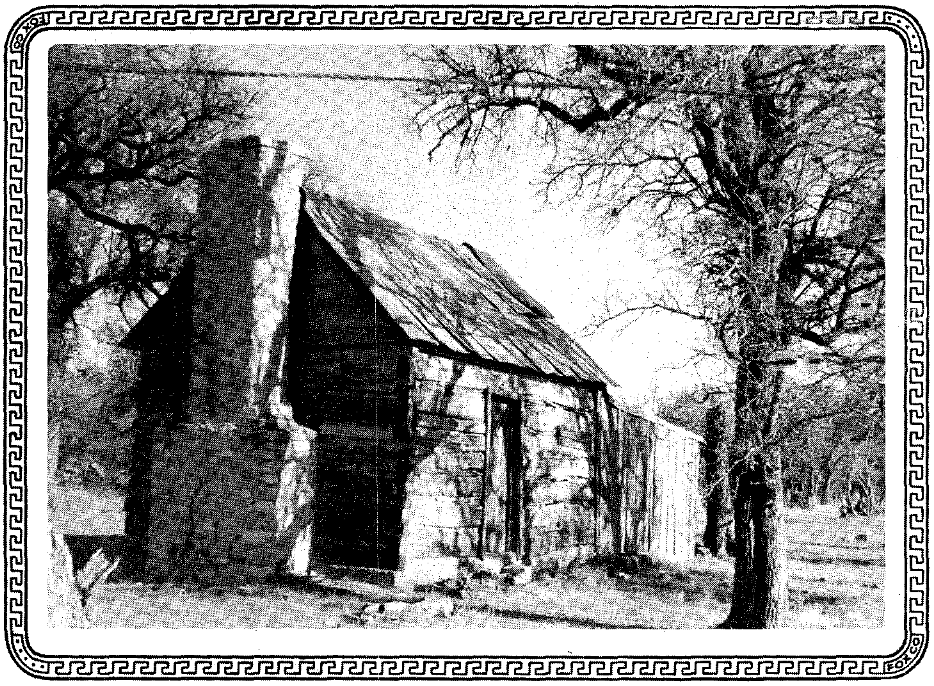
The stranger smiled and slowly reined his mount toward the hog pen.

Beanie, still smarting from Pa's wallop, yawned and called out, "You'll know him all right, Mister. He's got a hat on!"

WHEN WE ADDED the Savage Ranch to our holdings, Pa had gained complete control of all the water on Little Brady Creek. The following year was one of those dry ones familiar to West Texans. Pa knew well the trials that these dry years could bring to his cattle business. Past experience had taught him to expect a short feed supply, some losses as cattle stuck in bogs, and an influx of drifting sheep herds from the Sellman Ranch to the east of us.

Dick Sellman, a breeder of Morgan horses, Angus cows and Delaine sheep, was a polished Eastern gentleman of English ancestry, who had come West to the wide open spaces because he liked them. In fact, he liked them so much he took a strong stand against fencing them in. He was also strong against private ownership of natural streams. He operated on the theory that he was entirely within his rights to drift his sheep flocks over anybody's range in order to reach water. As he construed the laws governing living streams, they all were the property of the State and should be open to everybody.

Pa well knew that if these Sellman sheep were not turned back, his grass would be eaten up and trampled into the ground. He had already told Beanie and me it was to be our job to turn the drifting herds. Pa had a way of making any of our jobs sound easy and he 'lowed it would be late summer before many flocks showed up in our range. So we took on the job with the idea that it was to be part-



Old Deep Creek House, one of the early homes in San Saba County. Erected by Walter and Paris Walker about 1881, the old house still stands on the Pool Ranch twenty miles southwest of San Saba, Texas. Photo courtesy Thomas A. Sloan, member of the San Saba Historical Survey Committee.

time and would leave us plenty of time for fishing, swimming, and looking after our hog interests.

But this year the Sellman flocks started moving in early. At first there were not more than three big flocks trying to water inside our range. By riding hard and watching close, we were able to keep most of them turned back. There wasn't anything to be gained by talking to any of those old Mexican sheepherders. They had their orders from the Sellman sheep boss and all we were ever able to get out of them was, "Me no speakee Ingles." If we didn't force a herd into a mill and head it back to its own range, the herder would graze and water 1,500 to 1,800 sheep on our range all day.

By the middle of August our task was doubled. Most of the ponds inside the Sellman Ranch had dried up, and a half-dozen of his flocks, scattered along a ten-mile stretch, were constantly trying to reach our water.

The herders with the mutton flocks used well-trained English shepherd dogs. Once a thirsty mutton flock got within a half-mile of water, it was next to impossible to turn it back. Every day some of the Mexican herders, with the help of these little black, ring-necked dogs, would stubbornly force their flocks toward water in the face of all the resistance we could put up. When Pa found fresh sheep tracks inside our range where we had allowed the flocks to get by us to water, he would corner us and deliver a strong lecture.

"Our grass is being pulled up, stem, root and all, by them pesky Sellman sheep and I want you boys to meet them flocks at that east fence line and keep 'em throwed back or we go out of the cow business this winter," he would prophesy.

When he finished, he would have us feeling he was the most mistreated man west of the Colorado River. We would promise to do better but we knew the job was too big for us. We could turn some of the herds back, but we couldn't keep them all turned back.

Pa's lectures didn't seem to bother Beanie, but I just couldn't take them. It wasn't that I had any fear of physical violence from Pa. Apparently he'd decided not to tackle me anymore after our run-in at the barn the year before. But we all respected him. And we tried hard to live up to what he expected of us, or I did anyway, and even if I knew I could never please him completely, could never get the praise I so longed for from him, my conscience hurt me when I wasn't trying to do my best. So I was as determined to keep those flocks turned back as he was.

AFTER a couple of weeks of chousing sheep off our range, I took Sunday off and rode over to the head of Deep Creek and spent the day with my good friend, Troy Smith. Before I left, I borrowed an old .44 round-barrelled saddle gun and a full box of shells from Troy to use in discouraging those ring-necked shepherd dogs. Before I rode into headquarters that night I detoured, crossed the creek, and hid the rifle and shells in a rock ledge about a half-mile from the house.

Monday morning when Beanie and I got back on the job we rode by the ledge and I picked up the rifle and shells.

"Now, where'd you get that gun and what're you gonna do with it?" Beanie asked suspiciously.

"I figure to use it as a sort of equalizer. This thing's calculated to make our job of holding these flocks back a lot easier. If they're gonna bring 'em down here with a dog we can take 'em back with a gun," I boasted.

"You don't mean you're gonna shoot them shepherd dogs?"

"Maybe not but you heard Pa say for us to keep them Sellman flocks turned back, didn't you?"

Beanie took a chew of tobacco and shook his head like he didn't exactly approve of my idea.

All day we rode the range between the clear cool waters of Little Brady Creek and the parched Sellman hills without sighting a single flock of sheep. Beanie seemed relieved when, in the late afternoon, we rode by and I laid the rifle away on the shelf in the ledge.

The next day we got out early and rode by the ledge where I again picked up the rifle and pocketed some extra shells. We rode our entire east line all the way into the northeast corner without catching sight of any sheep. There we turned west and rode to a point on Little Brady known as the Walker-Well Waterhole.

This waterhole was supplied by a crystal-clear spring running out of a hole dug at the edge of the creek about four feet deep. Our favorite lunching place was on a shoal in the middle of the creek bed near the spring. Here, facing the long waterhole, we cut a forked stick from an elm tree, broiled sliced salt pork over an open fire, gathered a handful of watercress from the spring and spread our lunch on the ground, in the shade of a bending elm tree.

"When I get my spread I aim to put a good six-wire fence around it," I said, munching the crisp, blackened fat pork. "I can't see any good having to spend all this time and horseflesh keeping somebody off the range and water. Pa would've had to fence *this* range better if he hadn't had a house full of boys. If he had to keep the neighbors off hisself he wouldn't have time to grow cattle."

"Well, Pa's got plenty of boys and good fencing costs lots of money. You know Pa's way with a nickel—they've all gotta be saved to keep us out of the poor house," Beanie reminded me.

"That's another thing. When I get my spread I'm not gonna be stingy. There ain't gonna be any of this starvation talk. Nobody's gonna go hungry around me. And the best won't be too good, even if I never save a nickel."

"Well, how're you gonna get a spread if you don't save some money?"

"I'm gonna homestead it, be a squatter, same as Pa. All the great things have already been done anyhow. All the wars have already been fought. All the land and everything's already been discovered. Pretty soon the frontiers'll all be gone and a fellow won't even be able to be a Dan'l Boone. There ain't no use dreaming about being some kind of hero, but I'd like to be a big rancher like Pa. I can't see anything wrong with owning a good ranch with some good Angus cows like Sellman and some good horses like Skidmore and Greg, can you?"

"No, but it takes money to stock a ranch. You just said you're not one to save money. How're you gonna do it?"

Before I could answer, we heard fast hoofbeats pounding the rocks downstream. Jerking our heads around, we saw the big black, blaze-faced, stocking-legged three-year-old stallion that had been the object of so many wild chases in that part of the country come thundering over the loose limestone rocks down the hill to the east of us. His flanks were white with foaming sweat. We knew the story behind the sudden appearance of this panting black beauty. The cowboys who were gathering for the summer branding at the ranch were out for another try, behind Pa's back, at capturing this wild stallion. As he hit the water I jumped up and grabbed the rifle.

"Get on your horse, Beanie, and get your lariat ready. I don't know if this'll work or not, but I'm gonna try one of them creasing shots I've heard Pa talk about."

WHILE Beanie mounted his horse, I raised the rifle to my shoulder and, using all the training I had got in cow camp from Perry and McVay, our ranch foremen, I tried hard to get a bead on the right spot for a safe creasing shot. The

(Continued on page 42)

The Strange Pay-Off

The incredible tale of
a good loser—
who took an election bet
and a sack of flour
and parlayed them into
$275,000!

By ALSON J. SMITH

AUSTIN
SANITARY
FLOUR

Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Reuel Gridley and the sack of flour

THE municipal election held in Austin, Lander County, Nevada, on the morning of April 20, 1864, would have been of little interest to anybody had it not been for a wager on its outcome between two prominent Austin citizens. They were Doctor H. S. Herrick, a county official and fervent Republican, and Reuel C. Gridley, a "War Democrat" opposed to President Abraham Lincoln but loyal to the Union. Herrick was a physician, and Gridley was senior partner in the firm of Gridley, Hobart and Jacobs, which owned the town's general store.

The bet was a simple one. If the Democrats won the election, Doctor Herrick would carry a sack of flour from Clifton to Austin, a distance of a mile and a quarter, marching to the tune of *Dixie*. If the Republicans won, Gridley would carry the flour from Austin to Clifton, marching to the strains of *Old John Brown*.

Gridley lost, the Republicans gaining a resounding victory. Since the bet had created more excitement than the election, there was an immediate clamor for the loser to pay off. A large crowd gathered outside the general store, and finally Gridley appeared with a fifty-pound sack of flour taken from his store and trimmed with red, white, and blue ribbons for the occasion.

A band was hastily put together and a procession formed consisting of thirty-six mounted men headed by the town officials-elect. Doctor Herrick carried Gridley's hat and cane, Gridley carried the sack of flour, and Gridley's thirteen-year-old son, Amos, bore the American flag. Members of the Democratic Central Committee followed. Two of them supported emblems—a large sponge carried on the top of a pole, to signify that the Republican winners were entitled to absorb all the political jobs in town; and a broom to indicate a clean sweep of the Democrats. Bringing up the rear were a rabble of Indians, the usual small boys, and citizens rendered exuberant by election-day excitement and whatever they had drunk to celebrate it.

The procession moved slowly down the dusty road toward Clifton with the band tootling bravely away on *Old John Brown* (known today as *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*), and the crowd chanting *Glory, Glory Hallelujah!* with more volume than harmony. Steam whistles at the mines were blowing, and spectators urged Gridley on with shouts of "Attaboy, Reuel," "Stick to it, Gridley," and various unprintable suggestions for moving faster.

It took a half hour to get to Clifton, where a triumphant Doctor Herrick awaited the sack of flour. It was duly delivered, with appropriate speeches, whereupon the crowd adjourned to a nearby thirst emporium so the conquerors could drink to the conquered and vice versa.

AFTER the health of all present had been saluted several times, someone raised the question of what to do with the sack of flour. Doctor Herrick said he had no particular use for it. A Republican suggested that pancakes be made of it and consumed on the spot by Republicans only. This selfish sentiment drew indignant expressions of patriotism and loyalty to the Union from the Democrats, who declared themselves to be as much in favor of the suppression of rebellion as any. This was considered debatable by the Republicans, and the argument was not far from the fist-swinging stage when Gridley, as spokesman for the Democrats, shouted; "This crowd of people has had its fun at my expense; let us see now who will do most for the sick and wounded soldiers. We will put this sack of flour up at auction and sell it, with the understanding that, whoever the purchaser may be, he shall pay the amount bid, and give the flour back to be sold again for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission."

At this point it might be wise to take a closer look at Austin's general storekeeper and Democratic leader, and the Sanitary Commission.

Reuel Colt Gridley was of Connecticut Yankee descent, his immigrant ancestor, Thomas Gridley, having come from England to Hartford in 1630. He himself had been born in Hannibal, Missouri, in 1829, and as a boy had played with young Sam Clemens (Mark Twain), six years his junior. He fought in the Mexican War and then worked in Louisiana, where he married Susan Snyder on September 19, 1850. He went to California in 1852, and

(*Continued on page 54*)

WAGON RIDE

Illustrated by Taylor Oughton

By GLENN R. VERNAM

Photos Courtesy Nebraska Historical Society

WESTERN NEBRASKA, back in the Nineties, was not much noted for vicious or sensational crime; an occasional horse stealing, perhaps, with now and then a little impromptu shooting scrape, but nothing to stir up any particular excitement. Thus it was that the search for old Thomas Jansen revealed a brutal atrocity that was to spice fireside conversations throughout the state for many a moon.

Thomas Jansen was a quiet, inoffensive old gentlemen in his early seventies. He was fairly wealthy and something of an eccentric. He did considerable dealing in real estate, along with buying up mortgages and making small loans to rural landholders. His healthy regard for money prompted the habit of walking from ranch to farm about the country, and dining on a pocketful of soda crackers when his debtors failed to include a seat at the family table with their interest payments.

His one permanent accessory was a little black bag. The only time the bag was ever known to be out of his hand was when it nestled between his feet at mealtime. The few inquisitive eyes fortunate enough to glimpse its interior reported it well stuffed with bundled bills and stacked gold pieces. It was generally understood that this practice of carrying his wealth with him stemmed from a substantial loss in a bank failure at Beatrice, Nebraska.

Beatrice was Jansen's headquarters. He also frequented Topeka, Kansas, to some extent. The bulk of his time, however, was spent out in the hinterlands, garnering the fruits of his industry. His interests were well scattered on both sides of the Kansas-Nebraska line.

One of these fields of operation lay in Red Willow and Frontier Counties, Nebraska. Its boundaries might be roughly defined as a triangle based along the Republican River between Cambridge and Indianola, with its apex at Stockville, the inland county seat of Frontier County, twenty-five miles to the north.

Jansen's dingily-clothed, stooped figure plodding along the rutted country roads, or hunched on the seat beside some passing traveler, was a familiar sight to most residents of the area. He commonly spent a month or so in the neighborhood each fall, collecting his tolls before the year's harvest succumbed to less worthy demands. These visits were unscheduled and, due to their quiet unobtrusiveness, attracted little notice from those not in line for financial levy. So it was that no one found cause for concern when the old money-lender disappeared from the scene the winter of 1897.

Apparently, whatever other associates the man may have had were equally undisturbed. Or, in the light of his penurious eccentricities, there is a fair possibility that he enjoyed no close relationships. He was a widower with no family except a son living at Tacoma, Washington. At any rate, it was well along in the following spring before his whereabouts became a matter of question.

INQUIRY was first started by the son, L. H. Jansen. The younger man had kept in touch with his father through infrequent letters. He knew the old gentleman was chary of squandering his substance on postage stamps, but the fact that early April found his November letter still unanswered led to a feeling of some uneasiness. It wasn't like his father to stop writing altogether. He began directing queries to the several places the old man habitually frequented. This effort, unfortunately, produced no enlightenment. When he continued to get nothing but negative replies, he hired A. H. Kidd, a Beatrice lawyer, to start an investigation. This was about June 1, 1898.

Kidd went to work immediately. He picked up Jansen's trail without any trouble. The man had been at Topeka the preceding fall, moving on up to Oberlin, Kansas, on November 1. From there he went on to Danbury and Indianola, Nebraska. He reached the latter town November 11. The following month had been spent within the twenty-five-mile triangle north of Indianola. Each day's activities were accounted for in the clear-cut pattern of a busy man attending to his affairs.

There was no hint of mystery or significant happening prior to the money-lender's return to Indianola on December 10. But there the trail ended abruptly.

Thomas Jansen was a victim of misplaced trust. He carried his money with him because he didn't trust banks, yet he would hitch a ride with anyone going his way. It was inevitable that Jansen and his money would come to no good end

TO DEATH

Several townsmen did remember seeing Jansen about that time, but all were equally in the dark as to his later movements.

Kidd began to have the unhappy feeling he was sniffing at a decidedly cold trail. Had Jansen taken the train to some undetermined destination, set off on one of his cross-country rambles, or met a violent end in the immediate neighborhood? The first possibility seemed the most reasonable; there was nothing to indicate local violence. Moreover, a departure by rail on some unexplained business could tie in with an amnesia attack or an undiscovered fatality in some distant city. He made a hurried call on the Burlington Railway ticket office.

The ticket agent, F. I. Enlow, was of little help. He had replaced a former agent on December 4, which left him still a comparative stranger in the town a week later.

"We could wire the authorities both east and west," he suggested. "It might turn up a lead. Meanwhile, what about the hotels? The help, where he stayed, might remember some pertinent facts. Little escapes them, ordinarily."

Kidd accepted both suggestions. Canvassing the local hostelries, he learned that Jansen had checked out of the Leland Hotel the morning of December 13. The man had made no mention of his future plans, which was characteristic of his usual secretiveness. Further inquiries at the Cosgro Hotel discovered his name on the register as a noon luncheon customer the same day.

"And," added Mrs. Cosgro, thoughtfully tracing a pencil end along the crease between her high-arched brows, "I remember noticing him later that afternoon. He was with one or two other men in a wagon standing in front of the butcher shop, directly across the street."

"Did you see which way they went? And if he was still aboard?" the lawyer asked.

"No, I was busy. I only gave them a passing glance. And they were nowhere in sight when I looked out a few minutes later."

This pretty well destroyed the railroad angle. The man wouldn't be driving off in a farmer's wagon if he intended to catch the afternoon train. It appeared more like another back-country mission. But where? And with whom?

NOTHING in the missing man's earlier actions suggested sinister connections. It was all the commonplace activities of normal routine.

Jansen had walked from Indianola to Bartley, the next town east, on November 12. His only known digression had been a stop at the Arron Dutcher farm to collect a $14.00 debt and eat dinner with the family. Spending the night at Bartley's Commercial Hotel, he took the stage on to Stockville the next day.

Various routine calls marked his Stockville visit. One of these consisted of a walk out to one of his farms, seven miles east of town. Harry Messersmith, who share-farmed the place, said Jansen had stayed with him until December 8, on which date he took his landlord back to Stockville to catch the southbound stage. There had been nothing unusual about the visit.

Jansen had a healthy interest in his property. His annual pilgrimages always included a lengthy stop to digest the year's work and plans. Messersmith was quite frank about the whole thing, including the money satchel and his $95.00 which went into it for the owner's share of certain crop returns. His surprise at learning of the disappearance of both man and money appeared no less honest.

Jansen's next stop had been at Freedom, a store and post office way-station on the stage line between Stockville and Bartley. From there, he had walked east until early darkness had induced him to stop for the night at the Hammond place. The following morning, he had continued to the Andrew Hawkins farm, on which he held a mortgage. Hawkins later drove him over to the neighboring William Collicut's on some further mortgage business. He rode back to the stage station that same afternoon with one of the Collicut boys. The stage took him to Bartley that evening, and he was seen in Indianola the following day.

At no place in the whole proceeding had there been any sign of the mysterious wagon. Neither was there any hint of untoward circumstances. The lawyer took stern counsel with himself and decided the case demanded more talent than he possessed.

This met the approval of the Frontier County Sheriff, E. L. Bradbury. The latter wanted some definite action on the blackening thunderhead of mystery that was booming up over his official horizon.

"Meanwhile," he suggested, "I think a reward offer for information would be a good bet. Rewards have a way of loosening tongues in a poor man's country."

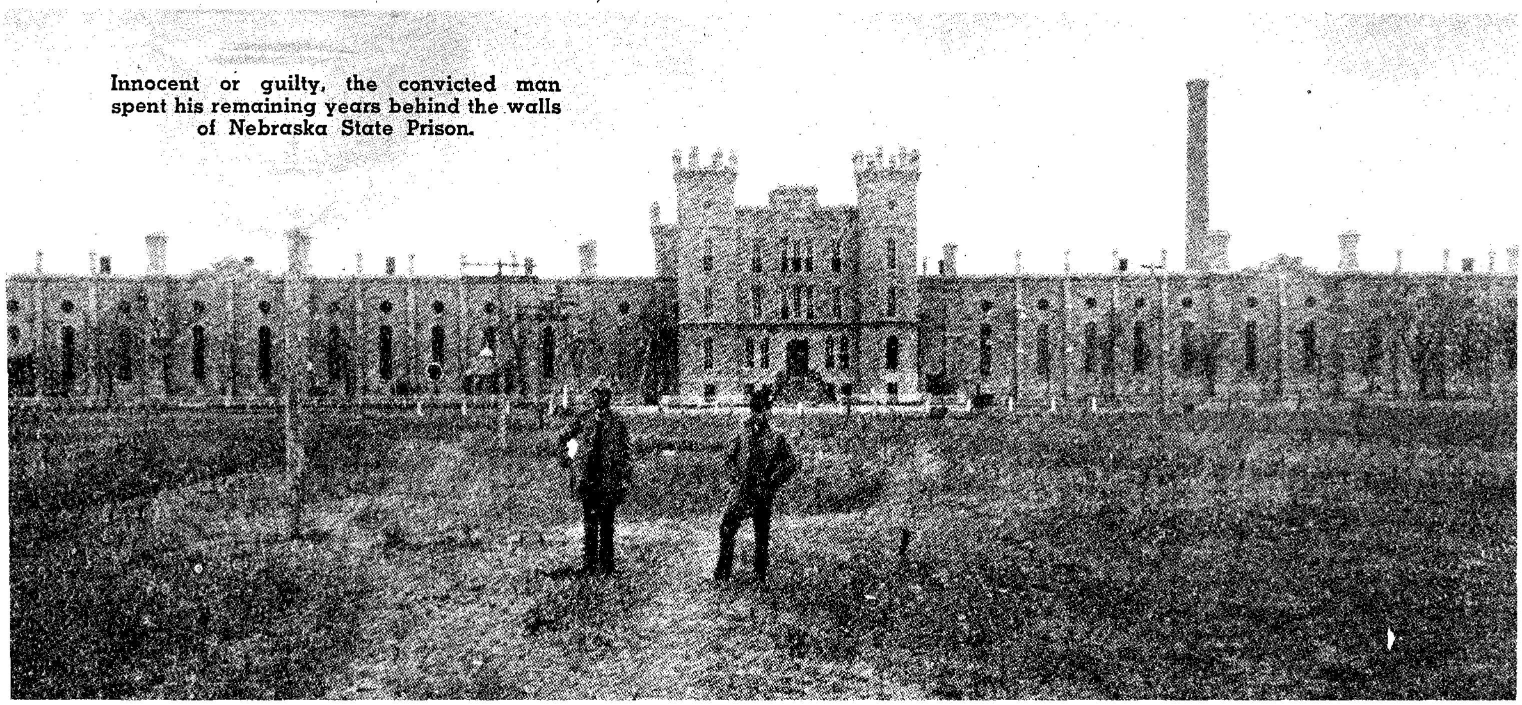
THE HIRED investigator picked Indianola as his starting point. Here, he reasoned, had appeared their one important clue, the elusive wagon. Surely someone besides Mrs. Cosgro had seen it. Furthermore, men traveling with a team and wagon would likely have eaten a meal while in town. In that case, they might have been recognized in connection with the wagon, or even seen in Jansen's company.

He promptly called at the Cosgro Hotel, where the proprietress furnished him a copy of her registry for December 13. Most of the names were those of her regular town customers. She obligingly checked off the few unrecognized and country visitors. The Leland Hotel and Star Restaurant extended the same courtesy.

But the owners of the names were discouragingly unhelpful. A few had only hazy recollections of seeing Jansen on or about that date. Most of them couldn't contribute even that much. The wagoners had apparently avoided attention.

The list was down to two names when the break finally came. One of the De-

The old court house at Stockville, where the accused man stood trial



Innocent or guilty, the convicted man spent his remaining years behind the walls of Nebraska State Prison.

cember 13 diners, a Danbury farmer named William Nixon, said he had made the acquaintance of Jansen on that day. The two had visited casually in the hotel lobby while awaiting the dinner call. But what was most important, Jansen had mentioned in the course of their talk that he was going out into the country, some fifteen or twenty miles northeast of Indianola, that afternoon. Small though it was, Nixon had furnished a starting point of no mean proportions.

This was strengthened when the last name on the list led to Nicholas Portz. Portz lived four miles west of Freedom. He was an old bachelor who farmed in a sketchy fashion when he wasn't out trapping or hunting. His roving, outdoor life had developed a mind and eye of considerable dependability. He not only knew Jansen personally, but had seen him on December 13.

Sure, he remembered the date; that was the day he shipped seven coyote and thirteen skunk pelts to Funston's Fur House in St. Louis. Jansen had evidently left the hotel before he arrived, but he had met the man on the street soon afterward. They had shaken hands and conversed for several minutes. Jansen, he said, had told him he was going out home with Andy Hawkins on a business matter. Unfortunately, he had seen neither Hawkins nor the vehicle he drove.

"But," he added, "you might get somethin' from Chris McKinney. Chris drove in here late that same afternoon. He knows both them gents, an' there's a fair chance he met 'em on the road."

McKinney was a neighbor of Portz. A visit to his place confirmed the latter's conjecture. He had met Jansen and Hawkins headed north some three miles out of Indianola. They had two other men with them, neither of whom he recognized. He hadn't paid much attention to them, in fact, as the two rigs passed without stopping. Yet, he was firm in his conviction about the identity of the two principal characters. Both were old acquaintances.

The investigation breathed new life. They were getting somewhere at last.

MEANWHILE, the search for Jansen, augmented by the reward offer, had made the affair common property. Everyone was asking questions. Not a few were eyeing various neighbors with speculative interest.

The new discoveries were laid before Sheriff Bradbury and the forces of the law went into a close huddle. Hawkins, they decided, must be a vital piece in the puzzle. Could that fateful evening journey have shadowed a scheme to gain possession of the money-filled bag? Otherwise, why had Hawkins kept silent about this second visit while being questioned about the one earlier in the month? The implications were anything but lovely.

"Hawkins is a mite scaly," Bradbury agreed, "but I still can't feature him making away with the old man. I'd never suspect him of having that much nerve, or intelligence enough to plan such a deed. Yet, it looks bad. We'd better see what he has to say for himself before we go any further."

Hawkins was a short, heavy-set, black-mustached man in his middle forties. He led a sort of semi-bachelor existence. His wife lived on her own farm, a couple miles distant, which he farmed in connection with his own acreage. He lived more or less indiscriminately with his spouse or alone, depending on their individual moods or where he happened to be. They had a fifteen-year-old son who also gravitated casually between the two places. Though illiterate to the extent of being unable to write his own name, and somewhat addicted to the seamy side of life, Hawkins was known as a fairly well disposed neighbor. His wife's characteristics were quite similar.

Questioned about his connection with Jansen's last appearance, the man reluctantly admitted some knowledge.

"The old gent did bum a ride out with me along the fore part o' December," he said. "I don't r'member the date, but my recollection is 'twas some time 'fore he was supposed to of disappeared. He claimed he was goin' up Stockville way. Something he said gave me the idee he was headed for Messersmith's, but he wasn't very definite. Anyhow, I gave him a lift out to Hammond's Corner, where he unloaded an' took off afoot."

"He didn't spend the night with you, then?"

"Nope. 'Twas two-three miles on to my place, an' considerable out of his way. It was still fairly light an' he said he'd just as lief hike on. Spoke as though he intended puttin' up somewheres 'fore it got too dark."

"Was there anyone else with you when you came out from town?"

"Wel-l-l, I couldn't rightly say, that long ago." Hawkins studied a distant prairie swell for a moment. "It coulda been that Jesse Carrol an' Emory Conklin come out with me that day. They was with me one trip along about then."

When asked why he hadn't mentioned this occurrence before, he dismissed it as a minor incident that had totally slipped his mind. Altogether, the answers seemed reasonably straightforward. Too, such an action on the old money-lender's part was in keeping with his peculiar habits.

Bradbury, however, shook his head at the Messersmith possibility as they rode back to Stockville. It was unthinkable, in his estimation, to even consider the latter as capable of criminal activities. His belief was that either Hawkins had deliberately lied or Jansen had run afoul of something along the road. He was beginning to lean strongly toward the former idea.

"If that bunch did pull something," he went on. "They would naturally have an alibi cooked up. They're good playmates. I think their activities and finances since mid-December should be our first consideration."

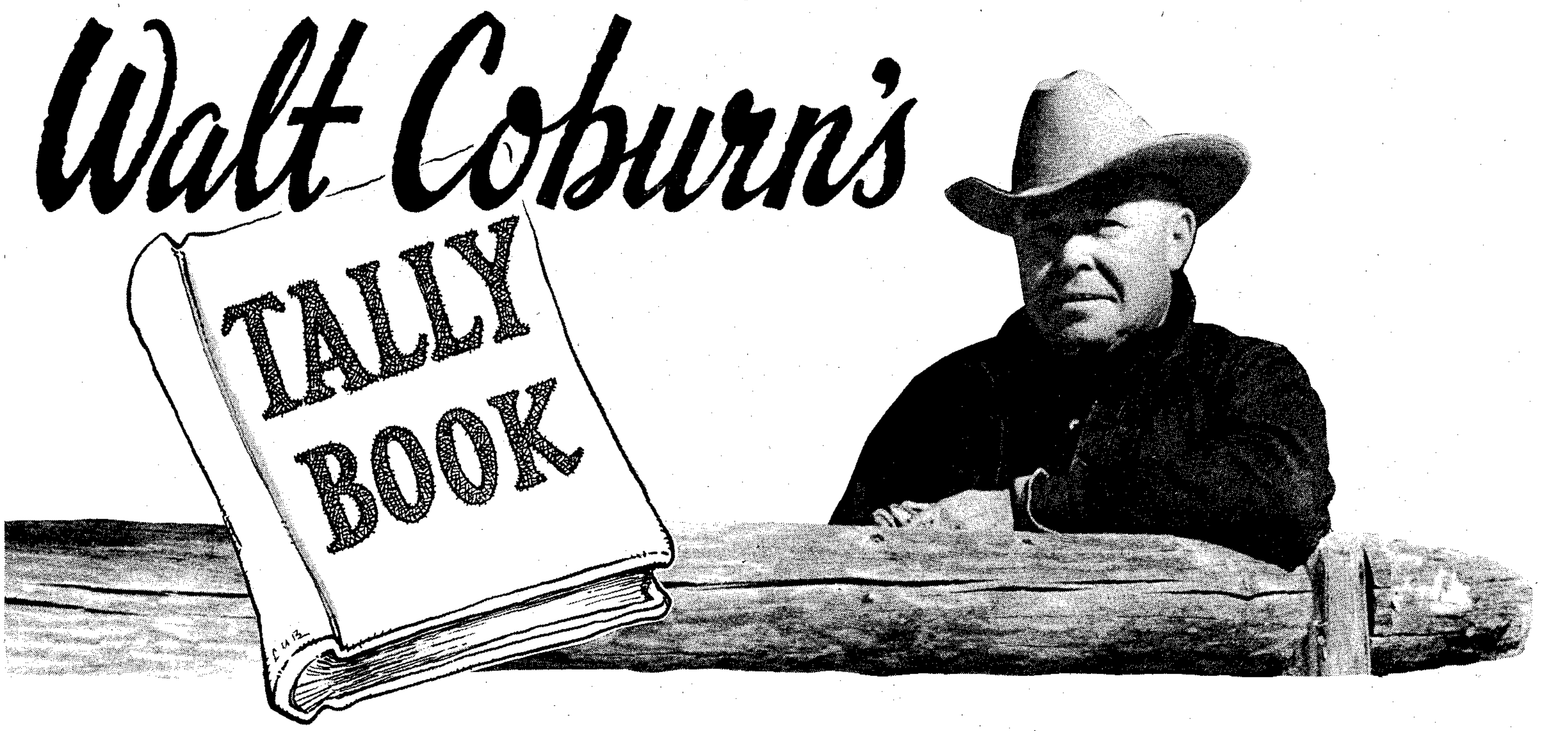
EMORY CONKLIN, an illiterate farmer living east of Stockville, was a good running mate for Hawkins. In fact, his brother, William, was married to the latter's step-daughter.

Carrol was a younger man, recently married, from Clay County. He had lived with Hawkins for a while before moving onto the nearby Rawlins place. He also farmed the adjoining A. Y. Lincoln land, which Hawkins had been instrumental in acquiring for him on deferred payments.

Later disclosures revealed that Carrol's initial payment of $100.00 on this property had been made by Hawkins, in January. The latter explained the deal as a three-cornered arrangement de-

(Continued on page 62)

Walt Coburn's TALLY BOOK



TEX ALVORD ran the ferryboat at Rocky Point Crossing on the Missouri River. Likewise he ran a saloon. As I recollect, he had a license to sell his whiskey wholesale, but he had no retail license to sell it by the drink. Which bothered Old Tex not at all. Things like that never bothered the white-whiskered, slow-spoken old cowhand with the puckered eyes that most always held a twinkle.

Rocky Point Crossing is not marked on the map of Montana. The name of the post office there is Wilder—by no means a misnomer, because in its day, Rocky Point was plenty wild. But nobody ever called it Wilder and the cow country referred to the crossing as Rocky Point. It was one of the crossings along the Missouri River that was used by all manner of outlaws, from the lowly horse thief plumb up to Kid Curry and his Wild Bunch, who were hard-riding train and bank robbers and the aristocracy of the outlaw clan.

If ever Old Tex had taken a notion to talk out of turn, he could have told aplenty about those boys. But he never talked. About anything. And he never asked questions. If a man left a horse in his pasture and helped himself to a fresh one that might be waiting for him, Tex never considered it any of his business.

The Circle C had half a dozen line camps along the river—the CK, the old Fort Hawley place, the Mayberry place, the Rock Creek Ranch, and one or two other small ranches they had bought up. The hay crews would put up hay at these different line camps and they would daub the log cabins in readiness for the cowpunchers to move in for the winter, to feed what cattle needed wintering. And Old Tex was a man to keep on the good side of, because there was no telling when a cowhand might need a friend.

I came to know that, first hand, because I wintered at the Rock Creek line camp. And since I was a button of a kid, Old Tex was my good friend and all during the years he never let me down. Tex and I shared a lot of things together, including the last of my tobacco and the last drop in his brown jug.

ONE LATE spring, after the ice went out in the river and the flood waters reached plumb back into the brakes, my oldest brother, Will, took me along with him to make a tour of the line camps. The worst of the flood water had gone down, but on the long bare badlands-ridges along the river lay a heavy layer of soft silty mud that was just commencing to dry out and was so sticky that it would bog a snipe or a saddle blanket.

From the old freight road on the ridge it looked to us as if Tex had been washed out. It looked as if his log cabins and pole corrals had gone down the river or were buried underneath the mud. Only the tops of giant cottonwood trees showed above the muddy water. We tried to get down there but our horses bogged down and we had to lead them out. Both of us and our horses were mud caked. It was getting towards sundown when we sighted smoke from a cabin that sat on a high, dry knoll, all that was left of the Gregory Doney place. Gregory had moved out with his family and gone back into the Larb Hills.

We rode in mud, hock deep, and it took us until about dark to travel a couple of miles. When we got to the cabin, there was Old Tex. He had his flea-bitten gray cow horse and a water spaniel he had rescued from the flood. The dog had ridden on a hen coop with some setting hens and a red rooster, clear of the flood. Tex had eaten the hens and made a pet of the red rooster. He had saved his roundup bed and some flour and a slab or two of bacon and some coffee and a case of strawberry jam, and a jug of whiskey. Tex called the water spaniel the Hound of the Baskervilles, or Sherlock Holmes' Hell Hound.

Will pulled out for the home ranch next morning. He left me there to gather some remnant cattle and he hired Old Tex to help me. We had one horse apiece and it was muddy going. All we had to eat was what grub Old Tex had salvaged, but we butchered a beef as soon as Will was out of sight. We located a little bunch of horses that a horse outfit had left behind and that gave us three horses apiece for a string, and we were all set to gather the cattle. But Old Tex had another idea before we started the cattle gatherment.

He had sighted a full barrel of whiskey lodged in the high branches of a cottonwood tree, and as far as Tex was concerned, the barrel of rotgut had more value than the hundred-odd cattle we were supposed to gather. There was about a hundred yards of swimming water between us and the barrel. The water was muddy and cold and treacherous, with undercurrents and waterlogged snags. These days, I wouldn't tackle it for all the whiskey ever stilled, but Tex rigged up some stout cord he used for a trotline for catfishing and tied it to the end of a long rope.

I stripped down to the hide and swam downstream. I made it somehow. I tied the rope around the barrel and Tex took a hitch around a tree trunk. I worried around in the cottonwood branches while Tex tied his ketch rope to the taut rope around the barrel and hauled at it with his horse, his dallies around the saddle horn. The barrel landed in the water with a splash, and it took until after dark to get it on solid ground. That made me a friend for life with Old Tex.

It took us two weeks to gather our cattle and get them out to the head of the brakes.

Old Tex always claimed that the Doney breeds left the cabin lousy and that he had nits in his eyebrows by the time the cattle were gathered. I know that for a few years the sight of a jar of strawberry jam made me sick. Tex killed the germs in the muddy water with whiskey, and even when the water was boiled, Tex poured the germ killer into the coffee pot. So I don't to this day like coffee royal.

ANOTHER time Old Tex went along with me into the Larb Hills where the breeds had been killing cows and stealing the big fall calves. The stock inspector and the Mill Iron rep (it was on the Mill Iron range) and myself all packed six-shooters and saddle guns. All Tex had was a pocket knife. The inspector asked Tex where his gun was, because it was supposed to be dangerous work.

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OUTRAGE at OBERLIN

There are those who still remember when the remnants of a mighty nation turned its wrath on the homesteaders. What the Cheyennes lacked in weapons, they more than made up in fury

Wise Wiggins (with hat) and Charles Janausek. Janausek was a small boy at the time of the massacre. The arrow which took his father's life deflected, and Charles received a bad scalp wound, leaving a scar still visible today. Two uncles, as well as his father, were killed in their one room soddie. The picture below was taken during the 84th anniversary of the attack, when a dinner was held for survivors in the one room soddie on the museum grounds. Those attending were, from left: Henry Steffin, Charles Stiner, Dott Addleman, Henry Anthony and Charles Rohan.

THE BOY, an impressionable nine-year-old, looked through an open window of the sod house on the sunburned plains of northwest Kansas. Troubled voices outside the soddie had awakened him from a restless sleep.

He saw two young children clinging to their mother's gingham dress. They were crying inconsolably.

"Papa's gone—it was the Indians," he heard the woman say. "There is nothing we can do. Papa's gone."

Eighty-five years later tears still came to the eyes of that boy, Wise Wiggins, when he related the tragic anecdote.

A Cheyenne Indian band fleeing from Oklahoma to its old hunting grounds in the Black Hills created havoc and sorrow on September 30, 1878, when at least thirty homesteaders were slain.

Wiggins, bedfast because of poor health when he was interviewed at age ninety-three, said he could never forget what he saw of the mother's grief.

"I dread telling about it even now," he said. "I never could keep from crying—the shock of what it meant to me never dimmed."

The Cheyennes' final rampage is easily reconstructed on the basis of information received from Wiggins and three other men who lived in Oberlin—Henry Steffen, Charles Stiner and Charles Rohan—together with documents at the Decatur County historical museum.

FOR SEVERAL WEEKS cowboys, driving longhorn cattle north along the Ogallala cattle trail on their way from Texas to Nebraska, had repeated disquieting news: a Cheyenne war party had broken out of its hated reservation in Indian territory and was headed north. Cavalry troops from Fort Wallace in western Kansas had skirmished with the Indians, but without decisive action or heavy casualties on either side.

The small village of Oberlin (named by a settler from Oberlin, Ohio, who had given the fledgling Kansas community part of his homestead), consisted of two or three stores, a blacksmith shop, a post office and perhaps a dozen homes. Sodbusters bought their flour, cornmeal and other supplies there.

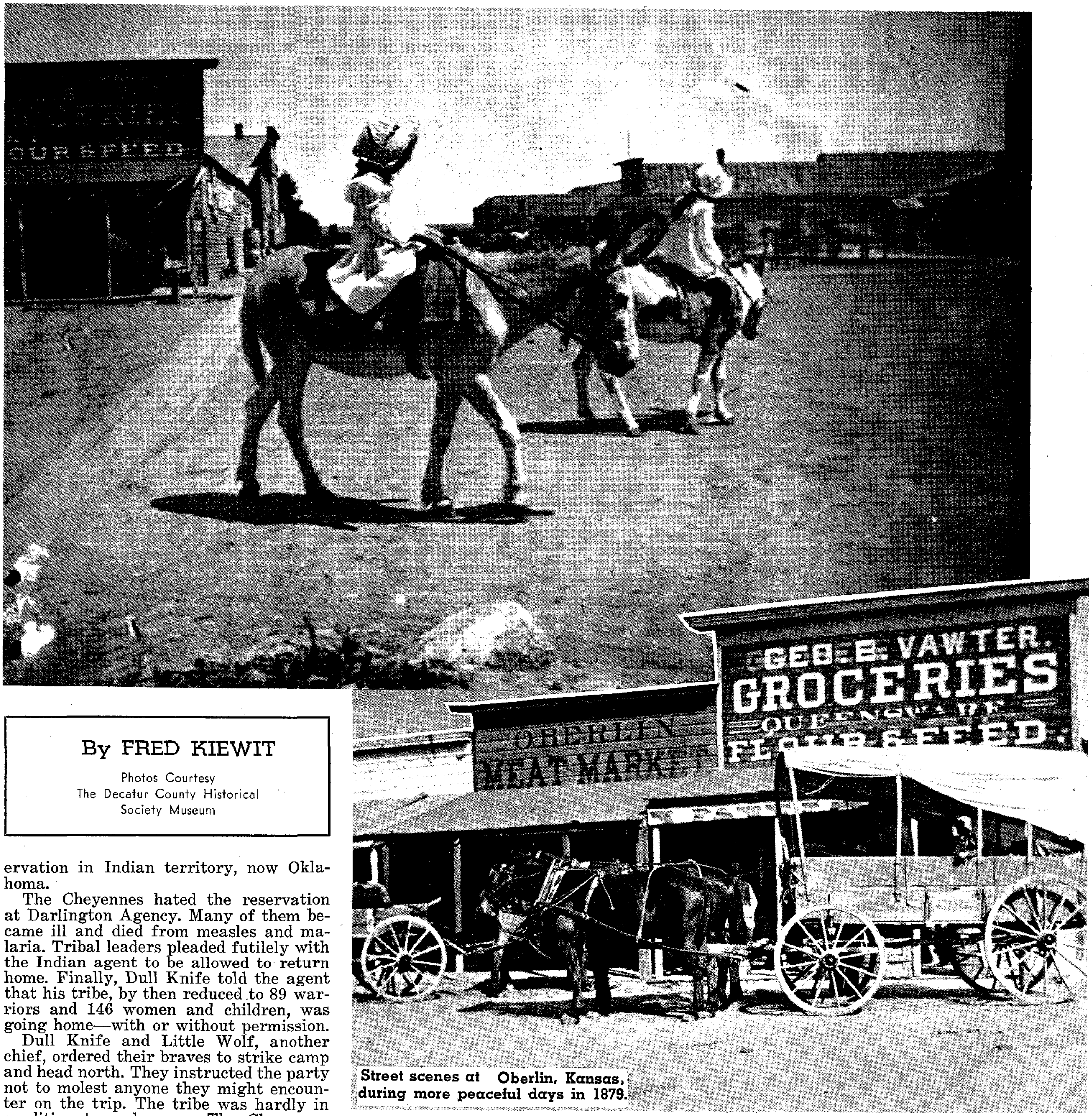
The cowhands found the tiny village a tame place, indeed, compared to the riotous saloons and dance halls of Dodge City. They avoided the town, except when supplies, wagon repairs or blacksmithing talent were needed. Though the population of Oberlin was less than 100, there were several hundred settlers and their families in the vicinity. Their curious sod houses, always built in a bank or bluff on the north side of ravines sheltering them from bitter winter winds, dotted the treeless high plains.

In Oberlin, rumors of the marauding Indians were discounted. Many settlers—newly arrived from Iowa, Missouri, the eastern states and Europe—never had seen a "wild" Indian. Besides, wasn't it 1878? Everyone knew the Indian wars in Kansas were over by that late date in western history.

On Sunday, September 29, bright sunshine brought warmth after a chilly night. It was a typical Indian Summer day—hazy, with a tang in the air. As yet there was no church in the village. Many families worshipped in their sod homes that morning. Afterward, several men brought their wagons—filled with grain—into town. They met there for a trip to a mill on Prairie Dog Creek near the Selden community .

That same noon, Chief Dull Knife was leading his Indian warriors on a scouting expedition north toward Oberlin. Some of those braves had taken scalps in the Battle of the Big Horn in Montana just two years earlier.

In retaliation for that episode, the Cheyennes had been uprooted from the Black Hills, a region in which game abounded and whose climate was invigorating, to a closely supervised Indian res-



Street scenes at Oberlin, Kansas, during more peaceful days in 1879.

By FRED KIEWIT

Photos Courtesy
The Decatur County Historical
Society Museum

ervation in Indian territory, now Oklahoma.

The Cheyennes hated the reservation at Darlington Agency. Many of them became ill and died from measles and malaria. Tribal leaders pleaded futilely with the Indian agent to be allowed to return home. Finally, Dull Knife told the agent that his tribe, by then reduced to 89 warriors and 146 women and children, was going home—with or without permission.

Dull Knife and Little Wolf, another chief, ordered their braves to strike camp and head north. They instructed the party not to molest anyone they might encounter on the trip. The tribe was hardly in condition to make war. The Cheyennes were ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-equipped.

Their northward trek was uneventful for several days. Then, forty miles south of Dodge City, the Indians were intercepted by a small cavalry detachment from Fort Wallace. The Cheyennes fought off the soldiers, but not before they noticed that the military group included some men in civilian dress. This infuriated the Cheyennes, who theretofore had not fought with the settlers. Donning war paint, they began leaving a trail of blood.

It was in that mood that Cheyenne scouts rode to the crest of a hill overlooking Oberlin from the south that Sunday afternoon. They were spoiling for a fight, but apparently were deterred by the sight of the wagons and men scurrying around, preparing for a trip to the mill. Perhaps the Cheyennes had no intention of attacking a town as big as Oberlin. At any rate, they veered away to the west, toward Sappa Creek, which flows from the southwest to the northeast. Along its banks were the sod houses of a score or more of homesteaders.

Somewhat later that afternoon a teenage boy ran into Oberlin, breathless and frightened, and told of seeing Indians south of town. He had been looking for a lost cow and had thrown himself in the high grass of an old buffalo wallow to avoid detection.

"They're real Indians—and they're on horses," the boy reported. "I know—I was close enough to get a good look!"

"Yes, we've heard that rumor, son," a man told him. "But General Pope, over at Fort Leavenworth, says there's not a hostile Indian within 100 miles of western Kansas."

Indeed, that was precisely what General John A. Pope had said. He had telegraphed that reassuring opinion to nervous northwest Kansas settlers who had asked him for arms when the rumor first was heard that Indians were on the warpath.

By the next day, there was no doubt. David Rathburn, a lawyer and one of Oberlin's leading citizens, wired Governor John St. John: "Tell General Pope to go to hell. The Indians are here. We want arms."

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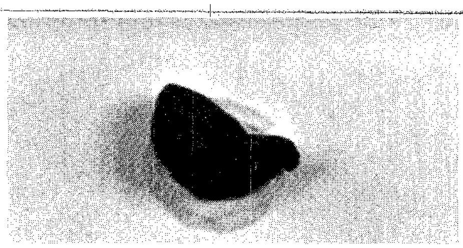
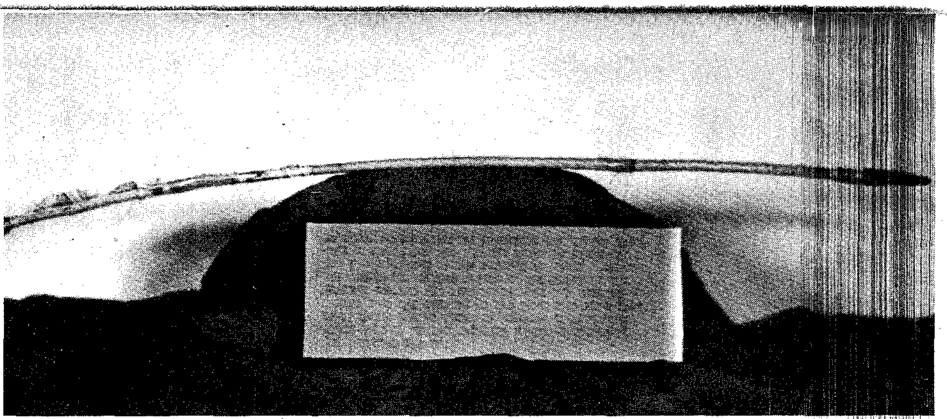




Evidence of the raid on display at the museum. Above is the bullet which killed an Indian on the Keifer homestead. It was found by Henry Anthony, Jr. who was about six at the time of the attack. The arrow at right was removed from a wounded cow.

THAT MONDAY morning had started peacefully enough for the Keifer family, whose ranch home was nine miles southwest of Oberlin. Jake Keifer was away on an errand, and Mrs. Keifer was alone with her six-year-old son, Henry Anthony, and a visiting trail boss named Lynch. Another son, Harry Anthony, thirteen, was out on the ranch riding his gray pony.

Henry, at his mother's request, had gone outside to draw a bucket of water from the well for use in the kitchen. But from here Henry Anthony, now living in Fresno, California, takes up the story:

"I was on higher ground than the house," he recounted in a written report for the museum, "when I saw Harry coming on his pony at a dead run. Some other horsemen were riding hard behind him.

"Leaping off the pony, Harry hurried to us and said the Indians were after him."

Mrs. Keifer and Lynch barricaded the doors and loaded the only weapons they had—a Winchester rifle, with only three or four rounds of ammunition, and a .22 caliber revolver. Through the window they could see a group of Indians, mounted, several hundred yards away.

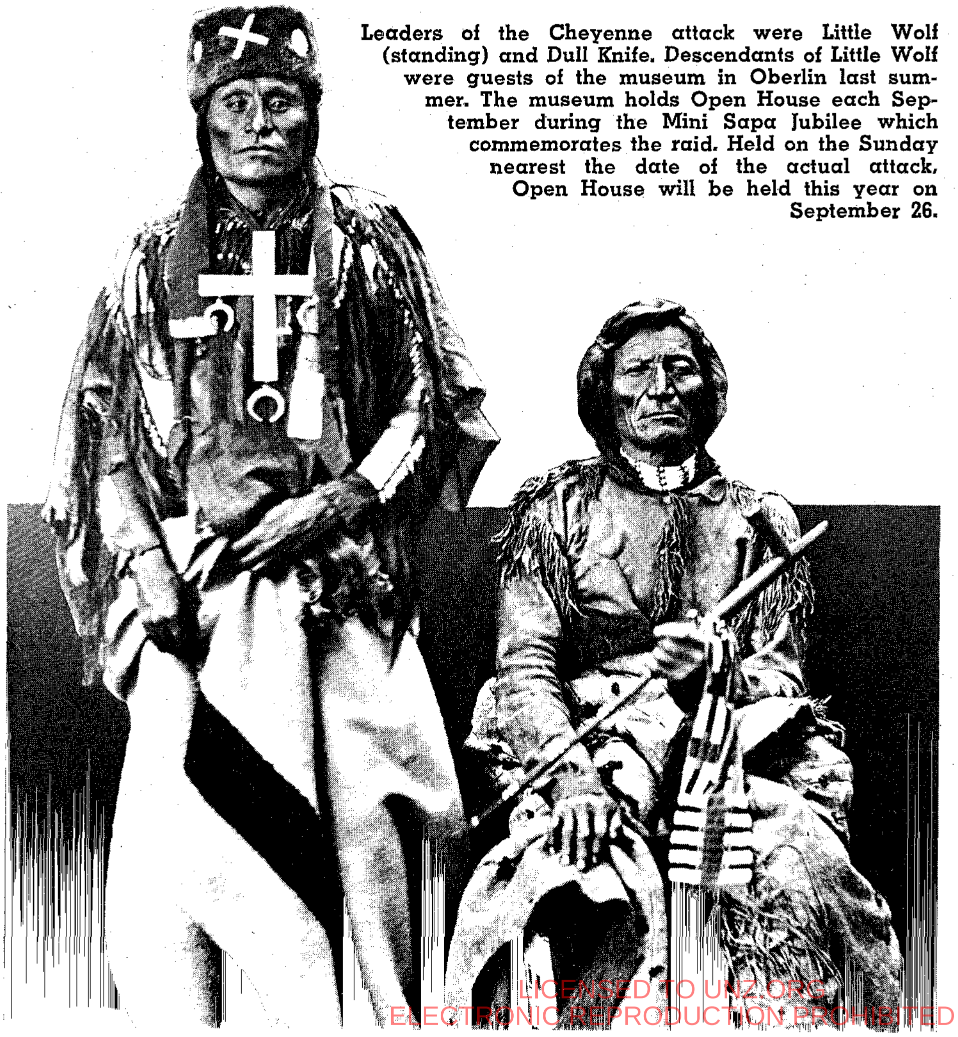
Lynch took the revolver and Harry, the oldest boy, picked up the rifle. Lynch warned Harry not to shoot unless it was absolutely necessary.

"One Indian crawled onto the roof of the house and pulled out our stove pipe," Henry recalled. "This pipe was a straight section running right from the stove. Then he sat down in the hole in the roof, evidently intending to smoke us out of the house.

"Finding that wouldn't work, the Indian came down off the house and, possibly thinking we were too scared to defend ourselves, started up to the window. Then Lynch shot him. It was a dead center shot, having gone through near his heart.

"While the Indian was on the stove pipe hole, Harry wanted to shoot him, but Lynch cautioned him not to arouse the Indians by probably only wounding this bold fellow. But Harry probably would have caused that Indian to break some sprinting records, anyway."

Not long after the venturesome brave was shot to death, several other Cheyennes crept to where he had fallen and carried him away. The four watched silently from the relative safety of the home. Lynch had a clear shot, but he did not fire again for fear of goading the other braves into a mass assault. He knew they could not stand off such an attack.



Leaders of the Cheyenne attack were Little Wolf (standing) and Dull Knife. Descendants of Little Wolf were guests of the museum in Oberlin last summer. The museum holds Open House each September during the Mini Sapa Jubilee which commemorates the raid. Held on the Sunday nearest the date of the actual attack, Open House will be held this year on September 26.

The Indians caused no further trouble at the Keifer ranch, but other families in the area bore the brunt of the suffering. Most of the victims were ambushed in their isolated soddies or while working alone and in small groups in their fields. At least thirty men and youths were slain. Several women and young girls were ravished. The Indians also killed cattle and other farm animals. They stole every horse they could find.

Many settlers and their families escaped by hiding in thickets and heavy brush in the creek valleys.

Keifer and a neighbor, Billy O'Toole, were out on the prairie searching for a sheltered cattle range they could use during the winter months ahead. They had been riding all day Sunday and had camped on the range that night. They, too, were unarmed.

Returning home in their wagon Monday morning, the two men saw a group of twenty-five Cheyennes about one and one-half miles away. The men were intending to go to the nearby farm of Ephraim Humphrey. Then, it seemed to them, the Indians began riding in their direction.

"We had no firearms, but Keifer picked up an ax handle and I had a black stick which resembled a gun," O'Toole said. "The Indians did not attack."

The reason became apparent within minutes. The Indians were not heading for the two men in the wagon, but for Humphrey and his son, who were cutting wild hay in a pasture out of O'Toole's line of vision. The two ranchers heard shots. The father was killed, but his son, mortally wounded, managed to escape.

"When we heard those shots, we knew the Indians were out to kill," O'Toole added.

HE AND KEIFER hurried to the Humphrey home and took Mrs. Humphrey and a granddaughter, two, to the home of a family named Bridle, a quarter of a mile down what was called Jimmy Jones Draw. Meanwhile, young Humphrey, who died two weeks later, ran to the G. B. Street home to warn them of the danger.

The men quickly discovered the Bridle home could not be barricaded successfully. To add to their dilemma, there wasn't a gun on the place. And they had six defenseless persons in their custody.

They led the group to concealment in a wild grape thicket in a creek bottom.

"We were in hiding about an hour when the main band of warriors made a charge on the house, filling the valley with their

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"Adios, Amigo"

Jack Hoxie,
from an old movie still

He believed the world needed heroes, and he made it a point to be one, both on-screen and off, til the final curtain call

By GEORGE E. VIRGINES

ONE of the old-time, favorite Western cinema stars who has just left us but will never be forgotten, is Jack Hoxie. Time had been good to Jack. Although he was in his seventies when he died March 27, 1965, he was still *mucho hombre*, straight as a ramrod and keen of eye, just as he had been in those Saturday matinees of his youth and ours.

Unlike some present heroes who get their gun handling and horse riding training from studio experts, Jack learned the hard way, by trial and error. But he learned! Right up to the last Jack displayed remarkable dexterity with his favorite pair of Colt six-shooters. It was more than mere manual dexterity with Hoxie, too. Jack and his brother spent their boyhood years on an Indian reservation, where they learned to ride, shoot, and hunt as naturally as they learned to walk.

Jack Hoxie was born in Oklahoma in 1888. He struck out on his own to tour the West as a cowhand, working on various ranches, getting a cowboy education that would serve him very well in his future—and then unsuspected—vocation. His skill and riding ability made him popular in many rodeos as bronc buster and bulldogger. He was winner of a bulldogging championship at Bakersfield, California, and won many other awards during his early days. It was through this medium that Jack attracted the attention of the owner of a touring Wild West show.

Eventually it led to a movie career, which began in 1911 and ended in 1942. Asked how many movies he had played in, Hoxie said, "Maybe a thousand, maybe twelve hundred." If so, that in itself must be a record. He played nothing but Westerns.

Jack's first love was always horses. He was one of the first Western stars to put the Appaloosa horse on the screen. Another first generally credited to Jack is that he was one of the first cowboy stars to use a dog as a star attraction. Bunkie Bean, as his dog was called, was brought as a pup from Australia. Old Bunkie starred in many of Jack's movie thrillers, one of which was "Shepherd of the Hills." Jack had Bunkie for thirteen years and, when the dog died, Jack buried him in Texas.

I spent many pleasurable hours with Jack Hoxie at his place in Mulberry, Arkansas, before he moved to Keyes, Oklahoma. In reminiscing about his exciting rodeo days, Jack recalled an experience with the Humane Society. It seems they

(Continued on page 60)

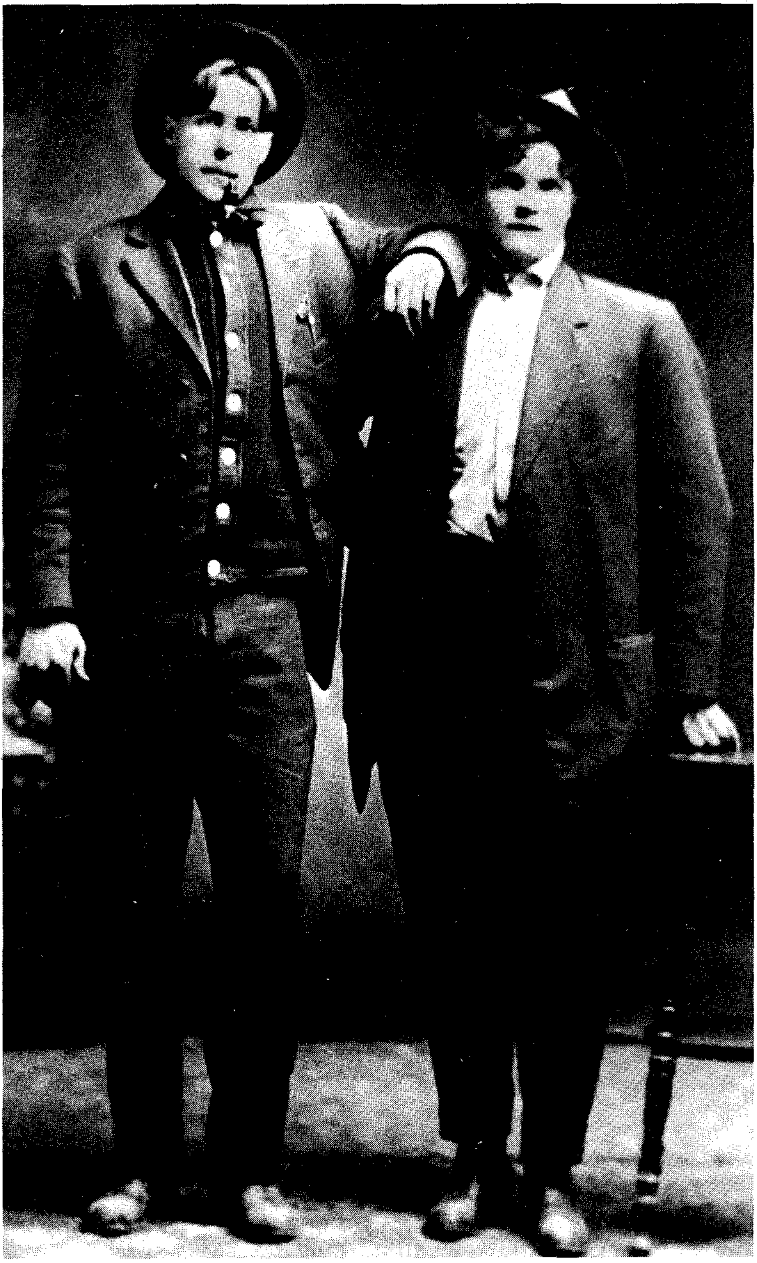
TRACKS OF

Nothing can compare with the itch of a "ten-day man" because, as the author says, "If there is one dependable thing about a mine, it is the fact that at its very beginning its days are numbered. And the ten-day men push on . . . ."

By CLARENCE E. WAGER

Submitted By

T. L. KNOLES



Clarence Wager (left) and his friend Eddie Foutz, gay young blades of Brewery Gulch in Bisbee, Arizona

I WAS born in the old abode stage station at Gilette, Arizona, in 1889. My mother operated the station while my father and three brothers worked their silver mines at Tip Top, ten miles farther back in the foothills of the Bradshaw Mountains. Later, the whole family moved to the Tip Top camp where I had my third birthday; but before the next one rolled around, I had begun the mining camp meanderings that were to go on for the next fifty years.

Like all boom camps of the Old West, Tip Top was a hodgepodge of all sorts of shacks built with any material available. There were few wooden buildings, as lumber cost too much after a sixty-mile freight haul. With wages only three dollars a day and whiskey two-bits a drink, most of the miners built their cabins with adobe bricks or native stone. Today you can walk up the gulch along which both the upper and lower camps were built and see portions of the walls and foundations of those old stone and adobe cabins.

After the Tip Top mine payrolls ceased, a few miners stayed on to work their own claims, or work ground leased from the larger mines. Most left for other mining camps, and business houses closed almost overnight. Some of the saloon men departed so abruptly that saloon furniture, bars and bar mirrors, and even glasses were left just as they were on the last day of business. One old-timer complained that all the bottles left behind were empty.

If there is one dependable thing about a mine, it is the fact that at its very beginning its days are numbered. Ore deposits are exhaustible. Mine depths, water problems, underground heat, expensive haulage and ore treatment or low price for metal are factors posing an ever-present threat to a mine's life.

When the Tip Top mines stopped operating in 1893 and 1894, my father went to the copper mining camp of Jerome, about sixty-five miles as the horse plods. My mother hired a man named Johnny Sommers to move the family and all the household goods he could load on his two-horse wagon. Most of us six kids perched on top of the load.

The second day of the journey we crept along through a steady fine rain, and night found us wandering around in Lonesome Valley, twenty miles from the nearest habitation. There was no road visible and we had to camp out in wet clothes and very damp bedding. Lightning flashes lighted up pools and patches of water for miles around. Between flashes, the croaking of millions of little frogs was weird and haunting in the darkness. I have always wondered where those countless frogs came from so suddenly, in the normally bone-dry valley.

MY FATHER had rented a small frame house in Jerome, not far from the smelter and about a mile from the center of the camp. It seemed a fine place to live, located in a small gulch with a trickle of water. There were several large cottonwood and willow trees and wild flowers. So much greenery was a delightful novelty for people who had lived where water was pulled from a

A DESERT RAT

Photos Courtesy Author

hole in the ground and used sparingly.

In July, that which could be expected in cloudburst country happened with the first storm. Lightning bolts skipped around the nearby pinnacles at the head of the gulch, and the clouds opened. In a few minutes a flood roared around the house, rolling boulders and miscellaneous debris picked up along the way. The frame building acted as a bumper for the first few boulders and pieces of driftwood. This held back other material which divided the flood waters and turned half of the stream to each side.

Almost immediately, thick, muddy water rose three feet deep inside the house. It seemed we would be swept away at any minute. Mother waded around with the cold flood water up to her waist, keeping her brood perched on high places. Fortunately, the flash flood subsided quickly. In a short time we were able to get out of the house and walk where snarling water had been rolling hundred-pound stones.

The kids were none the worse except for mud plastered from heels to chin, but I think Mother never got over the experience. Years afterward she said she thought the ordeal, with the attendant fright and anxiety, were the chief factors contributing to the illness from which she never recovered.

We still might have stayed on there, in spite of hell or high water—but not in spite of both. Near the smelter, and not far below the house, there were several long rows of sulphide ore mounds called the roasts. Each mound was piled on top of several layers of cordwood. This was set afire, and when the bottom of the ore became hot enough, the sulphur content began to burn. Each mound would burn for weeks and the fumes of sulphur and arsenic drifted for miles with the prevailing winds.

If the air currents were right, it was difficult to breathe even in the middle of camp. When the fumes came up the gulch to our house, well, at least it *smelled* like hell. These fumes killed all vegetation, and in a few months the greenery we so enjoyed was gone. The fine trees died, and even the stumps were dug out by Mexican packers and sold to the wood-hungry people of Jerome.

So at last we moved into town. Lumber houses climbed the mountain, resting on stilt-like underpinning on the downhill side. From our home overlooking the town's activities, the night-life of Jerome seemed to be right in our dooryard.

My folks must have let me run on a pretty long picket rope much of the time. One evening I was playing in the yard. It was dark in the street below, and when a pistol shot cracked, I saw the flash. Then I saw and heard two more shots, and scurried down to the street to see what was doing. The marshal's deputy was already on the job and I found him standing in front of the small stone jail.

A man was lying on the ground, the first dead man I had ever seen. The deputy had opened the man's shirt front, exposing three blue punctures about the size of a lead pencil. They seemed pretty small holes to rub out the life of a big husky man. After hanging around a while with nobody appearing to object to my being there, I soon lost interest and went home. The gunman had taken to the hills, and though there had been witnesses, he was never captured to stand trial.

WE HAD BEEN living in Jerome a couple of years when Mother decided to visit her parents in the backwoods of Arkansas, about twelve miles from Springdale. That is far from being in the backwoods now, but then it was the real thing. I think Mother realized that she was not going to get well and wanted to see her parents again while she was still able to travel.

This trek was about 3,000 miles by rail, and took three days of travel, a long ride in the old chair cars. We ate, slept, and lived in those chairs during the entire time except when we sat on harder seats in some railroad waiting room. Oddly, I remember little of what we saw along the way, things which must have seemed marvelous to a green kid of eight. There were lots of Indians around a depot at Santa Fe, and there were stretches through Kansas when the train clickety-clacked along endless rainwater ditches.

Traveling for days on the train seemed to put me into a sort of trance. The steady swaying motion of the coaches, with the continuous rattle and roar blending into a monotonous drone, actually hypnotized me. Even the news butcher who passed back and forth with his "Peanuts, popcorn and candy," seemed to pitch his voice to the same dreary monotone. I don't know why they called the guy a butcher. Like the rest of the business, he just made me sleepy.

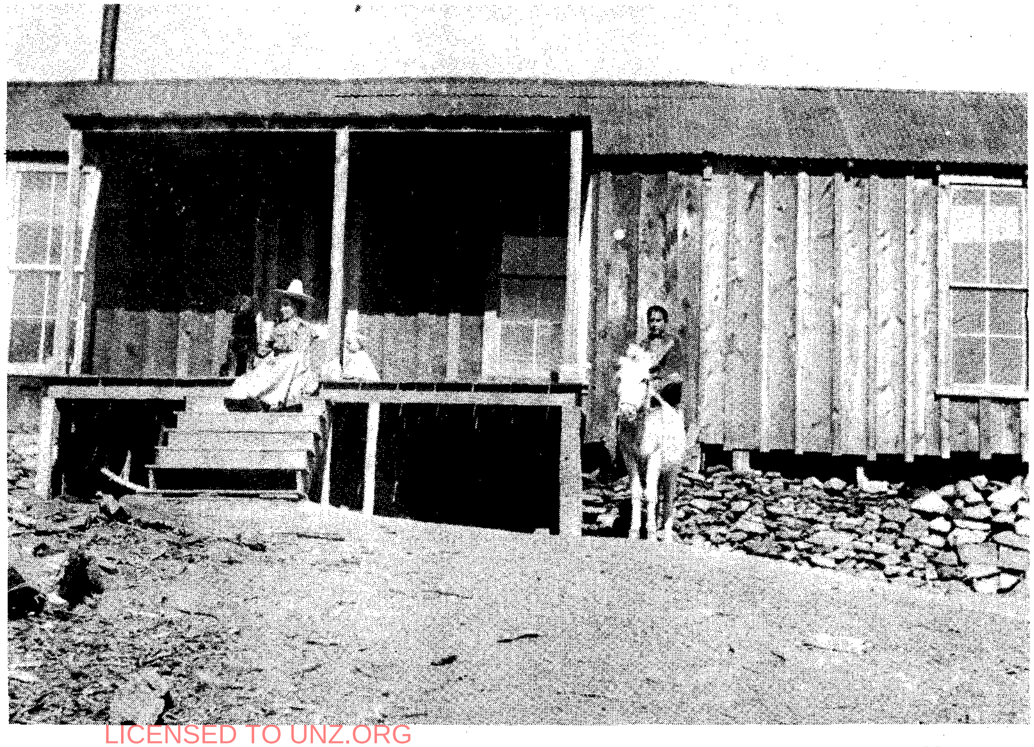
We spent nearly a year in those Arkansas backwoods and came out speaking a different language. Of course, it was a homecoming for Mother, but to me it was all wonderfully strange compared to what I had known in Arizona.

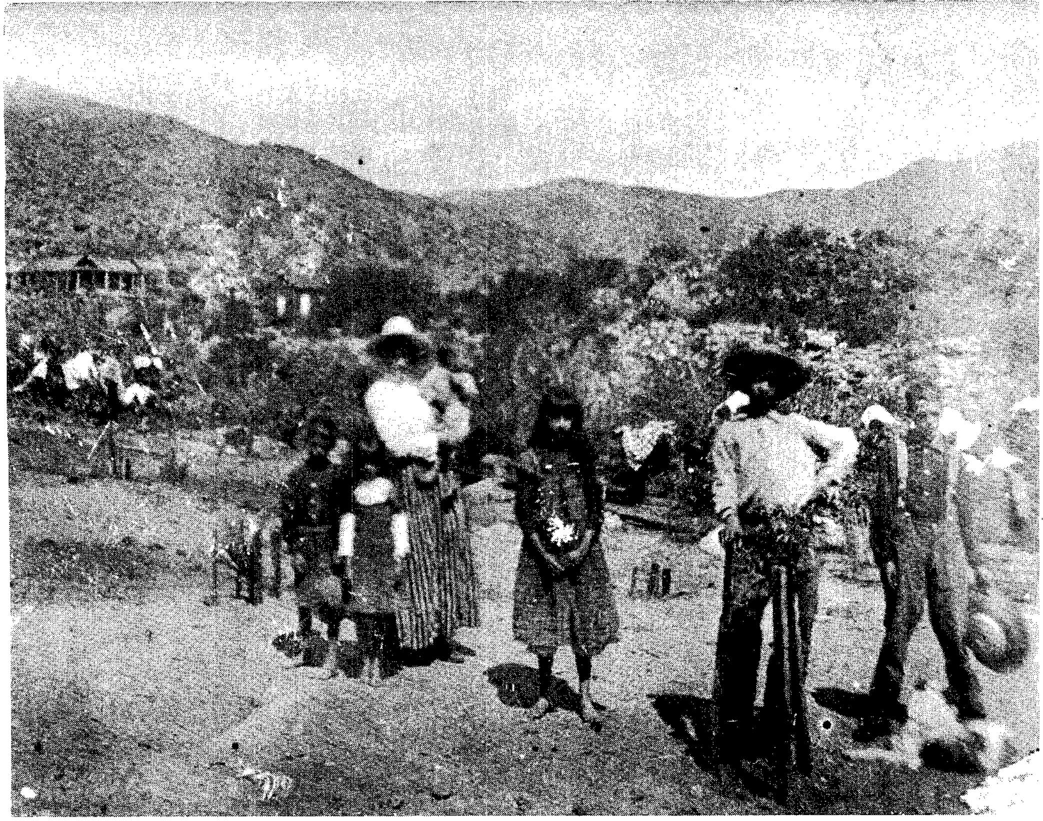
The houses were made of logs cut from the oak forest that surrounded the place. Fences were the zigzag type, and made with rails split from the same sort of logs. Good things to eat grew wild, such as hickory nuts, chinkapins, pawpaws, and persimmons. The woods were full of acorn-eating hogs. If you kicked a pile of oak leaves in most any hollow, a sow and a lot of little pigs might run out.

During the winter we were there, a sudden freeze came in the middle of a long, heavy rain. Ice covered the ground for miles around, sheathing the trees with a solid white shell. It was beautiful to see, but neither man nor beast could walk without falling. Even the chickens slid around with their wings spread for a sudden landing.

It was during this cold spell that I first experienced the thrill of poking a case knife down into the sorghum barrel that stood just outside the kitchen door, and twisting the knife around until it rolled up a golden ball of the finest

Boarding house at Dividend Mine near McCabe, Arizona. Mrs. Wager is seated on the steps and the author is on "Old Red," the same burro that he and his brother carried across Black Mesa.





The Wager Family, photographed at Tip Top in 1892

molasses ever made. When you put that on hot biscuits on those cold winter mornings, you knew why so many people stayed in Arkansas. Yet, two months after we left the place, a cyclone blew half the farm into the next county. Odd place, that Arkansas.

When Mother learned that my brother, Oscar, had joined Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders and left for Manila Bay, we returned to Jerome. It proved to be a short campaign, so when her soldier came back, Mother had no further desire to remain where the sulphur smoke aggravated her cough. We went to McCabe, a small mining camp eighteen miles south of Prescott. My uncle, Ed Wager, owned several businesses there. One of these was the Wager Hotel and it had a long dining room which was also used as the camp's dance hall.

Knowing of Mother's previous experience in running the stage station at Gilette, Uncle Ed proposed that she manage the hotel, so McCabe became our next home. There I stayed the most of the next ten years. Those years covered the wild and carefree days of the late 1890s—until the buildings were peopled mostly with memories and pack rats.

WHEN I was thirteen, my parents dissolved partnership. Both were people of fine character, so the reason could only have been incompatibility. Mother made her home in Prescott, and Father, as always, followed his mining interests wherever they led, and I went with him, learning much about mining.

We were leasing in McCabe when we heard about land open to homesteading along the Arizona side of the Colorado River, near Needles. It all sounded grand, and very soon Father and I, and a goodly number of other McCabites had pre-empted pieces of mesquite covered river frontage. We went to work for the company promoting the project.

Well, the torrid heat, and eating boiled rice in a tent cookhouse swarming with mosquitoes and flies was no life for a miner, so Father soon left. Feeling completely self-reliant at fourteen, I stayed on.

For some months I lived alone among the mesquites and rattlesnakes, existing on small game and catfish, with a few supplemental supplies such as cartridges, tea, coffee, flour and shortening. When there were no more supplementals, or money to buy them, I put my gun under the blankets on the bunk, tied the tent flaps together and started walking the three miles toward the river and Needles.

Three brothers, Bill, Sid, and Grover, had a couple of rowboats on the Arizona side, with which they made a scant living by ferrying passengers across the river. A couple hundred yards farther down the river was a half-tent, half-lumber saloon building operated by a man named Ed Schottmiller, and nearby a family named Patterson lived in two tents. Ramsey Patterson owned two rowboats and two heavy, flat barges. On these he ferried freight and passengers, and wagons and teams.

I had crossed the river here a few times before, when I had the twenty-five-cent fare. This time I didn't have a cent, and sat on the edge of an idle boat to rest and think it over. Ramsey came along and stopped to roll a cigarette, and after talking a while he proposed that I help him with the boat work.

That is how, though I didn't know the first thing about boats or water, I became a ferryman at fourteen. With a lot of luck and the help of a husky Indian named Old Bill, I managed to keep a twelve-foot boat afloat on one of the most wicked and treacherous rivers in the western United States.

Ramsey wasn't so lucky. On a trip down the river he lost the whole blamed outfit. A big whirlpool grabbed the boat, which proved too heavy to pull out. The freight business was busted. When Ramsey decided to take his wagon to Prescott, I was pleased all over to be headed back to my own stomping ground.

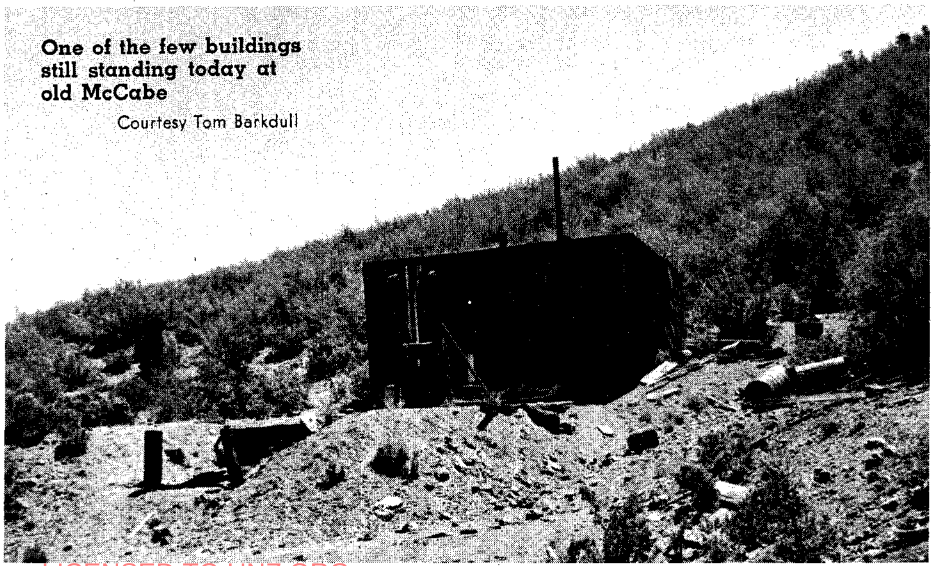
Back in McCabe I worked in the Iron King Mine, but before long the life of a miner lost its attraction. The working places were dry, and so dusty the miners' lights were barely visible as they moved from place to place. I decided that as far as I was concerned, the mine was deep enough. Jobs were easy to find and I went to work in the Humboldt smelter, a mile east of the Iron King.

In Humboldt I had a friend named Roland who was my age, seventeen. We talked a lot about trying some real adventure, and I proposed a hobo trip to Old Mexico. I had heard about the big copper mines in La Cananea, in the State of Sonora. All three of my brothers were somewhere in that vicinity at the time and had been doing very well.

Although Roland had never been away from home he was keen on the trip. He had no money at all, and after paying by board bill I had only sixteen dollars, but we thought that would be enough for food along the way. We didn't plan to pay out any money for transportation, and I was to divide each five dollar bill as needed, so each would have eating money in case we got separated.

The only pieces of baggage we took along were our guns. I had a nice pearl-

(Continued on page 47)



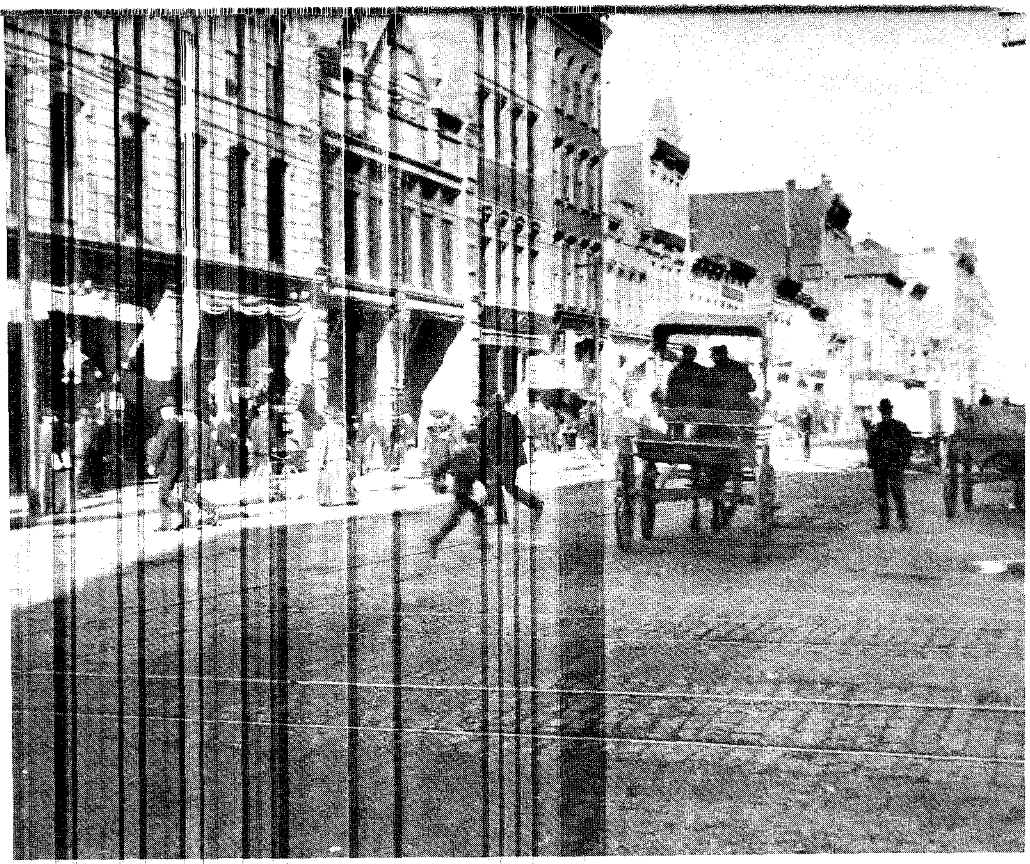
One of the few buildings still standing today at old McCabe

Courtesy Tom Barkdull

It's said that this gambler recorded every shady deal he ever pulled, and chances are that he did—for there was a very good reason why he wasn't afraid to put it in writing

By AGNES M. PHARO

Photo Courtesy Denver Public Library
Western Collection



Larimer Street in Denver, Colorado, during Clay Wilson's heyday

THE INTELLECTUAL CON-MAN

and his Mysterious Notebook

CLAY WILSON was probably the most intellectual crook known to Denver in the 1880s. Tall, dark and handsome, he was a gambler by profession and con man on the side. Wilson had a fancy for a small notebook in which, from time to time, he might be seen scribbling mysterious entries. This caused plenty of curiosity, but no one ever got so much as a peek over his shoulder at it. However, being the brainy type, he was already unique among his fellows, and the notebook was simply accepted as another of his eccentricities.

Clay Wilson had been on his own from the time he was sixteen, and the how, when and where of his formal education was as much a mystery as his notebook. Regardless of education, Wilson was a genius turned criminal. He was also a good shot; otherwise his shady career might have ended before he won an even greater measure of notoriety by killing a fellow gambler known as "the terrible" Jim Moon. Wilson, so it was said, was the only man who had ever had enough nerve to stand up to him.

Wilson came originally from Lancaster, Ohio. At the time of Moon's killing, he was twenty-seven years old and had been in the West off and on for eleven years. He had lived for a while in Leadville, where he was well known at the gambling tables. His path first crossed that of Jim Moon in Reno, Nevada, and Wilson often said that the man's disposition and reputation did not improve with time. Yet they were friends in a way. Business partners might be a better term, since Wilson had been faro dealer for Moon after they both came to Denver.

For the most part everyone, including the police, agreed that Clay Wilson was a quiet, peaceable sort, not given to quarreling unless driven to it. On the other hand, Moon was an arrogant bully, openly defying the law and boasting that the police had to step lively to keep out of his way. Moon had terrorized Denver for a long time, and its citizens felt nothing but relief when he was suddenly dispatched by Wilson the morning of June 16, 1881, in the Arcade saloon and gambling emporium on Larimer street.

The Arcade was the biggest gambling house in town, center of all that glittered, and scene of events which frequently found their way onto the police docket. Not that the Arcade was any worse than other such places, just more people flocked through its doors.

MOON had started all the trouble with a pack of false accusations. It was common knowledge that he was insanely jealous of his wife, Emma, a good-looking Swedish girl about twenty-three years old. Moon often threatened to kill her, as well as any man whom he suspected of wanting her. Consequently, she was desperately afraid of her husband. Although there was no love between them, Moon showered her with jewels. Other women might have envied her diamond earrings, the diamond cross and three large diamond rings she habitually wore. But none envied her otherwise.

Emma finally left Moon after discovering he made a habit of visiting a certain notorious house on Holladay street. In one of their final heated arguments, Emma made some comments about Clay Wilson. Moon construed this to mean that she was in love with Clay, and that the two of them were indulging in hanky-panky behind his back. This was not true, and Emma said so. Wilson also denied any wrongdoing.

Nevertheless, Jim Moon now had it in for Wilson. On the evening of June 15, he went to Clay's room in a building in the King block. Wilson was already asleep, but his roommate, Charley Lundin, answered Moon's knock.

The man pushed his way inside. "I'm looking for my wife," he muttered.

"Well, she isn't here," said Lundin.

"Where's Wilson?" Moon asked.

Their voices woke Clay up. "Right here," he announced, sitting bolt upright in bed.

"I'm going to kill you, Wilson," yelled Moon, brandishing his pistol. "But I won't shoot an unarmed man. Get a gun and defend yourself."

Clay refused, thinking Moon was drunk. He soon discovered that such was not the case—Moon was in one of his towering rages.

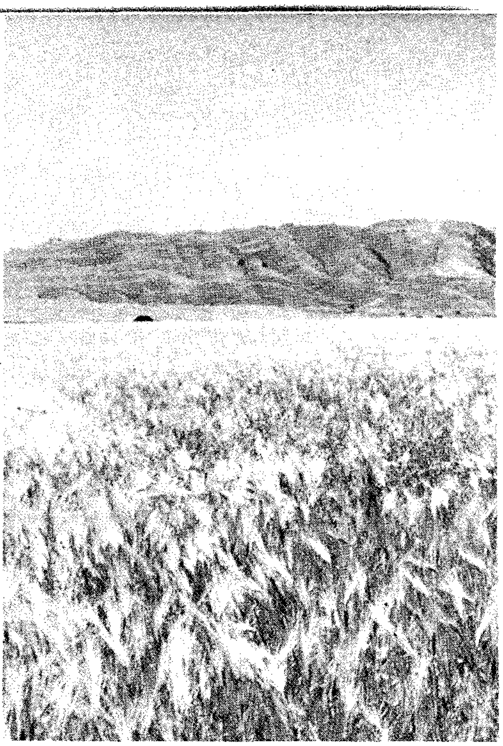
"Remember this, Wilson," he muttered, pausing at the door. "If ever I meet you on the street, I'll kill you."

THE NEXT DAY about noon, Clay Wilson and Charley Lundin dropped by the Arcade to have an eye-opener. Jim Moon sat in the bootblack's chair just outside the door. He scowled at the two as they passed, but said nothing. How-

(Continued on page 54)

FOLLOWING the GOLD

Vacationer's Special



Taken From
The Gold Rush Trail and the Road To Oregon

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By TODD WEBB

Published By Doubleday and Company, Inc.

THERE is little in the quiet Kansas City suburb of Independence to remind one of its gaudy trail days. The log courthouse stands at the corner of Main and Kansas Streets. The Missouri River waterfront is a scant five miles away and the site of Independence Landing (or Wayne City) can be seen, scarred now by the gray, dusty buildings of a giant cement plant. Sedate, tree-lined streets give no hint that Independence was once the rip-roaring frontier outfitting area for tens of thousands of history-making adventurers. However, now as in the old days, Independence is the starting point for travelers on the Oregon-California Trail.

Fill your thermos jug at Emigrant Spring on a back street of the town and "Go West" but start by going south from Independence on By-pass 71 to meet Highway U.S. 50 near Raytown. This superhighway corresponds to the old Santa Fe Trail which, for forty miles, was used by the coast-bound trains. Traversing Kansas City, it crosses Grand Avenue at the site of the one-time town of Westport, ancient rival to Independence.

Two miles over the Kansas line, to the right of the highway, is the old Shawnee Mission, so often mentioned by emigrants. Olathe, the seat of Jackson County, is the next town. At the courthouse, county maps which trace the Santa Fe Trail are available.

Leave the highway (U. S. 50) at Gardner, just as the Oregon Trail left the main Santa Fe road. A stone marker one block north of Gardner's Main Street is the first to show the location of the trail forks. Two miles farther west on the highway is a second sign purporting to mark the forks. Chances are, they are both right. The trail varied from year to year and a difference of two miles is not improbable. No visible trail signs remain in this heavily cultivated country. Turn north at Gardner and keep working in a northwesterly direction on the back roads to Route 10, a bit south and west of Lawrence, Kansas. A few miles before reaching Lawrence, there is the crossing of the Wakarusa River, once an emigrant problem. At Lawrence change to U.S. 40 and continue west to Topeka. En route are several Oregon trail markers—one at Big Springs and one in the square in Tecumseh.

The Kansas Historical Society in Topeka is an excellent informational source concerning the trail route through the state. At Topeka, the emigrants made their crossing of the Kansas River using Pappin's Ferry to carry the covered wagons, at the point where the Kansas Avenue Bridge now spans the river.

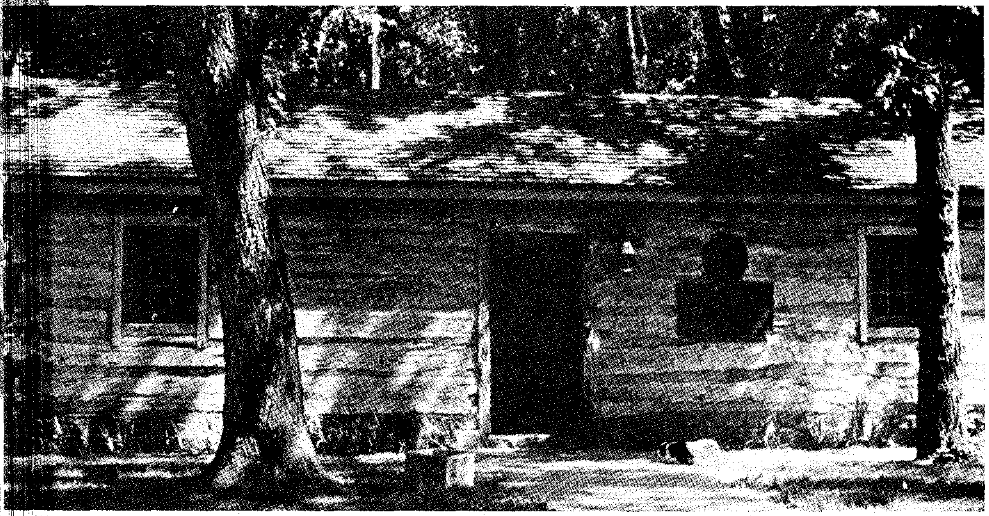
Upon crossing the river take Highway 24 west, following the north bank of the Kansas as the trail did. There are numerous markers on this road. At St. Marys a part of the old Pottawatomie Mission, visited by gold rushers, remains a landmark. At Wamego, thirty-seven miles west of Topeka, turn north on Route 99 to Louisville and ask directions to the historic Vieux Cemetery. There are interesting gravestones and it is only a hundred yards to the Vieux Crossing of the Big Vermilion River. Return to Route 99 and continue north of Westmoreland, the seat of Pottawatomie County. Before reaching the town you will see your first wheel scars on the hillsides to the right of the highway. If you don't recognize them as a trace of the old wagon road, someone in the town will be happy to point them out. Westmoreland was built on the remains of a trail campground and the townspeople are more than usually conscious of local history.

Dotted along the way, parts of the trail where the wagons used to roll, are still clearly visible.

TAKE A SIDE ROAD northwest to Fostoria, turn north and go on to Blue Rapids. Ask directions to Alcove Spring Park, out of town on a back road and well worth a visit. Edwin Bryant gave the place its name in 1846 and the legend ALCOVE SPRING carved in the flat rock above the waterfall is still clearly visible. James Reed's name, carved in the same year, can also be seen. Nearby is the grave of Grandma Keyes, who was the first casualty of the Donner party. Here, also, is the well-marked Independence Crossing of the Big Blue River. Continue along the dirt road to Marysville, Kansas, where there is a Pony Express Museum.

At Marysville go west on Highway 36 ten miles, turn north on 15E to Hanover, where the Little Blue comes into sight for the first time. The county road northwest from Hanover passes through Hollenberg, Kansas, Steele City and Endicott, Nebraska, to Fairbury, Nebraska. This road follows the old trail closely along the north

This thread from the past is almost lost at times in the tapestry of the 20th Century . . . but if you know where to look, it can still be seen in many places



The grain field above was once a great meadow and a resting place for weary travelers and their animals along the arid Humboldt route. On the right is the Pony Express station at Gothenburg, Nebraska. It is one of the few original stations still standing.

Photos Courtesy Author

RUSH TRAIL TODAY

bank of the river. This is a farmland country and the continuous cultivation has obliterated all traces of the wheel ruts. With the exception of a few trail markers on the north bank, there is little to see.

Fairbury is a good stopping place containing several trail features in the vicinity. Fairburians are well informed and one has no difficulty in being directed to places of renown. The Rock Creek Stage Station site and Quivera Park are close together, the former made famous by the McCanles-Hickok gun duel. On a cliff in Quivera Park, early travelers carved their names and two of the most notable signatures—those of John Fremont and Kit Carson—can still be read. Six miles northwest of Fairbury on the north bank of the Little Blue is the well-preserved gravestone of George Winslow, an 1850 traveler who died on the trail.

Keep a northwest course from Fairbury, staying as close to the river as possible. This area is a maze of roads, unmarked and unnamed, and county road maps, available at the courthouse, are of value to anyone wishing to follow the exact trail. Remember that the old trail was always on the north bank of the river.

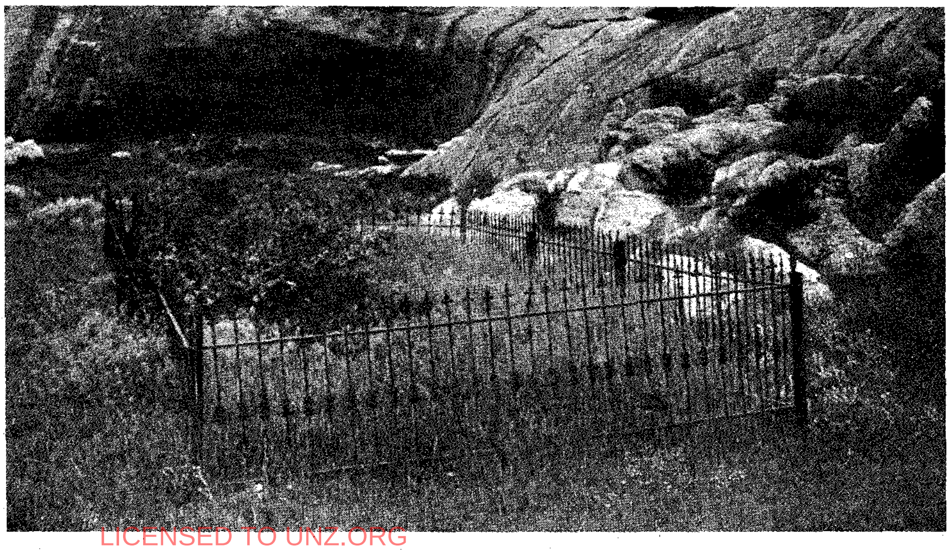
On reaching Highway 281 turn north to Hastings, Nebraska, then west on Highway 6 to State Route 10, north again to reach the Platte River at the site of Fort Kearney, now a state park. Local inquiry will lead you to "The Lone Grave."

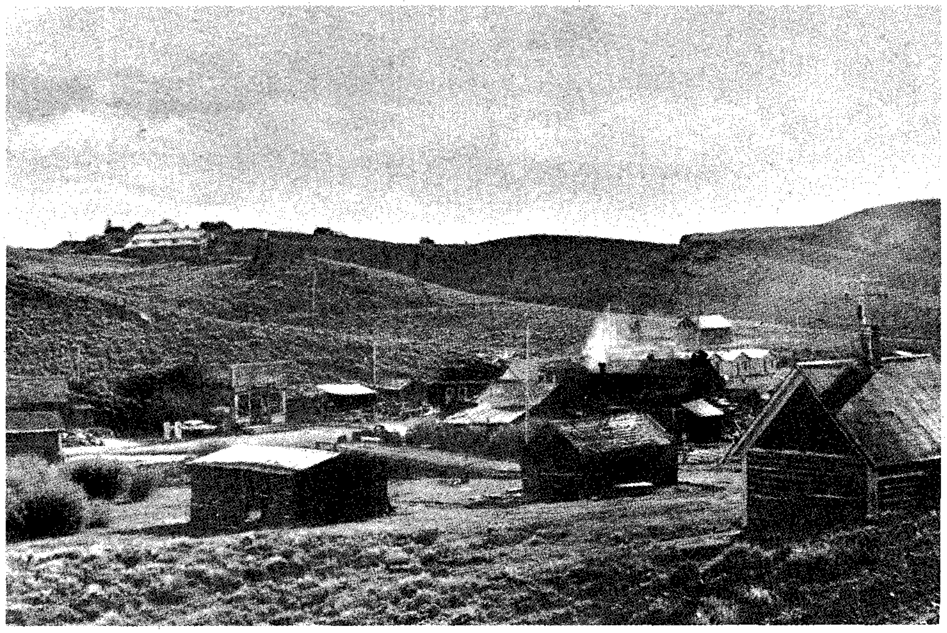
Now there is the long trip up the Platte River. Most of the way the modern highway (U.S. 30) follows the Mormon Trail on the north bank. It is possible to follow the south bank trail along the river, but the road is sandy and in dry weather your car and any passing car is followed by a great billowing cloud of dust. Few trail vestiges remain and it is recommended that Highway 30 be followed with occasional side trips to the south side of the river. At Gothenburg there is an old Pony Express Station, one of the very few still extant.

Stay on U. S. 30 through North Platte and Ogallala to the Oregon Trail Trading Post a few miles beyond Brule. Less than a mile south is the noted California Crossing of the South Platte, used by the Gold Rush emigrants. Back of the trading post, the wheel ruts of the covered wagons show as thev wind up and over California Hill in the direction of Ash Hollow.

Retrace your steps east to the first dirt road running north and stay close to the trail by following this road, jogging to the west at each crossroad. Join Highway 26 east of Ash Hollow where signs on the highway list historic facts about the area. Windlass Hill can be climbed, and the view looking down along the old wagon ruts is one to be remembered. There is a marker on the crest of the hill. West, along the highway, is the Ash Hollow Cemetery containing the 1849 grave

Fenced graveyard on the north side of Independence Rock. It is said that more than 500 emigrants were buried near this spot. Casualties were heavy on the rough stretch from Casper and parties carried their dead to be buried in the more diggable soil on the Sweetwater.





View of South Pass City, a gold mining town of the 1860 s. A ghost town until a year ago, it is being revived by the operation of an iron mine.

of Rachel Pattison. A road along the west side of the cemetery leads to more graves on the hillside, a mile and a half to the north.

Follow Highway 26 to Broadwater, where it crosses to the south bank of the river and runs along the old Oregon Trail. Nearing Bridgeport you will have your first view of what was, to the emigrants, one of the most beguiling landmarks of the trail—the Courthouse Rock. An easily found road leads directly to it. Looking west, the tower of Chimney Rock, another trail curiosity, rises thirty miles away and is accessible by road.

HIGHWAY 26 crosses back to the north side of the river beyond Chimney Rock. Remain on the south bank, take State Route 86 to Gering, visit Scotts Bluff National Monument in Mitchell's Pass and see the deep ruts cut there by the passing wagon wheels a century ago. The National Park Service Rangers are helpful and knowledgeable and will direct you to the dirt road through Robidoux Pass which was in use when the Gold Rush crowd poured through in 1849. Rut traces can be seen here.

After leaving Scotts Bluff return to Highway 26 and continue into Wyoming west through Torrington to Fort Laramie. At Lingle, Wyoming, cross the river to the site of the Grattan Massacre of 1854. A short side trip from Fort Laramie brings one to the national monument commemorating the Laramie Trading Post. Here, the National Park Service Rangers are in attendance and helpful in explaining the function and history of the fort, both as a trading post and later as a military establishment.

Return to the highway and continue west to Guernsey, Wyoming. Two miles south of the town on the Fredericks Ranch is the notable Register Cliff, one of the best "guest books" of the trail, where hundreds carved their names in the soft rock, with some of the engravings still legible. On the south bank of the river, a hundred yards from the water's edge and three hundred yards west of the Register Cliff road are some of the most remarkable ruts to be seen on the whole trail. The iron rims of the wagon wheels cut deeply into the soft rock and marly clay of the ridge. A mile beyond is Warm Spring, an important trail campground. To reach it, follow the dirt road left at the river bend beyond the wheel ruts and a fenced sheep corral. In the next clump of cottonwoods is the spring, now a mere trickle. From Guernsey there is a dirt road to Wendover, Wyoming, which lies directly on the trail.

Be sure to procure one of the road maps issued by the Wyoming State Highway Department. The various trails are marked; the sites of stage coach stations, Pony Express depots, Indian fights, and other historic events are precisely indicated. Continue west on 26 through Douglas and on toward the Mormon Ferry at Casper. Five miles east of Glenrock, a road to the right leads toward a mill. About a mile from the highway on a hillside to the right is the grave of A. H. Unthank, enclosed by an iron pipe fence and easily seen from the road. The name A. H. Unthank also appears on Register Cliff. West of Glenrock is another emigrant grave—that of Ada Magill.

West of Casper, Wyoming, near the Mormon Ferry that crossed so many hundreds of '49ers is a restoration of Fort Casper as well as a museum containing trail relics.

IF THE WEATHER is fine and dry, it is possible to follow exactly one of the more rugged portions of the trail between Casper and Independence Rock, fifty miles of rough mountain road but worth the effort. This was considered by many emigrants to be the worst and most difficult stretch of the trail. It's a memorable experience; the view down to the Sweetwater and Independence Rock is magnificent. The notch in the hills far off to the right is Devils Gap. Before trying this road, inquire locally about its condition. Ask for the Emigrant Gap road and before going through the gap, take the dirt road to the left. It is almost exactly on the trail and joins Highway 220 as you reach Independence Rock.

At Independence Rock go through the gate at the left and explore the river side. The small iron-fenced graveyard on the north side between the rock and the Sweetwater marks the burial place of approximately five hundred emigrants who died on the rough stretch between Mormon Ferry and the Rock but were carried along by their companions for burial in the more "diggable" soil along the river.

Five miles along on Highway 220 is the entrance gate of the Dumbell Ranch. Devils Gate is on this property, and by asking permission at the ranch house, one may see this great trail curiosity.

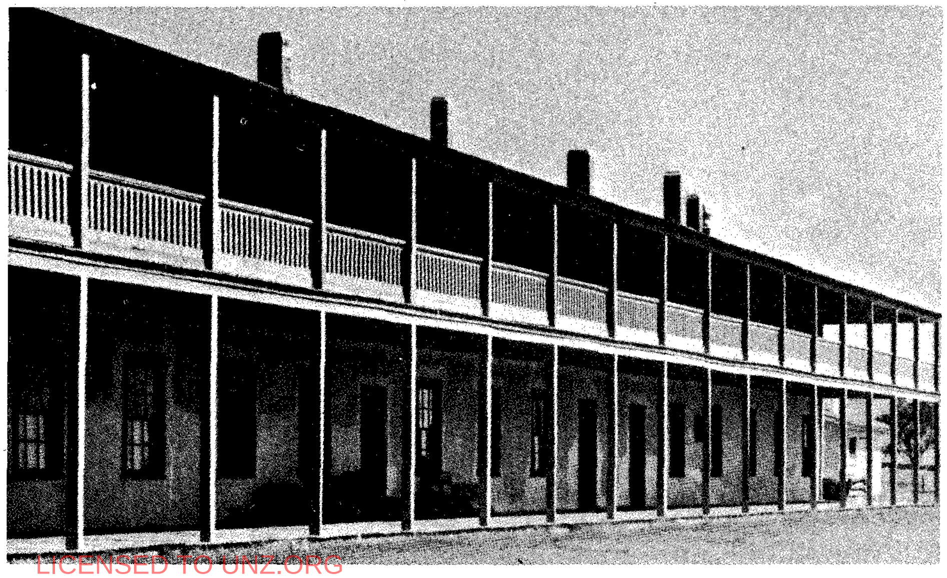
Two miles farther along the highway to the right is the marker for Martins Cove where the Mormon Handcart contingent suffered so in 1856.

Turn right on Highway 287 at the intersection. Most of the way, the river and trail lie to the right. Ruts are visible in a number of spots in this area. Split Rock and Icy Slough, both landmarks, are on the stretch to Route 28. Turn south on Route 28 toward the South Pass. A side road leads into Atlantic City and South Pass City, both old mining towns, now being revived by U. S. Steel's Atlantic City Project. The Burnt Ranch locale can be visited from the South Pass City side road.

Return to the highway, cross over the South Pass and look for a sign saying PACIFIC CREEK which leads to the Pacific Spring so often mentioned in diaries, and a monument to Narcissa Whitman

(Continued on page 50)

The restored cavalry barracks at historic Fort Laramie



The Bad Lands' Gumbo Lily

By GRACE ROFFEY PRATT

Photo Courtesy Author

Marguerite Jane Richel

The father needed a son to help him homestead. Her mother wanted a daughter who was a genteel lady. Marguerite Jane graciously obliged both.

BEFORE the invasion of the plow, North Dakota, especially that part known as the Bad Lands country, was a vast grassland. The grama grass grew tall and ripened on the stem. It had nourished the buffalo for no one knows how many centuries and it was still there when the first cattle were brought in. Grama fattened beef like grain and was available the year around because the wind would bare one patch of grass as it piled snow up on another.

To greet the white men were the huge buffalo wolves, the smaller coyotes, lynx, rattlesnakes—and Indians of several tribes, some friendly and some hostile. The whites were principally three breeds: the adventure seeker, the outlaw and the cattle rancher. For twenty-five years before the turn of the century, North Dakota was a cattleman's paradise. Free land, grass, no fences except those of horse pastures. Not even taxes.

Then came the surveyors, the subdividers and the homesteaders. Among the latter were William and Margaret Richel, of Northfield, Minnesota; their son, Robert, who had just come of age; and their thirteen-year-old daughter, whom the mother called Marguerite and the father called Jane.

As a boy of nine, Mr. Richel had stood across the street from the Northfield Bank and watched the much publicized robbery by the Cole Younger outfit. He saw the fight that ensued, a man shot down before his eyes. He never forgot it.

As he grew up, he followed his father's trade of cigar maker, and kept a cigar store next to the famous bank. It was a good life but everyone was talking about free land in the Dakotas and Mr. Richel got the fever. He went out in the summer of 1905 and filed on 160 acres 14 miles south of Belfield. It was the next spring that the family made the move.

They traveled by immigrant car which was called a "Zulu." In one end were their household furnishings, including a Victorian walnut settee much prized by the mother, farm machinery and a wagon. In the other end were the horses. The family occupied the middle section.

The parents and Marguerite slept on mattresses laid on the floor of the car, while Robert used bales of hay for a bed. They ate baked ham, homemade bread and other foods that Mrs. Richel had put up in Mason jars. Being used to a comfortable house and good hot meals, the travelers felt somewhat deprived and uncomfortable during their three days on the train. Afterwards when they looked back upon their trip, it seemed one of considerable luxury.

En route the horses developed shipping fever and had to be unloaded at Fargo for treatment by a veterinarian. That caused delay and added expense. Expense was something they were mindful of later.

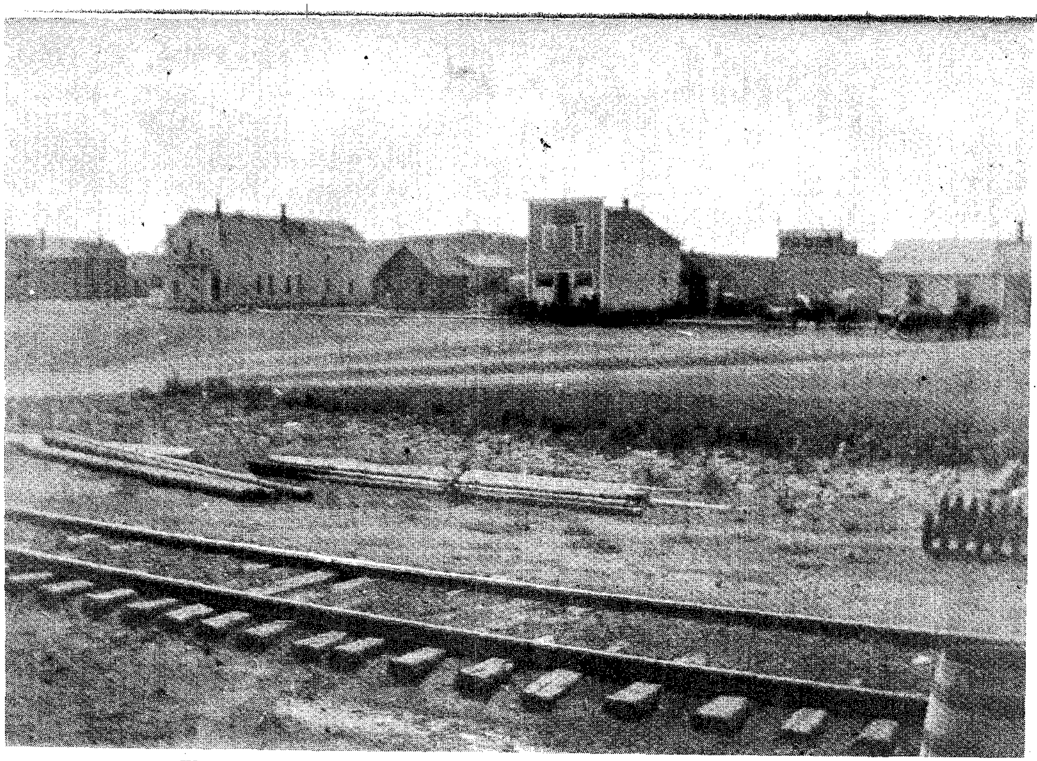
When the train drew up to the little town of Belfield, the skies were pouring. There was no depot and everyone was soaked before making the shelter of the hotel.

The next morning the Richel family started for their new home on the prairie. Before they had gone a quarter of a mile, the spokes on the wheels of their wide-tired wagon were filled solid with gumbo mud. Weakened as they were with sickness, the horses could hardly pull the load.

MR. RICHEL had built a house the summer before while living in a tent. It was a 12′ by 14′ shanty of single boards. In this the four ate and slept. Only the most necessary of household equipment was squeezed in: room for the cherished walnut settee could not be found and it stood out in the wind and weather and was ruined.

There was neither tree nor vine to give shelter to the little home from the blazing heat of summer, which often soared above the hundred mark, nor from the paralyzing blizzards of winter, when the mercury sometimes dropped to sixty below zero. At a reasonable distance from the house, four posts and some gunny sacks completed the first set of buildings.

At first the family was forced to se-



The Richels homesteaded fourteen miles south of Belfield, North Dakota, photographed here in 1903.

cure water from a buffalo wallow. It was rank with alkali, and dirty from being used by cattle. As soon as possible the Richels dug a shallow well near the wallow and the water seeped through. It was more sanitary but not much more appetizing. Time was needed to get used to it.

The horses brought from Northfield soon died and, as it was impossible to get along on the homestead without them, Mr. Richel was obliged to pay $100 each for rangeland broomtails. Marguerite described them as "vicious little devils," hard to break, hard to handle, and never dependable.

For some time there were neither cows nor chickens, therefore neither milk nor eggs. Fresh fruit and vegetables were unavailable and canned ones were too expensive to be considered.

After awhile a neighbor lent the family a range cow that had never been milked. They built a sort of stock for her so she couldn't kick too violently and Mrs. Richel milked her. Men did not consider such a chore proper "man's work."

The cow gave only two quarts of milk but that was a godsend. Not a drop went to waste. The cream made a little butter and the buttermilk was drunk or used in cooking. The skim milk made cottage cheese and the whey, with a little buttermilk added, was boiled down until thick for use as a spread on bread. It was called premoste.

Mr. Richel's first crop of wheat and flax was hailed out just before maturity, and his garden was a failure for lack of water. That one heavy rain in the early season was followed by a long spell when not a drop fell. A few sod potatoes were raised. They were flattened out by the weight of the sod but were mealy and of good flavor.

In order to buy beans, bacon and barbed wire, the latter to fence his fields from the range cattle, Mr. Richel worked for his neighbors and trapped. Coyotes carried a $7.00 state bounty, and skinned Canadian lynx brought 75c per pelt. He hunted rattlesnakes, killing them with his wagon whip. Their skins were used for making bridles and fancy belts which he sold for $1.50 apiece.

It was a far different life from the one he had known in the cigar store, and there were many times when he was all for giving it up. But his wife said, "No. Here we lost our money and here we will make it back"—that from a lady who loved gracious living and who had not previously known anything of pioneer hardships.

According to her grandson, David Clark, Mrs. Richel was one of those genteel persons who "carried an iron hand inside a velvet glove."

Marguerite rode five miles to attend the Rocky Ridge School. Her horse, tied to a rock, had to stand out in the cold winter winds, for there was no stable. But a fence was built around the schoolhouse to protect the children from range cattle as they were dangerous to anyone on foot.

THE RICHELS' second crop was burnt out by the hot winds, but Mr. Richel managed to put up a 50′-long sod barn. The third year there was a part of a crop, and another room, 12′ by 14′, was added to the house. It was of single boards and tar paper. This new room doubled the floor space, but the problem of heating or keeping from being overheated was never solved very successfully. Fuel was lignite coal, available for the digging, some miles away, but the non-circulating heater stove did little to warm the floors. Marguerite cannot remember a winter when she did not suffer the torture of chilblains.

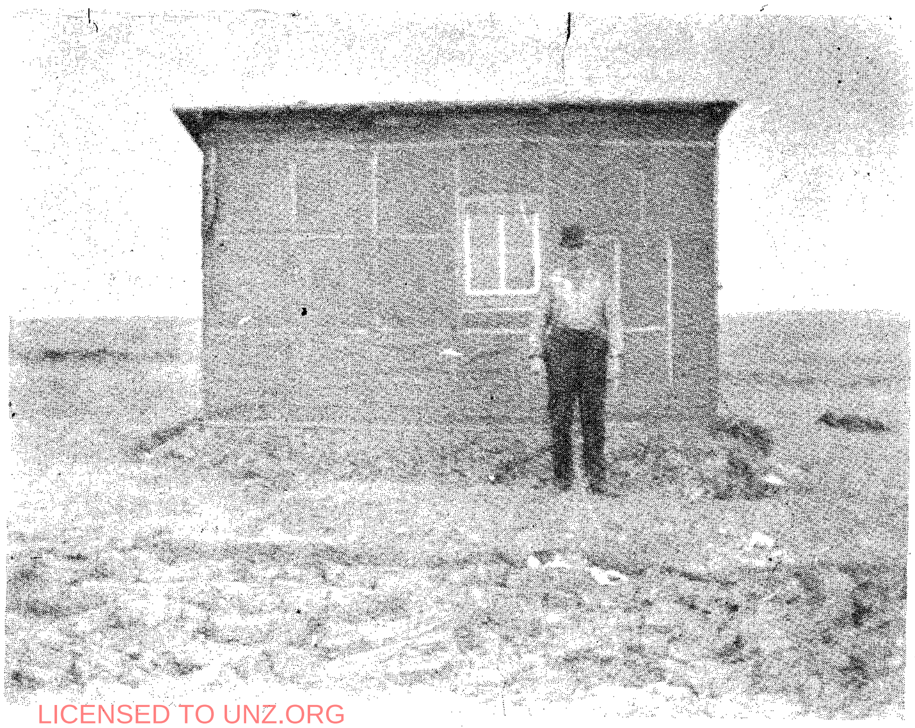
Finally the Richels were able to buy a few hogs and some cattle. When a hog was butchered, even the blood was saved and used in making blood sausage. Steers were only three and four cents a pound but there was enough profit for the man of the family to buy a Stetson hat and a pair of cowboy boots and so look like a cattle rancher. There were lengths of calico and shoes for the women. Robert had taken up a homestead and was on his own.

Mrs. Richel felt that proper training for Marguerite included the perfecting of household tasks. Her daughter, however, liked being father's helper better. That was agreeable to him as there was never a shortage of work. As it turned out, father and daughter would go out into the fields in the morning, where they plowed and sowed or harvested. They dug post holes and strung barbed wire. Marguerite's hardest job was in doing some excavating. She held the handles of a scraper, keeping the heavy iron pan in place, while her father drove the team.

When they came in for dinner at noon, the mother found a number of more suitable tasks for her daughter such as washing dishes and ironing. These Marguerite did while her father was resting. When he was ready to go again he would say, "Come on, Jane. Time to get back to work."

And Jane would go, glad to be again in the open. She developed the hard

Richel's first home in North Dakota measured 12 by 14 feet.



muscles, tough endurance and self-sufficiency common to the pioneer women.

As Marguerite grew older and more experienced in the handling of livestock, she learned to do considerable veterinary work. Although she was very fond of animals and loathed to cause them pain, she learned to brand, castrate and dehorn. Dehorning was done slowly and painfully with a saw. It was work that had to be done and it took less physical strength than the throwing and holding.

Just as the Richel herd was built up to a fair size and it seemed that more prosperous times were ahead, hemorrhagic septicemia, a type of blood poisoning caused by a virus, struck the cattle and killed over half of the four-year-old steers that were ready for market. Their carcasses had to be burned.

It was Marguerite's work to gather sagebrush, limbs from the scrub trees of the Bad Lands, and anything else that would make a fire, in order to get enough fuel to destroy the dead animals. One big steer died right in front of the house. Marguerite hitched a team to it to drag it away before burning. The horses were afraid of the carcass, and it was no small task getting them up to the steer and keeping them from bolting while she hooked on. She finally made it, then jumped on her own pony to drive them out onto the prairie.

The girl had learned to ride at the ripe age of four. "I never walked anywhere to do anything, if I could ride," she said.

Vaccinating finally put an end to the disease but not before many of the cattlemen had lost heavily, some like the Richels, who could so ill afford to do so.

LIFE on the homestead was not all hard work and disappointment. There were many good times too. Picnics and parties, box socials at the schoolhouse, and dances that lasted till morning. Marguerite was popular with the young men. "Because girls were scarce," she explains.

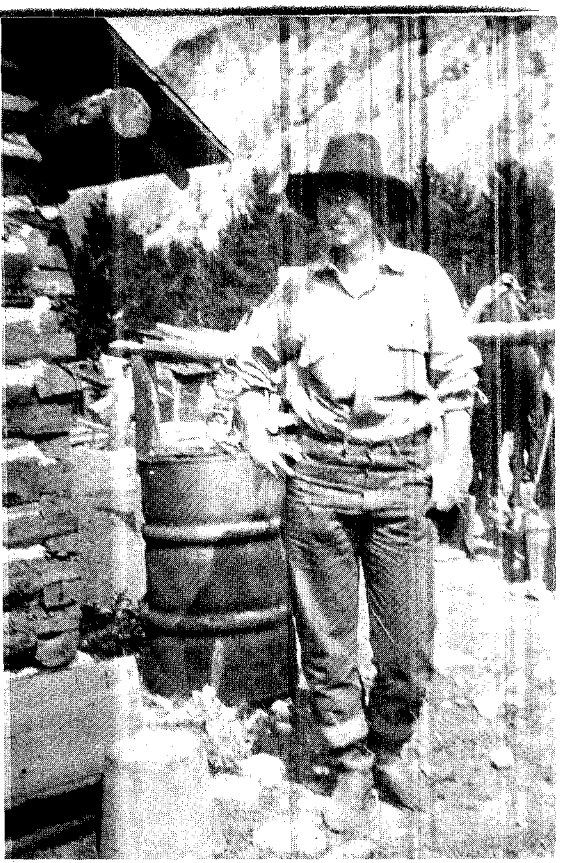
But that is not the reason given by her friends for her popularity. She played the guitar and sang the songs folks liked to hear. She was pretty and full of fun and, in spite of all the rough work she did, she had the characteristics of a lady. For miles around she was called the "Gumbo Lily," the name coming from the beautiful white lily that blossoms only in the gumbo countries.

Mrs. Richel had much to offer to the scattered families on the lonely homesteads and ranches. She started a Sunday School in the schoolhouse and conducted it for years. She organized a Progressive Club for the women. The group met in the homes and its members exchanged recipes, patterns—and, most of all, ideas. So happily did the club satisfy the social and cultural hunger of these lonely women that they came from all over the country. Finally no house was large enough to hold them. Membership had to be limited to those living within a certain radius. With some changes, but with the same idea of progress, the club still functions, although the founder has been gone for many years.

When she was twenty-one, Marguerite filed on a homestead in the Bad Lands (specifically, those lands cut by erosion into odd-shaped hills with few level places) as all the better prairie land had been taken up. There the Government permitted a homestead of 320 acres instead of the usual 160. The filing fee was $18 and Mrs. Richel mortgaged ten cows in order to get the money.

Like most of their neighbors, the Richels were very hospitable. People who came within an hour or so of mealtime were urged to stay and eat, and if it were late in the afternoon and the guests did not live nearby, they were invited to spend the night.

Marguerite does not know if her family entertained any angels unaware, but she does know they were hosts to some baser creatures. One evening five cowboys arrived at the Richel home. They said they were driving a band of horses south to sell but had corralled them at the deserted farm. The men were hungry and wanted a place to spend the night. They were made welcome. After an early breakfast the next morning, they left. Later in the day, Marguerite discovered that her pony, Dot, whose tail hair had been bobbed so that she was recognizable from a distance, was gone too. So was a very valuable stallion belonging to a neighbor, a Mr. Pelitzer. The stallion had been running loose in the mare pasture.


Marguerite Jane in her "work clothes" during her stay at the dude ranch near Red Lodge, Montana

Inside the shanty, Richel holds the makings for a sumptious meal.

Afterwards it was learned that 150 horses had been stolen and driven south, but the sheriff never caught up with the thieves. Dot made her way home after a few days but the fine stallion was never seen by his owner again.

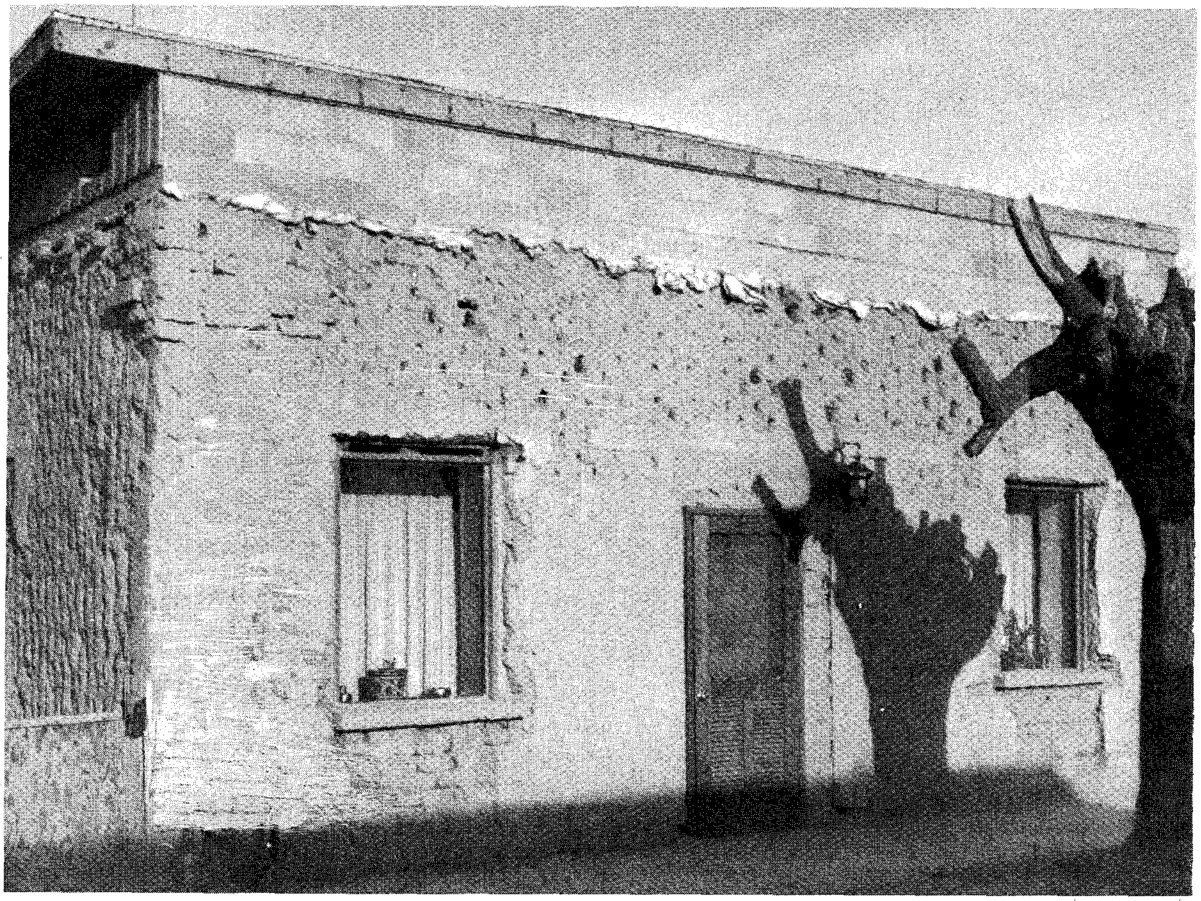
Another time, three men came by driving sixty head of fine white-faced cattle. They said they were taking the herd to a ranch up north. The men asked for a meal and were given food, after which they traveled on.

Three days later the sheriff and his deputies came along looking for sixty head of stolen white-faced cattle. So far, they said, they had not been able to find a single clue. When the Richels showed them the direction the herd had taken, the trail was so plain they could hardly refuse to follow it.

Forty miles farther on the herd was overtaken and the cattle recovered. For some reason, never fully explained, the cattle thieves were never punished. Yet this occurred at a time when other cattle thieves had been shot or hanged.

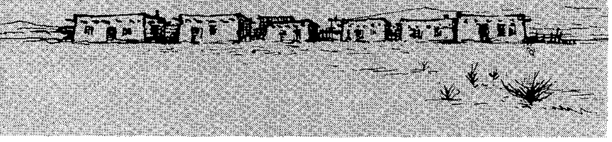
MARGUERITE married in her early twenties. Although this marriage lasted several years, it was not a happy one and finally ended, leaving the young woman with a baby boy. She felt that she needed a change from the unrewarding life of the homestead where her well of 135 feet produced water that looked like strong coffee and tasted impossible. (Marguerite put alum in it to settle it for washing but drinking water had to be hauled three miles.)

(Continued on page 46)



A typical house in La Mesilla

SIESTA TOWN



By JESS COX

Photos Courtesy Author

THE LAST hundred years have brought little change to La Mesilla, New Mexico, where wheels of the Butterfield coaches stirred the dust in the narrow, shady streets so long ago.

Thick-walled adobe houses are much the same as they were when built by the men who followed Don Rafael Rules from the interior of Old Mexico, to settle in the fertile Rio Grande Valley.

La Mesilla lies just one mile south of Mesilla Park, on Highway 80. The paved road is plainly marked, and it takes just a few minutes for the traveler to reach this unique old town. The sleepy little village could serve as a set on any Hollywood lot where the Old West of the 1800s was being shot.

Founded in the early Fifties, it was under Mexican rule until July 4, 1854, when Governor Merriwether met with Mexican officials, and La Mesilla became American soil. This meeting was under a great cottonwood tree that stood in the Plaza. This is the site of the well-known Gadsden Purchase Treaty.

When the United States bought this new territory, La Mesilla had a population of 2,000, and was the most important town for a hundred miles in any direction. Some of its families were not happy at being "sold," and there were many scowling faces and muttering voices among the throng that gathered on the Plaza that memorable day. As the Stars and Stripes were hoisted to the limb of the cottonwood tree, the U.S. military band played loud and joyously.

One of the citizens was not to be outdone. He had determined that the Mexican flag should also fly, and before the beginning of the ceremony, had climbed into the cottonwood, carrying the Mexican flag he loved so much. When the American flag was unfurled in the breeze, this man raised his gay Mexican flag right alongside it.

A great chorus of "Viva Mexico! Viva Mexico!" came from the crowd below.

However, there was no demonstration other than these cries as a company of American soldiers stood at attention on one side of the oblong Plaza, while on the opposite side stood their Mexican counterpart.

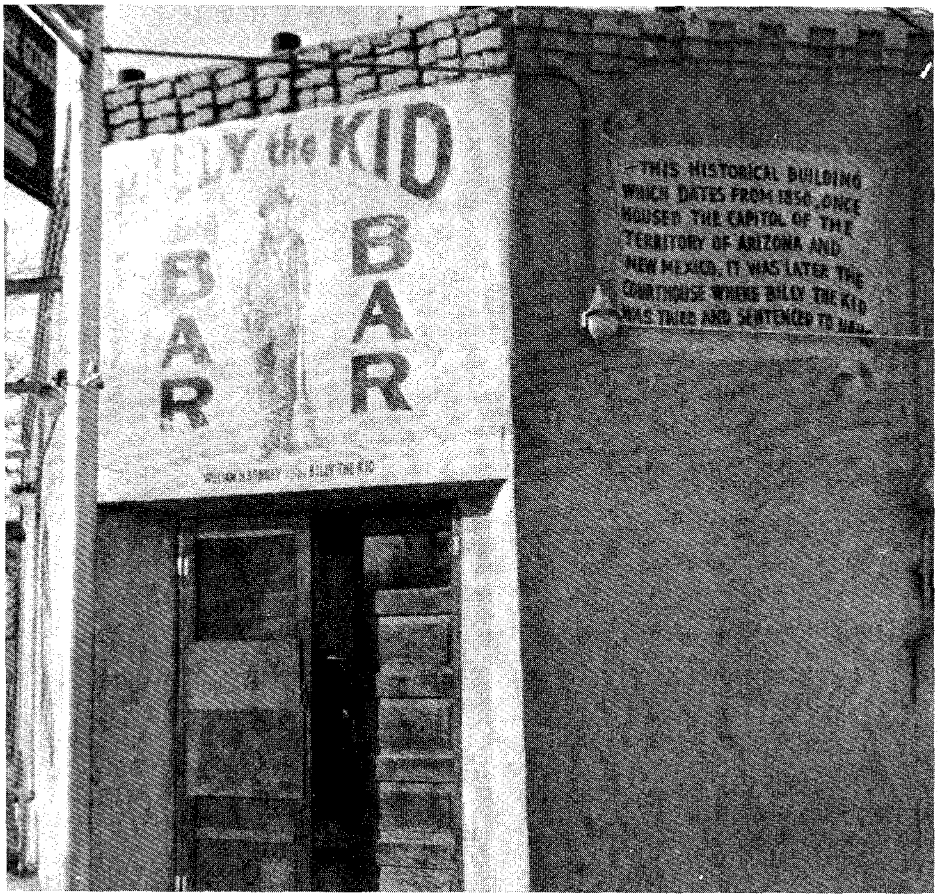
The young villager who had accomplished his show of patriotism tried to climb down out of the tree, but, to his chagrin, was motioned back. He had to spend two hours on his uncomfortable perch while Merriwether and officials from Mexico made their speeches!

Today every citizen of La Mesilla is a loyal American. In both World Wars, the young men of the town have responded quickly to the call of their country, and have fought gallantly for the land which is now their own.

DURING THE WAR between the States, La Mesilla was, for a short time after its capture, headquarters for the Confederate Army. Colonel John R. Baylor proclaimed it the capital of the Confederate State of Arizona. La Mesilla was a busy place in those days, and an important one.

Its people took their politics seriously, as the "battle of the bands" proved. This fight between the Democrats and Republicans occurred in August, 1861. The Republicans met at the John Lemon home; the Democrats met in the Plaza where they listened to Padre Gallegos and other loyal Democrats make flowery speeches.

General Gregg had brought a detach-


BILLY the KID
BAR
BAR
WILLIAM H. BONNEY alias BILLY THE KID
THIS HISTORICAL BUILDING WHICH DATES FROM 1850 ONCE HOUSED THE CAPITOL OF THE TERRITORY OF ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO. IT WAS LATER THE COURTHOUSE WHERE BILLY THE KID WAS TRIED AND SENTENCED TO HANG.

The sign above gives a history of this building

Lively La Mesilla was once the most important town for a hundred miles in each direction—and it may still be, if only for the fact that it's so doggoned peaceful!

ment of soldiers from Fort McRae because there had been rumors of impending trouble between the two factions; but things had gone off so peaceably, when the rallies were over, the General took his troops and departed.

The Democrats decided to antagonize their enemy just a little by marching their band around the Plaza singing a song they knew would irk the Republicans. The words were sung to the tune of *Marching Through Georgia.*

The Republicans' answer to this taunt was to line up their own band, led by Antonio Garcia playing lustily on his "flica" horn. The Republicans marched around the Plaza in one direction while the Democrats marched in the opposite direction, playing and singing just as loudly as their opponents. When they met at the end of the Plaza, the result was inevitable. There were blows, shouts, cursing, and then the rattle of six-guns. Within a few minutes, nine men lay dead in the dusty street in front of Griggs' store. Forty others were wounded, some of them seriously.

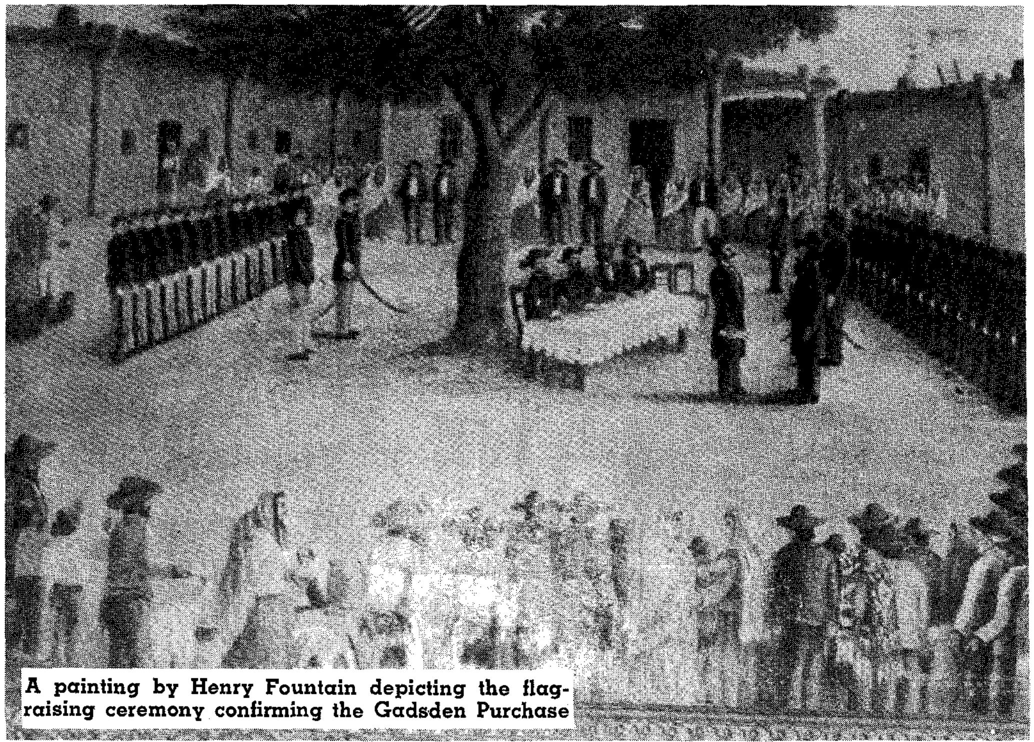
Mr. Griggs put one of his clerks on a fine Kentucky gelding, and sent him in hot pursuit of General Gregg. The officer made a hasty return to La Mesilla, but the damage had already been done.

A detachment of soldiers was left in the town to discourage any further rioting, and the people settled down quietly. The dead were buried, and the wounded given medical care. La Mesilla was in the third judicial district and no judge was on the bench at this time; so no one on either side was ever tried for murder.

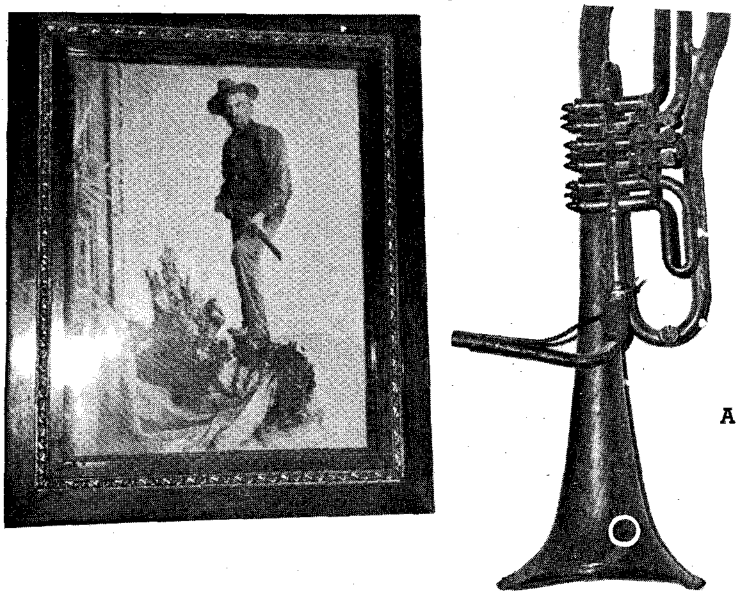
AMONG the many famous visitors to the town was Lew Wallace, whose greatest fame came from his novel, *Ben Hur*. He wrote this volume while governor of the Territory of New Mexico, and times were rough. So rough, in fact, that his wife, Susan, was always careful to draw the curtains in the room where Wallace often worked late into the night. The six-gun was part of a frontierman's equipment, and when used indiscriminately, sometimes took the life of the innocent. How such a book as *Ben Hur* could have been written under such unsettled conditions is an amazing thing.

Kit Carson, famous guide, was another man who often was seen on the streets of La Mesilla. He probably dined in the old La Posta Inn whose thick walls made this stop on the Butterfield stage line a fortress against Indian raids.

A fine old gentleman in his nineties, Mr. Simon Alvarez, died two years ago. He made his home in El Paso, Texas, with his daughter, Mrs. Anita Macias. Mr. Alvarez remembered the days when Billy The Kid was in jail in La Mesilla. He and his young friends sought excuses for going past the jail, hoping that they might see Billy through the bars, or even that he might speak to them. The young outlaw was always a gay one, laughing



A painting by Henry Fountain depicting the flag-raising ceremony confirming the Gadsden Purchase



Antonio Garcia (far left), and his flica horn. The circle outlines a leaded bullet hole

and making jokes even while being held a prisoner. These young boys both feared and admired him.

Billy was often on the streets of La Mesilla. He and his friend, Jesse Evans, who lived by his gun and his wits, would swagger down the streets and drink in the noisy bars. Several other favorites of Billy were seen with him in those days—three cowboys, Billy Morton, Frank Baker and Jim McDaniels, the latter reportedly being the man who gave his young outlaw friend the name of Billy The Kid.

"We admired all these fast draw men, but it was Billy that we all wanted to imitate," Mr. Alvarez recalled.

"We made guns out of pieces of wood, and practiced the quick draw. Our one ambition was to be as fast as our hero."

The Kid had been tried at La Mesilla for the murder of Sheriff Brady, and also for the killing of Agency Clerk Bernstein of the Mescalero Reservation.

"While Billy was in jail at La Mesilla, it seemed the town was overflowing with people from all over the Southwest," Mr. Alvarez said. "It seemed almost like Fiesta time. Billy had many enemies, but he also had many staunch friends.

"I remember that many people rejoiced when Billy was acquitted of the Bernstein killing. There had been no eye-witnesses and the case was based on very flimsy evidence. Yes, Billy's friends rejoiced but their elation was short-lived. There had been witnesses to the Brady shooting, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Billy was sentenced to death by hanging.

"Some people thought the Kid should have been given only a stiff prison sentence. I heard many people say that Billy had been goaded into a life of crime. There were others who thought the verdict a just one."

Mr. Alvarez paused in his reminiscence, and a smile lighted his wrinkled face. "Of course, my young friends and I agreed with the people who liked and praised Billy. They spoke of his gaiety and his loyalty to his friends. They recalled how Billy had taken an oath to kill every man who had been in the party that murdered his good friend Tunstall while he was unarmed. That was during the bloody Lincoln County war.

"Billy kept his word, too. Even his bitterest enemies agreed on two things—that Billy had a stubborn loyalty and great physical courage."

The old man sighed. "Billy may have been as bad as some people claimed he was, but he was a brave one."

THERE are still a few old-timers living in La Mesilla, who remember the exciting days of their childhood, and are happy to talk with visitors about those old days of stagecoaches, soldiers, cowboys, and the notorious badmen of the West.

Mrs. Aureliano Fountain Armendarez, granddaughter of Judge Albert J. Fountain, who played a major part in the development of the Old West, is one of the most interesting ladies in La Mesilla. She was born in the ninety-year-old Fountain home. She and her friendly husband have given over several rooms of their ten-room house to the Gadsden Museum.

The house itself is most interesting. It is made of adobe, with deep windows set in two and one-half-foot walls. The ceilings are high and a wide hallway divides the house. One of Mrs. Armendarez' most prized possessions is the large and beautiful collection of "Santos," one of which has been in her family for seven generations. This is the Santo Barbara which is painted on tin. There is also a Santo carved on wood by the clever hands of José Aragon, New Mexico's *Santo primero*. There is a life-sized Santo that is carried on Good Friday processions every year. This is an old Spanish ritual performed in the United States only in La Mesilla.

Another relic is the handmade American flag which has but thirty-six stars. This flag is said to have been left behind when the Union soldiers evacuated Fort Fillmore, a few miles south of Las Cruces. Mrs. Armendarez has an unusually fine collection of paintings of these old forts executed by her late father, Henry Fountain. She very graciously allows her guests to take pictures of any of her treasures.

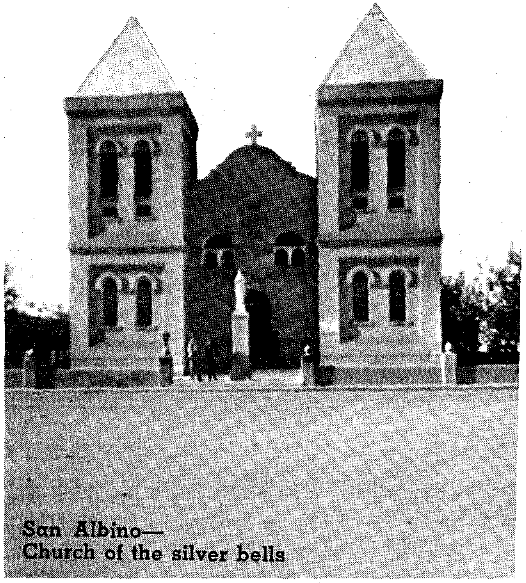
The old brass flica horn hangs on the wall in the hallway—the same horn that Mrs. Armendarez' father played on that fateful day of the battle of the bands. A blob of lead fills the hole put there by a shot during that fierce, short battle.

The steel doors that imprisoned Billy The Kid while he was a prisoner in La Mesilla have been set into a room next to the Armendarez garage. Looking at them, the visitor wonders what bitter thoughts must have tormented young Billy while they stood between him and freedom.

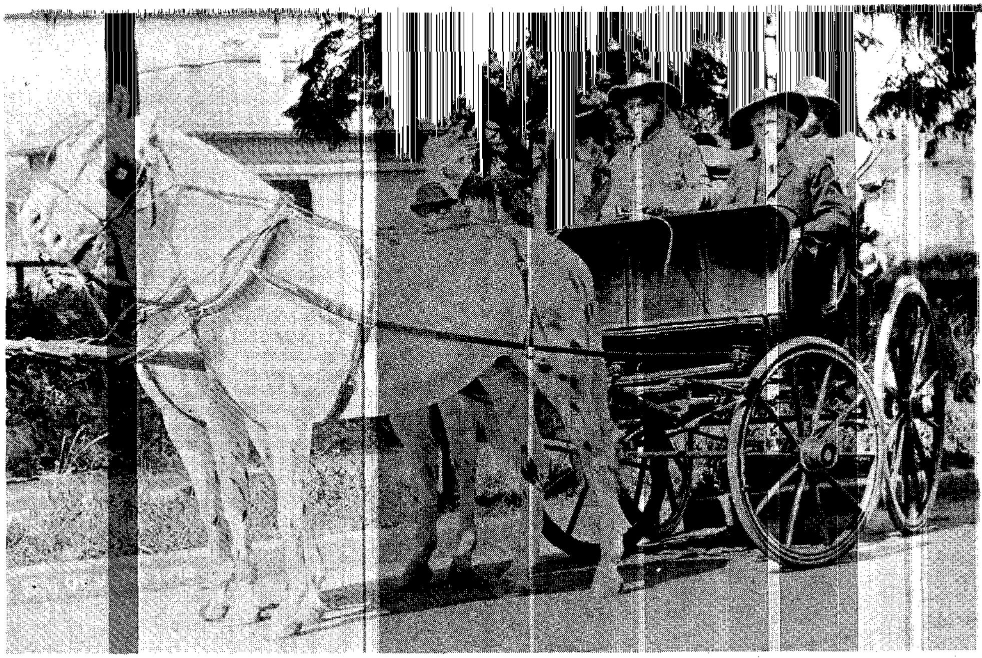
EVERY YEAR in September, the townspeople put on their gayest clothes and warmest smiles to welcome visitors to their Pan-American Fiesta. This gala

(Continued on page 62)

The tree under which the Gadsden Purchase celebration took place, stood on the spot now occupied by the bandstand in La Mesilla's Plaza.



San Albino—Church of the silver bells



This rare photo shows **DeVeny** and **Cody** together in Portland.

WERE THERE 2 BUFFALO BILLS?

Buffalo Bill was a legend in his day—the idol of every boy old enough to play "Cowboys and Indians." But even a legend can't be in two places at once . . . without a little help

By DON HOLM

Photos Courtesy Author

EVER SINCE William Frederick Cody was laid to rest January 10, 1917, on Lookout Mountain near Golden, Colorado, the legend of Buffalo Bill has been carried on, in story and song, on the stage, in the movies, and on radio and television.

Debunkers have periodically questioned the legend—indeed even while Cody was alive—calling it among other things a device created by Ned Buntline to help sell his Wild West fiction and promote his shows. But Bill was real, all right. He had an adventurous life in a day when adventure and danger were commonplace; however, he also had a peculiar inability to distinguish between truth and fiction—not unusual in an age of chronic boasters and chroniclers like Buntline.

Buffalo Bill lived in the person of Colonel Bill Cody, born in Scott County, Iowa, February 26, 1846. Orphaned at eleven in Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, young Cody became a cavvy boy on a freight caravan, a Pony Express rider, an Army scout, buffalo hunter for the railroad camps—and, after meeting up with Buntline, an actor, international hero, and Wild West show impresario.

He became a chief of scouts with the U.S. Cavalry, took part in the Sioux War, went into the cattle business with Major Frank North near North Platte, Nebraska, settled down on a land grant given by the admiring citizens of Wyoming in the Big Horn Basin near the town named for him, wrote an autobiography, married and had a daughter.

During his lifetime he produced a number of western shows and starred in Buntline's "Scouts of the Plains," continuing on the stage until 1883 when he started his Wild West Exhibit.

Bill was friend and confidant of world leaders, military experts, and the internationally famous—and the idol of every boy old enough to play "Cowboys and Indians."

His popularity has not diminished a bit, almost a half century after his death. But for a man who inspired so much legend, so many words of fact and fiction, and who wrote his own life story, it is even harder today to tell where fact leaves off and fiction begins.

IT HAS now come to light that Cody was not only larger than life, but there may have been two of him—the man known as Colonel Bill Cody, and a Portland, Oregon man, known as Dr. William DeVeny, a pioneer chiropodist.

Tintypes of Dr. DeVeny, who operated The DeVenys (". . . . the only Scientific Chiropodists in the city; will remove Corns, Callouses, ingrowing Nails, Warts and Moles without pain or subsequent soreness; Parlours in the Drew Room 203, 162 Second St. near Morrison; no extra charge for calling at your residence or place of business. . . ."), reveal an amazing resemblance to those of Buffalo Bill.

Dr. DeVeny not only resembled Colonel Cody, but evidently was a life-long friend, partner, and impersonator or double. It was a secret that Dr. DeVeny must have kept from his own family. He often received messages from Buffalo Bill and would disappear for a week or two at a time, only to return just as mysteriously, loaded with money. Could it have been his cut of the gate?

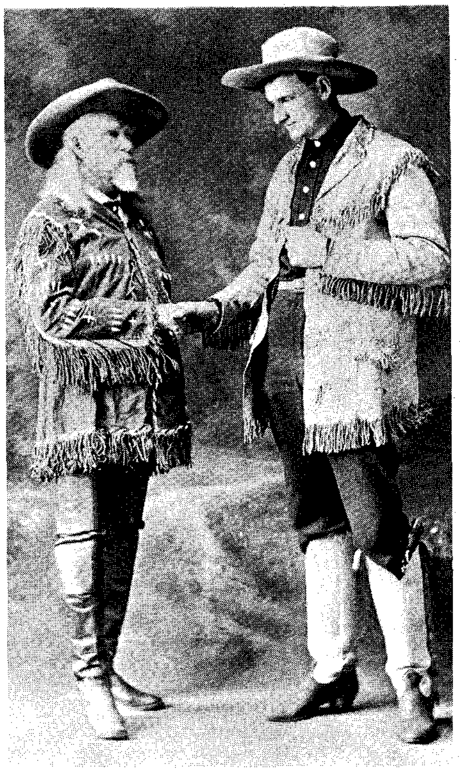
Dr. DeVeny carried the secret to his grave in 1913, but the masquerade was suspected for some time prior to this when a female fan stumbled across the fact that two Buffalo Bill Shows were running at the same time in two different places, each with Bill himself heading the act.

One of the strange things about this relationship is that, although both Cody and DeVeny wrote autobiographies (DeVeny's *Law and Order in The Old West* is catalogued at the Multnomah County Library in Portland), neither one mentioned the other although they had been close friends since boyhood.

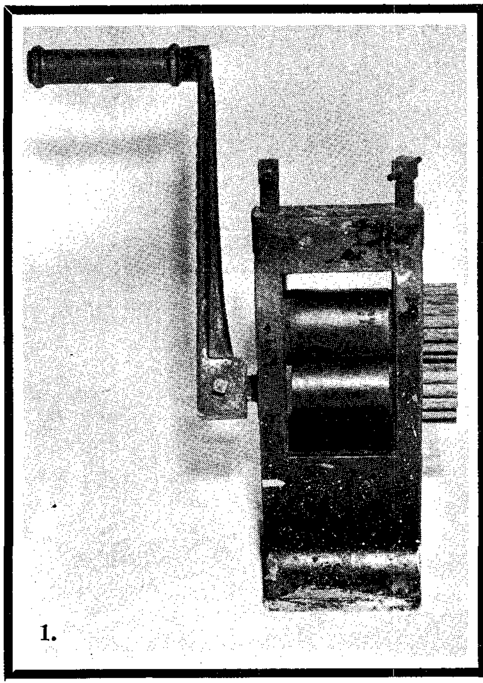
The author's investigation has turned up the information that DeVeny was born in a sod hut on the Nebraska plains in 1843, about the time when the migrations over the Oregon and California Trails were getting underway. Little is known of his early life, aside from his autobiographical account, except that he was a plainsman who learned photography and became a chiropodist.

He was also more inclined toward personal modesty than the real Buffalo Bill. DeVeny admitted he carried a gun only because it was a fad of the times. Most men, he said, couldn't hit the broad side of a barn from ten feet away. One of DeVeny's own photographs shows him posing with Wild Bill Hickok and some of the most famous and feared gunmen of the era.

(Continued on page 61)



A long-time "mystery photo" has been identified as DeVeny (left) in his Buffalo Bill get-up, and Sam Scoville, a rider from Cody's Wyoming ranch.



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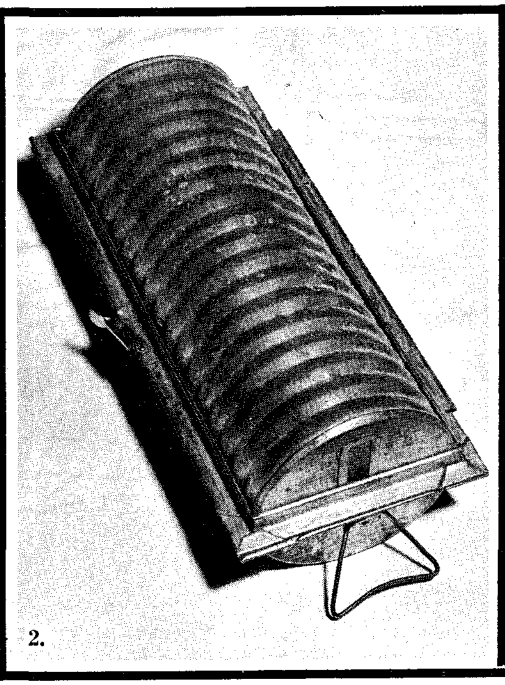

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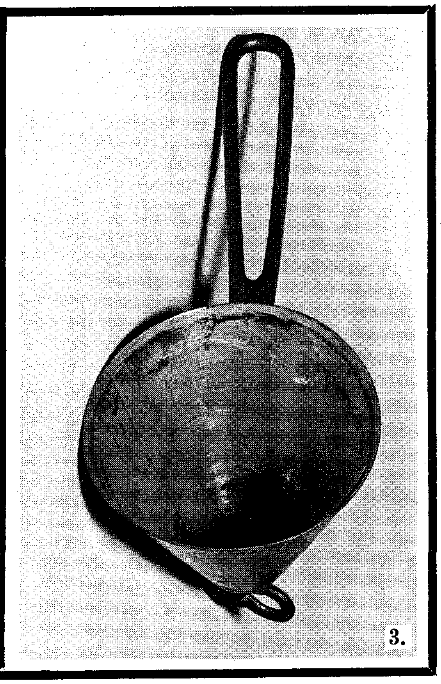


3.

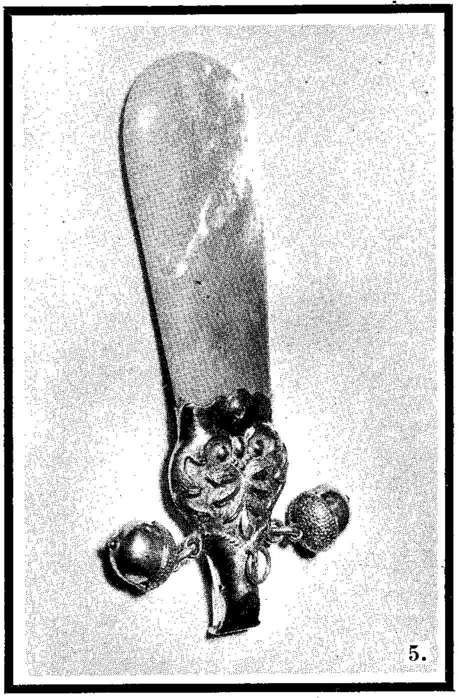
So You Think You Know The West?

By JOHN R. CLAWSON

ONE of the most astonishing things about man is his inventiveness. No matter where he goes, he fashions and builds items and devices to make his life easier. As his needs change, so do the devices. He improves those which can be improved; he continues with those which are entirely satisfactory; he ceases to build those which become useless. Only man is blessed in such a fashion. His mind has both memory and imagination. Equally important, though frequently never considered, man has hands.

Here are pictures of items that indicate to some degree how life was lived in the Old West. Those among us who can remember wrapping a hot brick in newspaper and taking it to bed with us, may also remember using some of the objects pictured here. Other devices have been redesigned into more modern form, and remain most useful today. The few that are left are no longer needed.

Study the pictures carefully and see how many objects you can identify. Then turn to Page 72 for the correct answer.



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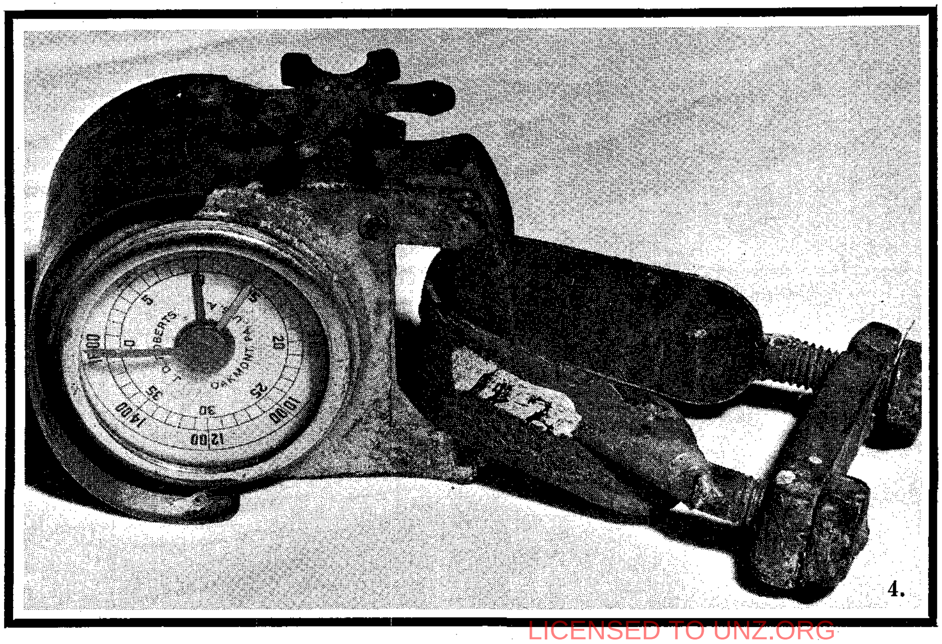

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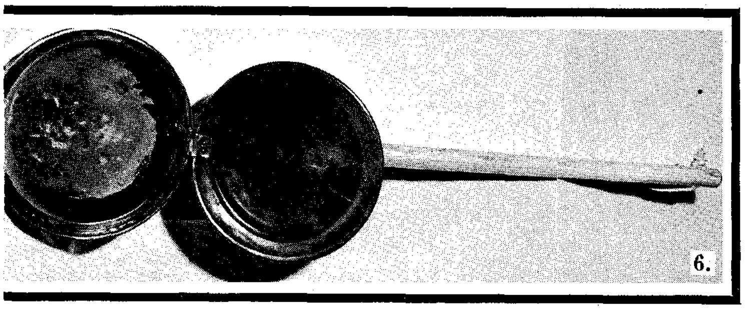
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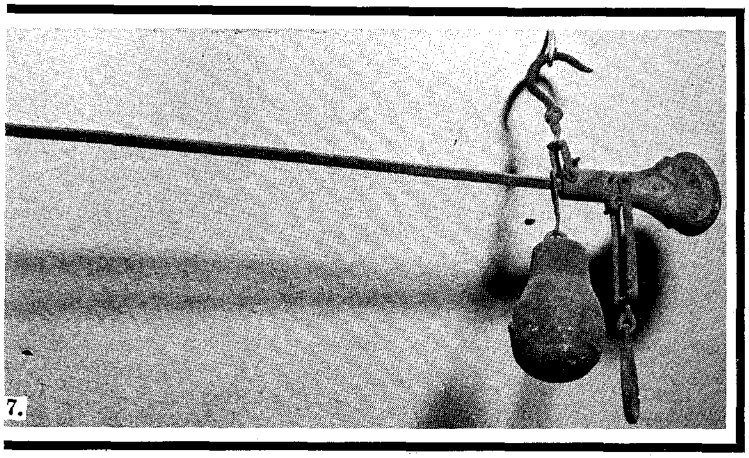
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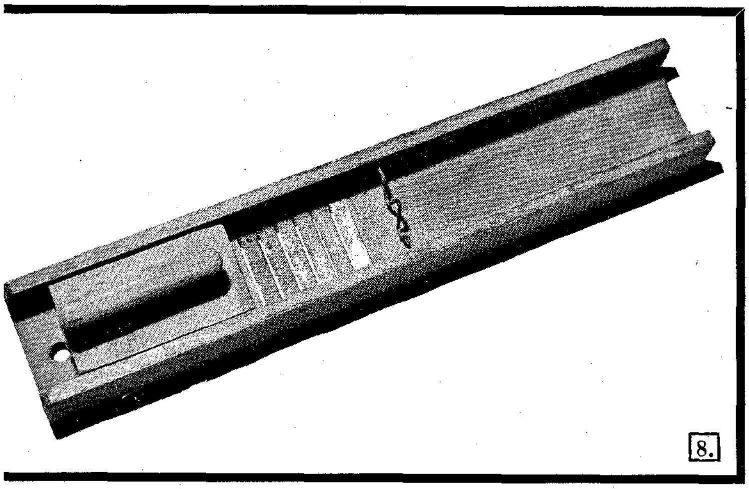
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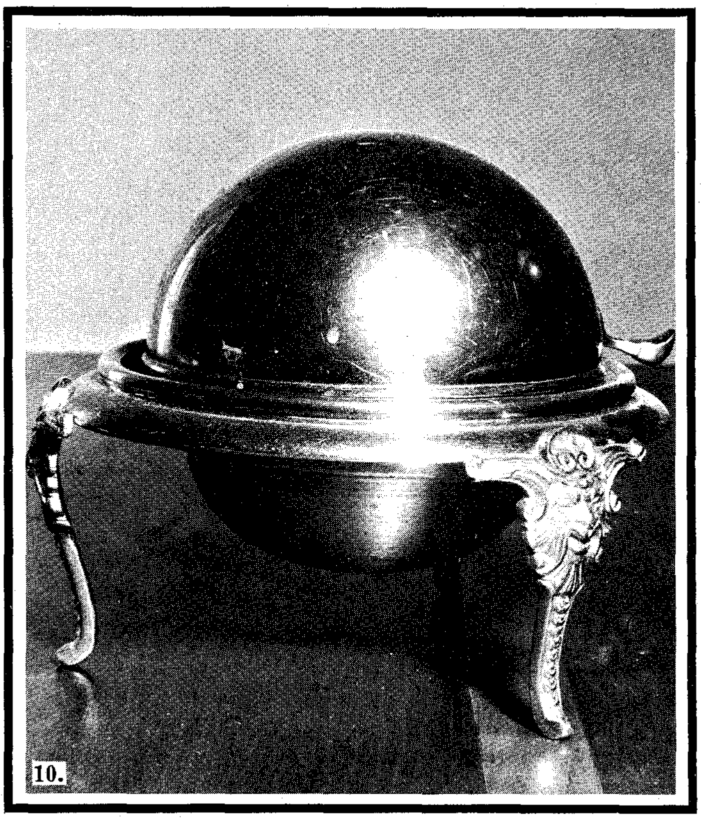
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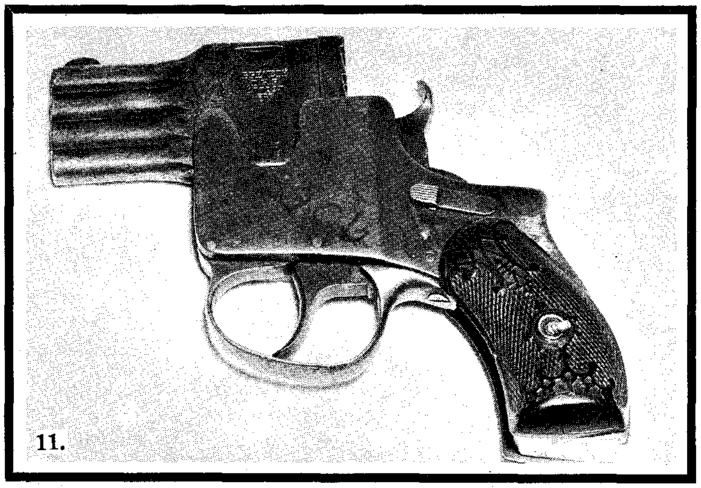
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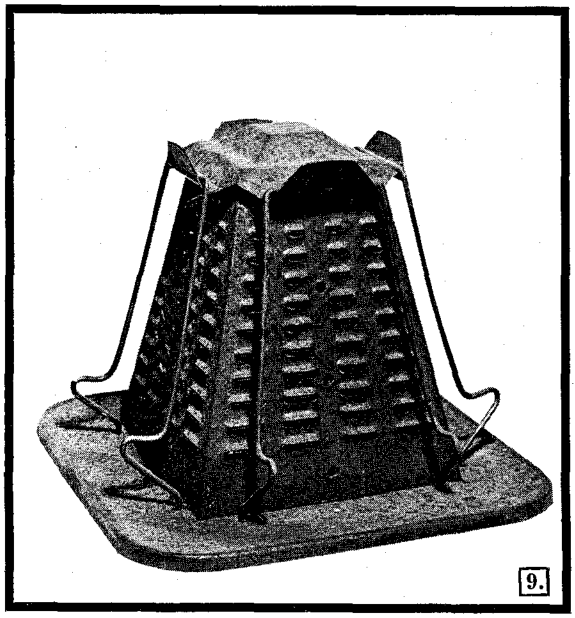
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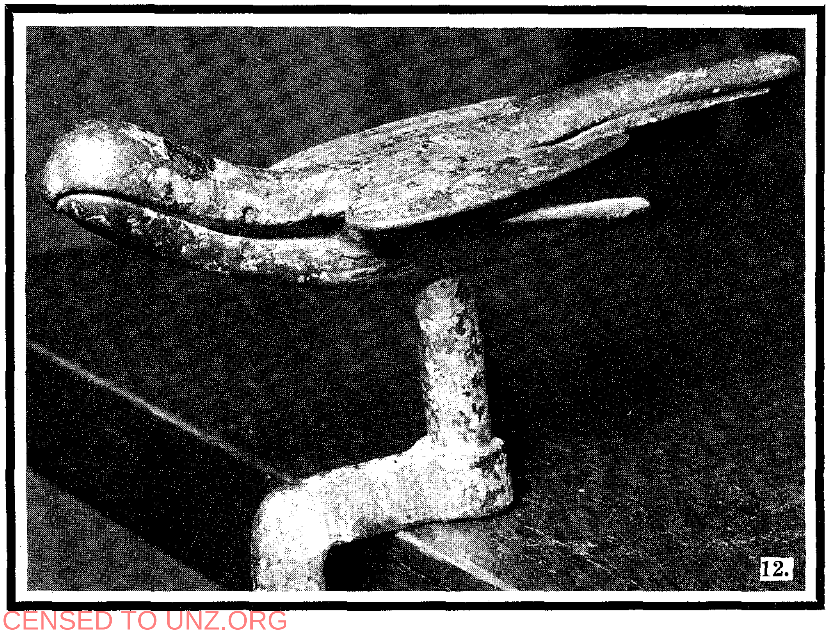

12.

NUGGETS

THE HAND OF BRASS

By J. Frank Dobie
(Written in 1947)

IN THE COURSE of years many treasure hunters have come to see me. Once a week on the average I receive a letter from some treasure hunter. He always wants me to give him an interpretation of something carved on a rock or a tree—the carving often being but a mark left by nature—or to give him "a little information" about the Lost Bowie Mine, Maximilian's Treasure at Castle Gap, or some other legendary lode. My answer always has to be that I have already told all that I know and more too.

The visitor of this tale was a railroad man named Belt. About 1903, so he told, he and his father were setting a steel trap for coons on the Neches River in East Texas very near the crossing of the old Spanish road that ran from San Antonio to New Orleans.

They were chaining the trap to a tree when one of them noticed something peculiar showing through a slit in the wood. The older man always carried a hand-axe with him when he was out in the woods, and he chopped into the tree. With a few strokes he extracted the brass replica of a human hand. I have it in my possession now. The hand is clenched and is an excellent piece of craftsmanship. The wrist of which the hand is a part runs off to a point, so that the artifact makes a spike; and as a spike it had evidenly been driven into the tree. It measures four and one-half inches from tip to tip.

Such a find naturally aroused in father and son a great deal of curiosity. The piney woods along the Neches River are full of stories about Spanish treasure, but generally the markers called for by charts are missing. Here was an unusual marker. But what did it mark?

Well, the elder Belt did not have much to do; he had never been a slave to work, and so he began to investigate. For fifteen years he did little but roam the woods, axe in hand, investigating every tree that showed a knot, a hole in its trunk, or any other peculiarity. Sometimes if a tree had "a kind of likely look," whether it showed any particular feature or not, he cut into it.

One day he extracted from a tree a small copper knife about three inches long. It would make a good paper cutter in any library. The knife was imbedded so as to point toward the tree that had started all the investigation.

BELT now began working on an imaginary line running through the tree that had held the brass hand and the tree containing the copper knife. A mile or so out on this line he discovered in another tree a copper peg, or spike, about four inches long—pointed toward the hand. He found other copper pegs, each smaller by an inch but both imbedded in such a way as to establish the line he had been working on. The last peg cut out was nearly six miles from the tree on the river. This certainly was interesting, but what did the line lead to?

Thinking that perhaps there might be another line, Belt now applied his investigation to another quarter. He found a second knife, shaped a little differently from the first, its point curved back like that of a skinning knife. On the line established by it and the brass hand he found three of the little copper pegs already described. This second line made with the first a very wide angle so that the extreme pegs of the two were ten or eleven miles apart. Every article found was in a hardwood tree—trees old and of slow growth.

Fifteen years were spent in digging out probably two pounds of metal and Belt still did not know what the things meant. He was an old man now, and with the puzzle unsolved he died. One knife has been lost. Some of the other articles have undecipherable marks on them. The faint scratchings on the blade of the knife are particularly puzzling.

Before the elder Belt passed from the scene, his son had investigated considerably for himself, but with a growing family to support, he could not devote much time to the matter. However, he finally enlisted the imagination and money of a doctor who, before he died, spent about $10,000 in sending Belt to the Smithsonian Institution and other places likely to supply expert information, in hiring men to dig, in having surveys run, and so on.

When Belt came to see me, he had another doctor backing him. Many people on the Neches River know about the brass hand and the interest the Belts have had in it. "I can't go to the little town of Silsbee, my home town, on the Neches River," said Belt, "and strike out into the woods without being shadowed. I'm not like those treasure hunters who always know the treasure is there. I do know some mighty curious markers were there—and I know where every one of them came from. But what did they mark?"

Nearly all treasure stories end with a question mark and leave something to hope for.

PROHIBITION AND A RACE HORSE

By Chas. D. Greenfield

A HORSE RACE and gunplay brought prohibition to Montana more than a quarter of a century before the state became legally dry, December 31, 1918. And the mining camp where it was so violently ushered in remained bone dry until it became a ghost camp in the earlier Forties. That camp was Gould, thirty-five miles northwest of Helena, founded in 1884 on the discovery of the Jay Gould Mine and, a little later, of other mines in the district. The 1890 census gave it a population of more than 30 persons, but with the gradual decline of mining and then the permanent shutdown of the Jay Gould by its Canadian owners, the camp ceased to exist. One by one the better buildings were moved elsewhere. Flash floods have washed out the road, and today the camp is inaccessible.

Montana Historical Society

Owen Byrnes

Owen Byrnes, in the 1890s the manager and later the owner of the Jay Gould Mine, was the man who dried up the thirst of the town—not because he opposed drinking in general, but because too many miners, who had too much to drink just before going on shift, would become careless and get killed.

After two workmen were killed in one day in the early '90s, Byrnes declared, "The saloons in Gould must go. I will buy them out. Any man who wants to drink and go on a binge can do so in Helena; and when he's sober, he can have his job back."

There were two saloons in Gould at the time. Byrnes had no trouble closing a deal with one of the bars, but the owner of the other told him to go to hell, that he wasn't going to quit and that he defied Byrnes to make him close up. He wouldn't even listen when Byrnes told him to set his own price.

Byrnes was a quiet man, but a determined one and forceful. He did some thinking on the problem and finally reached the conclusion that he could only accomplish his aim if he appealed to the bar owner's weakest point—his love of horse races.

Every mining camp in a thirty-mile circle—Marysville, Empire, Gloster and Gould—boasted one or more race horses. The meets were informal but the competition was intense, and races were run almost every week during summer months on a straight-away track on Silver Flats. Racing and drinking were about the only diversions the camps afforded. Nearly everybody who could find transportation and who was not working attended the meets to back their favorite horses with their bets.

GOULD was surprised when Byrnes, who had never attended the races, blossomed out as a race horse owner. He quietly passed the word to his miners he was sure his horse could beat the horse owned by the saloon man refusing to sell out. Byrnes' boast soon reached the ears of the saloon keeper who angrily sent word to the mine manager to back up his words with a $500 bet.

That was not the only bet made; Byrnes told some of his miners that if they wanted to do a little wagering with the saloon man but lacked the money, he would advance whatever sums they needed. Furthermore, if they lost their bets on Byrnes' horse, their loans were canceled and they owed him nothing.

The saloon man was so sure his horse would win that when all his available cash was bet, he began to borrow from a Helena man who had offered to stake him but demanded collateral. First the building was pledged, then as more bets came in, the stock of liquors; finally his race horse.

He never tumbled to the fact that the Helena man was in reality Byrnes' agent. Nor did he ever suspect that Byrnes was playing a sure thing. Soon after he bought his race horse, Byrnes, with the help of confederates, "borrowed" the saloon keeper's horse one moonlight night and raced it on Silver Flats against his own horse. The result convinced him he had the better horse.

Interest became intense in all the camps over the outcome of what was soon called "the grudge race." It became even greater, when, four days before the time set for the event, Byrnes brought a jockey to Gould. A big crowd, mostly all bettors, converged to witness the race.

As the horses moved toward the starting line, Byrnes stepped out of the crowd, a big .45 Colt in his hand, and told his jockey: "I understand you have been bought to throw this race. I'm here to tell you that I will be at the finish line and if my horse doesn't win, this is the last race you'll ever run."

THE RESULT was foreordained. The jockey well knew he was riding for his life and the Byrnes horse easily came in a winner. The barkeeper who refused to sell walked out of the camp of Gould bankrupt.

It is said Gould was the first place to go dry in Montana and the only place never to have its thirst slaked again. Bootleggers feared to challenge the man who used cloak and dagger methods to bring about temperance.

Byrnes was a strange and complex individual. He was shot seventeen times, about half the time as an innocent bystander and the other times while hunting. He told the writer once that he would kill the next man who shot him while he was hunting.

He quietly listened one day to an argument as to whether a hunter could catch a deer alive. He slipped away from the throng and returned late that night with a live, good-sized fawn.

He put in his evenings one summer while living alone looking for mining properties, collecting and mounting wild flowers, labeling each with its common and botanical names. He collected and mounted butterflies another summer, but when he moved his living quarters, he left his collections behind him. For years Byrnes belonged to the Chicago Athletic Association and went back each fall to put on the gloves "with the big boys," as he expressed it. He boxed Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Sharkey and other champs; and when Jeffries declined to put on the gloves with him, his feelings were so hurt he gave up his membership.

He built a hydro-electric plant on Lander's Fork of the Blackfoot River. His dam held but all of the water leaked from his reservoir through fissures in the rock ledges surrounding it. Byrnes was a self-educated man and there were gaps in his knowledge. He failed to allow for contraction and expansion on his power line to Gould, and the first winter the wires snapped between every pole.

For twelve years he served in the Montana Legislature—two terms as a representative and two terms as senator from Lewis and Clark County. In his last term he was chairman of the joint steering committee which in final weeks of a session had absolute control over what bills could be considered in each house.

After Byrnes died in a Chicago hospital in 1931, the Jay Gould Mine was sold to a Canadian company which operated it until the ore was exhausted in the early Forties.

ONE-MAN PEACE TREATY

By Ruth Holt Payne

TO SAY Miss Myra McNair was startled by the command, "Play!" from the Indian standing in her studio would be understating it. However, she did sit down and play the piano in her first—and probably last—command performance. Afterward, to show his appreciation, the Indian, Zeke Proctor, went to the photographer, had his tintype made, and presented it to the pretty music teacher. So goes the story told by an old lady who, as a child, often saw Mr. Proctor on the streets of Cincinnati, Arkansas.

This old frontier town, now deteriorated, was a leading commercial center in the early days. Settlers drove from miles around in their buggies and wagons to buy their commodities there and much of the trade came from Indian Territory a few miles away. Ammunition and firewater were also freely dispensed.

Mr. Proctor seems to have done his share of livening up the town. Evidently possessed of a violent temper, he used it effectively on occasion, especially if prompted by too much alcohol.

Zeke Proctor

The squarely built Cherokee, with long hair and mustache and with guns prominently displayed, frequented Cincinnati which was only a few miles from his home just over the line in Indian Territory. Children were warned to stay off the streets when he was reported to be in town but there is no evidence that he ever harmed one of them. On the contrary, he offered them candy and seems to have been a genial fellow—unless he had one of his flare-ups.

The oft-repeated story that Zeke preferred to sit with his back to a wall or tree for fear of a sneaky bullet is believable—and understandable. That he was feared as a fast gunman seemed to be a fact. It is said that he was absolutely fearless himself and would walk right up to a man and disarm him, talking all the while.

That he was an outlaw is not true—actually, he was a three-time lawman on different occasions. He is listed in Oklahoma history as a "Cherokee scout." Perhaps he can best be described as a product of the times. As one historian puts it, "Zeke was in the wrong place at the wrong time." As the country was struggling for stability in its unorganized growth and contending with the aftermath of the Civil War during Zeke's time, a man was only wise to carry a gun and learn how to use it fast.

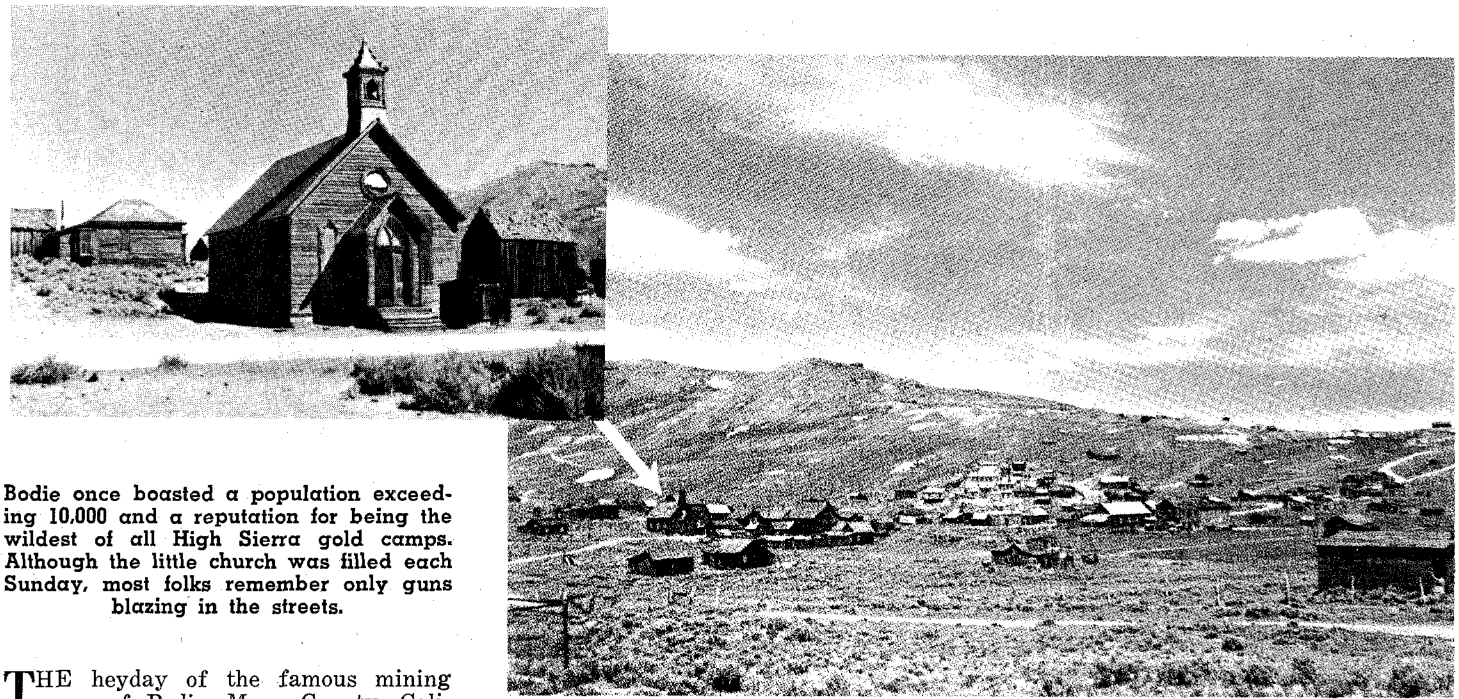
TO TAKE a look at the more stable side of Ezekiel Proctor, he grew up in what is now the little town of Proctor, Oklahoma. His childhood home, well over 100 years old, is now occupied by his great-grandson who has recently made some modern changes in it.

(Continued on page 66)

The "BADMAN FROM BODIE" HAS GONE

By LILLIAN N. NINNIS

Photos Courtesy Author



Bodie once boasted a population exceeding 10,000 and a reputation for being the wildest of all High Sierra gold camps. Although the little church was filled each Sunday, most folks remember only guns blazing in the streets.

The evil a town does lives after it—the good is buried beneath the sands of time. And so it is with Bodie, classified as a hell-raising mining town—except by a few who grew up there and remember it as home

THE heyday of the famous mining camp of Bodie, Mono County, California, is past. Its sins and joys and sorrows are memories. In the early 1880s Bodie's rowdy doings crammed the news. Now, with bones picked dry, the old remains are doomed to disintegrate and scatter to the winds.

The Standard Mill stands sentry. Not the rambling, red wooden mill which burned to the ground, but one aged enough to have shaped its own past. The schoolhouse, staunch on an ancient foundation, treasures desks carved deep with the initials of great-grandfathers. The picturesque Methodist-Episcopal Church listens for the bustle of a returning congregation. Miner's Hall cherishes it's keepsakes—family albums with hidden music boxes waiting to play *Then You'll Remember Me*, dishes, furniture, burial caskets, and even a black-plumed hearse. Streets are wind-swept. The remains of the fire house and skeletons of fire-ravaged buildings on Main Street attest to a tragic day or night.

No wonder the town's sturdy decency prompts devotees of ghost towns to pause and question the "Why?" of the *Badman from Bodie.*

Why? Well, because "Nice people don't make headlines," and early Bodie was not "nice people." The purity of its crystal white quartz, plastered with free gold, attracted not the pure of heart but rascals from all over the world. Those of us who have had the story passed on to us by our parents can—

Tell the tale of the old mining town.
It was very well known for its doubtful renown,
Of dead men for breakfast and fights by the score,
And murders and hangings and shootings galore
Made it newspaper copy. And the writers all said,
"They'll keep killing each other till the whole town is dead!"

There were tales of high-grading and looting the mill
And robbing the stage with a bullet to still
The heart of the driver. And over the land
The same sordid stories were always on hand
Of "The Badman from Bodie."

True, no one would hold
That the old town of Bodie with mines spewing gold
Was pure as the snows on the mountains nearby—
But Old-Timers protest with a nostalgic sigh—
"Why let the Devil steal all the glory?"
Yes, the old town of Bodie had two sides to its story.

There were churches and schools and families and men
Who believed in what's right, and fought for it, when
They made up their minds it was time to clean house
Of the Badman from Bodie with the heart of a louse.
He took his whiskey and guns, and bold, painted maid
And lit out forever down Lucky Boy Grade.

Thus the families took over.

BODIE, almost 8,900 feet above sea level, was a perfect example of where a prospector's speculative eye will take him. If he searches the distance and picks up a hint of an outcrop, he and his burros head off as straight as bees to honey. If it's straight up, he goes straight up; If it's too deep to walk across, he goes around; but he gets there.

If there's nothing when he gets there, it doesn't matter too much—he's been fooled before. "Mr. P." "holes in," and soon his eyes again explore the distant peaks. There would be no new camps if there were no Mr. Ps.

Bodie's families were all pioneers and prospectors at heart. They had to be. Otherwise, why would the men work a ten-hour shift, underground, for $4.00? Why would their women try to make $120.00 a month buy food for the family, shoes for the kids, with something left over for the plate when it was passed in church on Sunday? The latter was a "must." The church was their social life, their once-a-week get-together, their newspaper and contact with the town's gossip.

Steep grades and rutted, rough roads separated the people of Bodie from their nearest neighbors at Aurora, Bridgeport, and Hawthorne; and winter made their isolation complete. Sleds and home-made skis appeared outside the doors. Sleighs replaced wagons and sleigh bells silvered the air. Children went belly-busting down slippery tracks, and bonfires flared after dinner when grownups took over. The wash boiler showed up on the kitchen stove for the "duration." No wash boiler—no hot water. To fill it was a simple matter—a shovel near the kitchen stove—an open window—a snowdrift towering to the eaves outside the window.

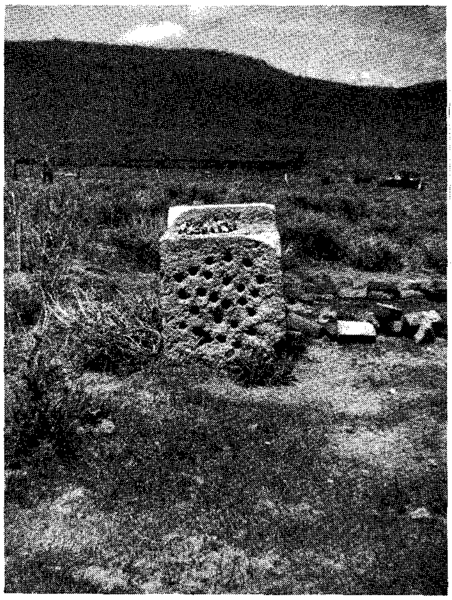
School kids waded through every snowdrift, straggling, with sniffling noses, into the schoolroom. The girls' frozen skirts banged desks, and steaming wool leggings, mittens, fascinators, overshoes and socks, hanging around the hot, pot-bellied stove, fouled the air.

But with the inevitable and always dreaded—"The stages can't make it over the grade!"—winter really arrived. Neighbor kept close watch over neighbor. Bodie became a "tight" little community, each member dependent on the other, although each was prepared. You didn't fool around with winter in Bodie, you prepared!

Every house had its side hill or underground cellar. The first fruit wagons from Sonora arrived in July. Their pears, peaches and other fruit soon filled every Mason jar. In the early fall. Dolph Conoica and Joe Scandivino drove in from Mono Lake with potatoes, onions, cabbages and other hardy vegetables. These took their places in the cellar alongside firkins of butter, hams, great slabs of bacon, jellies, jams, pickles, fruit cake, plum pudding and mince meat spiked with rum and brandy. The cellar was the trusted guardian of goodies for gracious winter meals.

By September, cords of fine nut-pine wood were stacked ready for splitting and storing. A Paiute Indian named Gesso did that job for us. His squaw, Maggie, was one of the town's washboard queens. She bartered her services for a few "bits" of cash, a little flour, sugar, coffee, soap or a partly filled bottle of vanilla or lemon extract, coveted for its alcohol content. Indians could not buy hard liquor. A drunken buck would beat his squaw, and tear down his wickiup; and the banshee wail of a drunken squaw could silence the coyotes.

A lonely sage hen (above) walks the grass-grown streets of Bodie. Directly below is the drilling rock used as a memorial for William S. Bodey. At the bottom of the page, the town as seen in livelier days.



BODIE had to be self-sufficient. Doctors came and went because we had no hospital or telephone or electricity.

Thirteen miles southwest of Bodie was a rushing stream of water called Green Creek. Tom Legett, superintendent of the Standard Mill, saw it and wondered —why can't this stream generate power for the Standard Mill? The idea obsessed him. But when he broached his plan his friends were aghast!

"Bring electricity thirteen miles over a wire and right into town? Tom must be crazy!"

But, Tom, undismayed, went right ahead and did it! The power was turned on. Lamps glowed. The mill stamps played their perfect rhythm. The "juice" stayed "put." It didn't jump off the wire, race through the air and sear everything in its path! Tom Legett was smart! He was nothing but great! Bodie bowed down in complete adulation.

When, much later, electric lights came into our homes, we still feared the "stuff." Only the adults dared touch the switch which lit the incandescent globe dangling on the end of a wire. It was the atomic bomb of that era. Instead of chain reaction we feared that the electricity, attracted by our bodies, would jump off the wire, literally chase us about, and burn us to a crisp! And during an electrical storm we darn well wished we had stayed with the Old Reliable—our Rochester coal oil lamp.

The new telephone line from Hawthorne to Bodie helped some of our young blades to have a little fun with Chickie, the Chinaman, who was a vegetable peddler.

One day when Chickie went to the bank to make his regular call to Hawthorne, he was told, "Beginning today, your vegetables will come by telephone instead of the stage."

Chickie was delighted. "You mean, he come over the wire?"

"Yep," was the answer. "You tell Hawthorne what you want and wait and see."

Chickie called, gave his order, replaced the receiver on the telephone box which hung on the wall, and waited. Soon a racket was heard on the outside of the

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Squatter's Son

(Continued from page 12)

fleeing black stud plunged madly into the deep water and started splashing across the creek. When he reached the west bank, he apparently caught scent of us and, stopping still in knee-deep water, raised his head high and snorted like a real mustang. I drew a careful bead, aiming about halfway down the top of his long neck and some three inches deep in the flesh. At the crack of the rifle, the rangy stallion ran backward, sat down in the water and toppled over on his side.

Beanie jabbed his mount with both spurs and raced down the trail. I pitched my rifle into a thicket of willows, jumped on my mount and in seconds was by Beanie's side at the spot where the stallion had gone down. All we could see of him was one black ear sticking out and a part of his long black mane floating on top.

"Hell, you broke his neck!" Beanie exclaimed in disgust.

While we stood there staring down at him in water now turning pink with the blood from the wound on his neck, the horse struggled hard and rolled to a resting position with his head and shoulders free. His flashing eyes were big and round and he was trembling with anger and fright. He snorted viciously, blowing a lot of water out of his wide open nostrils.

"Get your lariat on 'im, Beanie, get it on 'im," I yelled.

Beanie stood up in his stirrups with his lariat ready. But his eyes were big and round too, and he seemed stunned at being so close to this big black stud. He leaned forward, dropped his loop over the wild stallion's head and drew it up about his throat latch. As the lariat hit the dazed horse he seemed to snap out of the shock he got when the creasing slug cut through the muscles of his neck. He sprang to his feet, blowing water out of his flaring nostrils, and dashed up the steep creek bank. Before he could reach the top, the lariat that was tied fast to the horn of Beanie's saddle tightened about his neck with a snap that jerked the startled stallion to a sitting position. The terrific impact near upset Beanie's horse. The stallion instantly reversed himself and hit the water going back toward the east bank.

"Follow 'im, Beanie," I shouted, swinging a loop into my own lariat, "it's better ground on the other side to fight it out with 'im."

I spurred my mount to take the water and cross over. The stud reached the east bank with a wild lunge that jerked Beanie's horse off his feet in water saddle-skirt deep. He struggled hard at the end of Beanie's tightened lariat for a second, then headed back into the edge of the water toward me.

As I made for the bank, he met me with his ears back and his mouth open wide. The maddened stud caught my mount just behind his ears with his sharp cutting teeth and dragged him halfway around. I struck him on the head, hard, with the coils of my lariat before he turned loose.

Lunging away, he hit the end of Beanie's lariat again so hard he dragged the moss-covered Beanie and his half-drowned mount into the shallow water near the bank and, at the same time, jerked himself off his own feet, landing on his back. Before he could get to his feet, I pitched my lariat over his head and pulled it tight to keep him from charging into Beanie's who was stuck tight there in the water and mud, with one leg hung fast under his sulling mount. A veil of greenish black moss, streaming from Beanie's slouched hat brim, reminded me of a widow in mourning. He brushed the slimy moss out of his face and started fumbling in his wet pocket for a pocket knife.

"No, you don't, Beanie! No, sir! Don't you dare cut loose from 'im. Remember you was asking me how I was gonna stock my range? Well, if you don't cut loose, this'll be a good starter. We've got *real* horseflesh snagged now, and don't you go get yellow and cut loose. No, sir-ee! Just hang your spur into that old sulling hoss' shoulder and hang with 'im 'til he's on his feet," I commanded.

The big black stallion kept lunging, pawing, and fighting our ropes. Beanie reached forward with his free leg and raked his sharp spur over his sprawling mount's shoulder. The horse struggled to his feet.

Noticing that Beanie's saddle had slipped under the strain of the hard jerk, I directed, "Now tighten your girth quick before this maverick jerks your saddle off!"

"Who wants this damned old outlaw anyway?" Beanie grumbled, slipping to the ground and pulling up on his wet cinch.

"Like I told you, I want 'im. I figure to get a good many racy colts out of him by the time I get my spread together."

FOR the next hour the stud fought with savage violence to break away or to take revenge on us for making him our prisoner. Sometimes it seemed like he would strip our saddles off over our horses' heads and make away with them at the end of our lariats. And sometimes we had him sprawled out on the ground and choked near senseless. At the end of two hours, we had made less than a half-mile of the five we had to cover to close our big corral gate on him.

"Let's cut loose from this wild bastard," Beanie pleaded, weary of the fight.

"No, Beanie, please. We can't give up now. I want this maverick more'n I ever wanted anything in my whole life. You've gotta help me get 'im to the corral if it takes all night."

We stopped in a little open glade to rest our horses. The stallion seemed to be ready to rest too. He stood, not moving out of his tracks, breathing easy with our lariats slackened about his neck, staring first at Beanie, then at me.

I pulled my lariat tight about his throat and held it a few seconds, making him breathe heavy with the choking noose, then I gave slack and let him breathe easy again. I repeated this action several times to teach him I could choke him or allow him to breathe easy, at my will. Then the stallion moved willingly toward me for a couple of steps and worked his head up and down in a sort of "yes-yes" way. I had helped tame a few colts and had learned that this slow up-and-down movement of the head by a rebellious colt usually meant he was ready to give up and make friends.

I pulled the rope on his neck again, then gave slack, and again he worked his head up and down and moved in closer to me. Then I started slowly moving my mount closer and closer to him, while Beanie kept a tight rope at an angle to keep him from charging me in case I had read his signals wrong. When I was close enough to touch him, I held out my hand and gently rubbed his nose. Then I came in closer and loosened both our lariats and rubbed the rope burns about his neck.

"Now you can get your knife and cut loose. He's ready to quit and be good," I said.

Beanie tried for a minute to work the double half-hitch loose from his saddle horn, but the wet lariat was drawn down too tight under the weight of the heavy stallion. He reached for his knife, cut his lariat at his saddle horn and pitched the loose end to me.

"If he's ready to quit, I damn sure am," Beanie declared with relief, digging a thick wet piece of tobacco out of his pocket and biting off a big chew.

I twisted Beanie's lariat into an Indian hackamore and gently fitted it on the head and nose of the subdued stallion. Then I tied him up close to my saddle horn. Taking my own lariat off the maverick's neck and pitching it to Beanie, I pulled the stud in short circles, slow-like, first to the right, then to the left, to give him the feel of the hackamore.

"Fall in behind 'im and let's get going. He wants to be a good horse now, I think. But if he changes his mind and gets rough again, I'm gonna slide off and let him and this old brown horse work things out together. They're tied too fast to go far."

I stopped every now and then to loosen the hackamore and rub his rope burns. He was beginning to like this, but when I tried to run my hand along his mane line to the ugly rifle wound, he pawed and bit at me viciously. He soon found he was snubbed too close to my saddle horn to get his feet high enough off the ground to strike me, and the Indian hackamore had his mouth tied shut, so he became docile and extended his nose cautiously for more kindness.

"I believe he's beginning to fall in love with me and I know I'm sorry about that crease I had to put in his pretty neck," I told Beanie.

"If you decide you want to get married to 'im, you won't run into one damned bit of competition from me," he grouched. "I'm tired out from rassling with that old bastard and I'm getting cold, too."

I sympathized with the chill he felt from the cool easterly breeze that was beginning to blow, but there wasn't anything I could do about it.

We hadn't gone far when a jackrabbit sprang out of his nesting place by the side of the trail. The black stud started and lunged forward and hit the end of his hackamore rope so hard his neck bent short, opening up his wound. He staggered and almost went down from the pain and shock.

"We'll let 'im stand still until the blood stops," I suggested.

Beanie hunched down in the saddle.

After a short wait we started moving on toward headquarters. This time the maverick moved right up close almost before I had tightened his hackamore rope. And before we had traveled a mile, he was crowding against my mount and rubbing his nose on my chaps like he was looking for affection. Our troubles were over!

TWO miles before we reached headquarters we came across a big flock of mutton sheep grazing leisurely out from water on Little Brady. The sheep were full, indicating that they had helped themselves to our water. They picked away at our already short grass seemingly without the least concern for the welfare of our mother cows. The old herder wore a triumphant look on his grinning, brazen face. His wide-brimmed straw hat was shoved far back, showing his shaggy black hair, and standing tall, he stared straight at us.

My faced burned as we rode past, for his very movements and impudent grin seemed to say, "There ain't anything you can do about this today!" And he was right—the black stallion was all we could manage just then. But I felt sure there would be another day to even the score with him.

As we rode on, I thought of other times we had taken part in wild chases, trying to get a lariat on this wild stallion. Just about every cowboy in the east half of McCulloch County and the west half of San Saba County had, at one time or another, made a try at capturing him. Pa referred to him as the "black maverick" and quite a while ago had put out orders that no more of his horseflesh was to be wasted in chasing after him. He said it was too hard on his saddle horses, and besides, if he was ever corralled, Jack Harkey would claim him. He said Jack would come near getting him, too, because he was the only man in the country growing horses that looked anything like this stud.

And the wild stallion *was* the spitting image of Harkey's old black stud, but Pa 'lowed that building a pasture fence around a stray hoss wouldn't exactly give anybody a title to him, so all of us boys had come to think of him as belonging to the first cowhand that could get a lariat on him.

Well, we had got our lariats on him and even if Beanie didn't seem very proud, his capture was, to me, the biggest achievement of my life. I refused to think of the going-over Pa was sure to give us for neglecting our range-riding job and for wasting time and horseflesh chasing the maverick. Instead, I let my thoughts dwell on the beautiful black stallion trotting along calmly by my side.

Before we got to the corral, I stopped to adjust the hackamore and do a little framing with Beanie.

"Now, Beanie, you remember this: We don't know how this maverick got that wound in the top of his neck. He just come in to water at the creek and you pitched your lariat on him. We had quite a tussle with 'im. We had 'im down in the water and out of the water. He could've hurt hisself 'most any way. A fish could've bit 'im. We just don't know. We'll leave it to Pa—he'll figure it all out. The main thing for you to remember is, *we don't have no gun*. We could *not* have shot this stud in the neck. Now, can I depend on you to remember that much?"

Shivering, Beanie nodded his head sort of slow.

I was indeed a happy boy when I led our catch inside the big corral. When Beanie slid down off his muddy saddle and closed the gate, he began to show his first real enthusiasm over our success. He climbed over the corral fence and raced down the hill to the bunkhouse to break the news to Perry and the other cowhands while I worked to loosen the hackamore about the maverick's head and nose.

"Hey, fellows," I heard him shouting before he reached the bunkhouse, "we got 'im—the big black maverick—up there in the corral!"

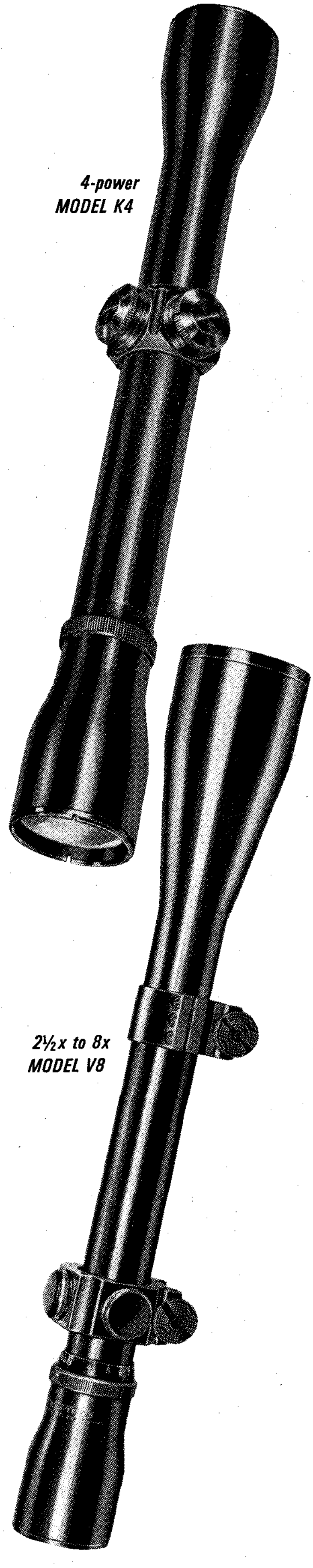
The cowboys rushed out of the bunkhouse like they'd been called to a roaring range fire.

"How'd you kids get your hands on 'im?" Perry asked, real excited, as he started rushing up the hill toward the corral ahead of the cowhands and Beanie.

"I roped 'im!" the proud Beanie panted, beginning to lose ground in the uphill race with the long-legged men.

A roar of skeptical laughter discouraged any more explanation out of Beanie.

(Continued on next page)



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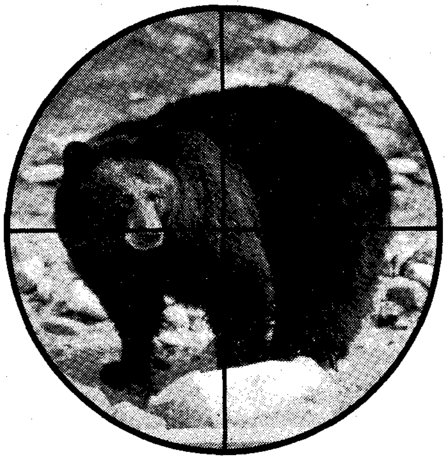

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I was glad. My brother had a way of telling a lot of unnecessary truths at the wrong time, and I didn't want him to get started talking right then.

McVay, who probably knew more about catching and taming wild horses than any of the others, seemed to be the most skeptical of the lot.

"If you kids have gone and drug in one of the neighbors' sucking colts, I figure I don't want to be seen in the corral with it," he was saying when they came around the barn. At the corral gate they stopped short and, with wide eyes, stared at the black maverick standing at the end of my slack rope. Then McVay lifted the gate latch and they all stepped inside.

"That's him all right, but how the hell did you two kids get your hands on 'im? That's what I'd like to know," McVay said, in wonder.

I WAS still rubbing the black's sore nose and patting him, when I spied Pa coming around the barn. "We saw 'im as he come in to water. We rushed 'im while he was still in the water and Beanie snared 'im with a lucky loop," I said real fast, before Pa got there.

Pa opened the gate and came into the corral. Silently he walked up to the stallion and circled him, looking him over close for some kind of clue. Then his eyes fell on the blood that was still dripping from the wound. Stepping closer, he saw the wound itself, which was pretty well covered on the bad side by the long heavy black mane.

"How'd he get that nasty cut on his neck?" Pa asked.

"We don't know," I lied. "We had some trouble with 'im for awhile. He could've cut his neck on a rock when he fell in the creek, or—"

"Or a fish could've bit 'im, you know," Beanie cut in.

There was dead silence in the corral as Pa's glance nailed Beanie to the ground. I was glad Beanie wasn't on one of his truth-telling sprees.

Coming in close and taking a firm hold on the hackamore, Pa lifted the black mane and examined the wound carefully. "Somebody was already after 'im today before you kids saw 'im. This is a deep creasing wound that was put there not many hours ago by somebody what can shoot straight. You kids must've run onto 'im before he got over his shock."

"Like I always say, just leave it to Pa—he'll figure it out," I said, trying to get him started talking again before Beanie could get a chance to have his say.

"And now that you mention it, I think I do remember hearing a shot fired up the creek just a little before Beanie pitched his loop on 'im. It sure makes me wish you'd buy me a rifle. I want to learn how to shoot," I pleaded.

"Y'all done a pretty good job today without a rifle. Somebody else handled the shooting for you and you got the game. I think I'll let you keep on wishing for a rifle 'til you get a little older," Pa replied.

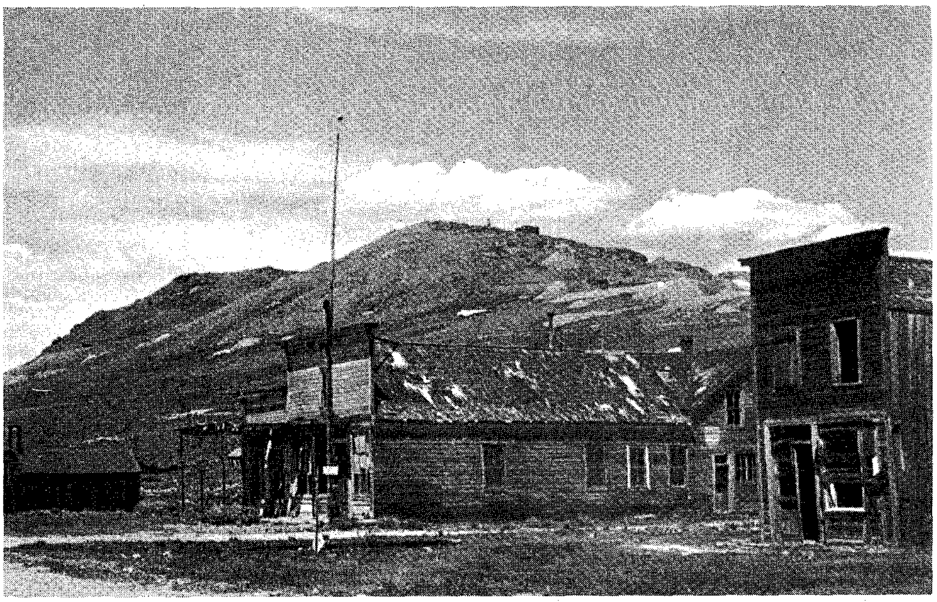
"Pretty good is as good as I ever hope to do by your yardstick," I muttered, loosening the double half-hitch from my saddle horn and dropping the hackamore rope to the ground. When I rode across the corral to the gate, the maverick tried to follow me, but after a couple of steps he stopped.

After supper, Beanie and I turned in early before the rest of the boys got back to the bunkhouse. The hard bunks were feather beds to our tired bodies as we stretched out there alone.

"Now, Beanie, we're letting the story stand just like Pa says it happened. We're just a couple of kids, anyhow. We don't know how to shoot and we couldn't ever capture a wild horse by ourselves unless somebody shot 'im for us first. Even if we went out and captured a Mexican lion with our bare hands, that would still be just 'pretty good' in Pa's way of thinking," I said bitterly.

"You still don't understand Pa. Pa's way of thinking, Columbus was doing just pretty good when he discovered America," Beanie declared.

I fell asleep and dreamed that I ran away and joined up with Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders and that I drew the horse-wrangling job, but it seemed that no matter how hard I tried I couldn't corral the tamest horse in the outfit.


Bodie as it appears today. The building at the far end of the street is the fire house, the third to be built in the town. Ironically, the first two were destroyed by fire.

The "Badman From Bodie" Has Gone

(Continued from page 41)

building where the wire came through. Chickie rushed out. His vegetables were in a box on the wall! He actually believed they had come over the wire. A chuckle for Bodie.

We needed laughs. We laughed with and at each other. A family's joy was everybody's joy; their sorrow shared by all. New babies were the town's delight. Weddings meant a celebration and a shivaree.

Death brought bleakness to everyone. If a bachelor fell ill or died, Bodie tenderly nursed him or "saw him off" at the demise. Such a bachelor was Buck Burnsides.

Buck's favorite pastime was eating. He waddled along Main Street, stopping at the Sawdust Corner or other "free lunch" bars. One night he bade his friends "Goodnight"; in the morning he was no more.

"Poor old Buck, he ate himself into his grave," was the sad comment and Bodie lovingly made plans to see that he was buried proper. Buck was laid out in Miner's Hall and we kids tiptoed in (on the sly) to look in childish wonderment at the strangeness of death.

The day-shift miners came off at noon for his funeral. The night-shifters rose early and hurried to town to join the "boys" gathered at their favorite bars. After a few drinks, many of Buck's hitherto unnoticed good points came to light. With each drink the miners' past friendship with Buck became dearer. By the time they solemnly gathered in Miner's Hall, Buck's passing had assumed the proportions of a personal loss to each.

The pianist struck a chord. A hymn was sung. The minister offered a few words in Buck's favor and said a prayer. The "boys" filed by the casket for a final look after which the church bell tolled the procession to the graveyard. Pallbearers paced gravely beside the black-plumed hearse. When all were clustered around Buck's open grave, *Rock of Ages* echoed back from the hills, and the minister mournfully intoned, "Dust to dust. Ashes to ashes."

After Buck was lowered into his last resting place, the mourners, in little groups, headed back to the bars for the unaccustomed pleasure of a daytime get-together.

When little Evelyn Meyers met a tragic death, Bodie was bereft. Men, women and children mourned with Al and Fannie Meyers.

Al was a hoist engineer at the Standard Mine. He and Fannie were blessed, in their middle years, with their first child, a golden-haired little girl. As the baby became a toddler, she seemed a sort of fairy-child to the entire town.

Winter came, and Bodie was gripped in an icy spell. The Meyers' front porch was a sheet of ice. To make it safe for walking, the ice was broken up with a pick and sprinkled with sawdust.

An Indian, who did odd jobs for the Meyers, was breaking up the ice, while Al and little Evelyn watched. Holding tight to her father's hand, she would swing out and back on the ice. Then the Indian swung the pick and as it descended, Evelyn swung outward!

Al and Fannie Meyers went stark crazy with grief and Bodie was stunned. The little body rested at home till the hour for the services in the church where the town's grieving people spilled from the entry, down the stairs and into the street. The choir tried to sing, but tears wet the hymnals. The minister tried to speak; tears wet his Bible. A little child gently slept the eternal sleep and Bodie wept. As the people sorrowfully left the church, sympathetic hands pressed the shoulder and bowed head of the Indian who sat on the last bench.

A beautiful Italian marble angel marks Evelyn's grave. In the little cemetery there is also another marble shaft which was to have marked the grave of Bodie's founder, William S. Bodey who perished in a winter blizzard.

Before Mr. Bodey's name could be cut into the marble, President Garfield was assassinated. A horrified town wondered what it could do to honor the martyred man? Someone thought of the still unlettered shaft—fitting tribute to a President.

William S. Bodey's exact resting place was never known, but a block of granite in Bodie's cemetery became his memorial. The drill holes cut into the granite were made by long-departed hands competing in a hard-rock, hand-drilling contest. Part of the inscription reads, "Let him repose in peace amid these everlasting hills." The granite block will be almost everlasting.

UNDOUBTEDLY, life for both adults and children in most mining camps was pretty humdrum. Bodie's two big holidays when the men did not go on shift were the Fourth of July and Christmas. The Fourth of July was celebrated with a parade made up of a Grand Marshal, a band, veterans of the G.A.R., a Goddess of Liberty, and children singing on a float. After the parade, there were speeches, free ice cream in the fire house, fireworks, and a grand ball at night. Christmas meant a community tree in Miner's Hall where every child was sure of at least one gift and a net stocking holding nuts, candy, and the only orange most children had for the whole year.

A dance was always an all-night affair, beginning at eight o'clock and breaking up when the men had to change to go on shift. Bodie's big social events were the St. Patrick's Day ball given by the Catholics, and a Grand Masquerade on Washington's Birthday given by the Three Ps, a local club of Masons.

Busy weeks were spent planning and making masquerade costumes in secret. Often, after the Grand March, the dressing rooms at Miner's Hall echoed with fun as costumes were secretly exchanged.

At midnight, unmasking time, the consternation of a husband or wife, upon finding another's mate in their arms, was a highlight of the party. It was dangerous fun. In fact, once, in the next morning's early light, a man's head was blown off by a shotgun blast!

And Bodie continued to have occasional shooting scrapes, too, just to prove its citizens were still quick on the trigger.

There were several fraternal organizations but the pulse of the town was the Miner's Union. As a matter of fact, it was fraternal, also, being almost entirely social. In most of Nevada's early camps, the Miner's Halls were built with money raised locally. In case of an emergency, such as an accident in the mine or sickness or death, a hat was passed. The companies contributed and every miner gave a day's pay. The yearly election of union officers was lively with keen, friendly competition ending with supper at Boyd's or the U.S. Hotel.

Then came the day when this friendly fraternizing ended. Open warfare broke out with the arrival from Denver of a delegation from the Western Federation of Miners, bent on laying the groundwork for the local union's affiliation.

The wedge of dissension was driven. Overnight the camp became divided into

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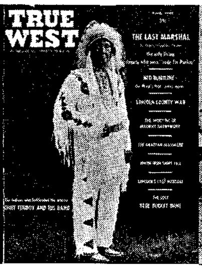

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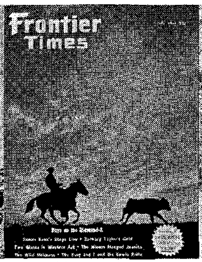

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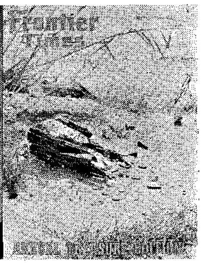

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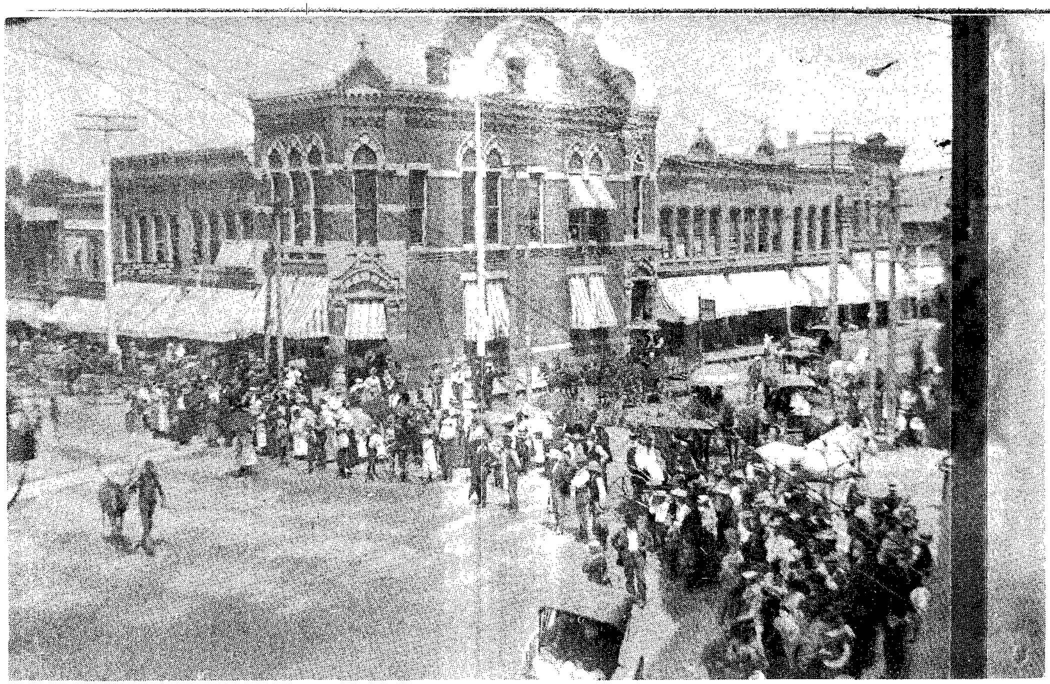

As a boy of nine, Marguerite Jane's father watched the Younger brothers rob the Bank of Northfield, seen here during a 4th of July celebration.

the "Fors" and "Againsts." Meetings became quarrelsome with long harangues and personal accusations.

When the organizers left town they took with them the Bodie Union's application for affiliation. The union's modest treasury gradually gravitated to Denver to join the treasuries of scores of other small camp independent unions. Bodie's sole remaining benefit was the Miner's Hall. It has gallantly withstood fire, discord and time.

In unadorned, unchanged simplicity, what is left of Bodie awaits recognition of its place in Western mining camp history. Its quiet dignity should be appealing to those who would preserve our historical heritage. Here is a town that breathes its past.

The Bad Lands' Gumbo Lily

(Continued from page 31)

She left her baby with her parents, took the train to Billings, Montana, and the stage from there to Red Lodge where her Uncle Herbert Richel and his wife ran a dude ranch.

"I told them I would do anything for $35 a month," she said, "and they saw to it that I was never short of work." At that time, the early 1920s, $35 a month with board and room was considered very good wages.

In the hotel she washed dishes, waited on tables and cleaned. Outside she wrangled horses, and packed those used for trips, saddling from twenty to thirty in the mornings and unsaddling them in the evenings. Sometimes she went with the dudes, following the party, seeing that the less experienced didn't fall off or helping them back on when they did. Sometimes she rode ahead, seeing to the general comfort of the guests and making the midday meal an enjoyable affair. It was usually eaten on the shore of a pretty mountain lake.

When the young woman wasn't working in the hotel or riding herd on the guests, there were horses to be shod. Most of the horses were gentle—they had to be for the services they performed—but often the shoes did not fit and Marguerite had to widen or narrow them by hammering them over a rock. At those times, she was thankful for the knowledge and strong muscles gained on the homestead.

The hotel closed for the season the day after Labor Day and Marguerite went home with her summer's wages, $105.00. It seemed like a lot of money. She invested part of it in "gummers," old ewes with poor teeth, but which had been bred to lamb in the spring. Some of the ewes died and the coyotes sneaked up from the sage and killed a considerable number of the spring lambs. However, Marguerite sold the lambs that reached a marketable size, sheared the live ewes, and pulled the wool from the dead ones. When the lambs were weaned, the family killed and ate most of the remaining ewes, so a fair profit was realized on her investment.

She bought thirteen calves, which she called "valises" because of their big bellies, and added several other small lots of cattle. In spite of losing at least one from each lot, Marguerite managed to build up a small herd of her own. She also bought a few milch goats because her delicate child was allergic to cow's milk. Mr. Richel hated the goats and had plenty to say against them but they probably saved the boy's life.

She let it be known that she would like to raise some orphaned colts and several of the cowboys brought her some, slung across their saddles. She tried her hand at just about everything.

While riding around looking after her stock, Marguerite often carried her little boy papoose fashion on her back. She made everything he wore and still has some of the little moccasins she made from deerskin.

AGAIN growing weary of the hard work and its small and irregular income, Marguerite took a job as clerk in the County Treasurer's office in Medora, the county seat. This paid an attractive $75 a month. She had to pay rent and board, but was able to save enough that when winter came she could send a truckload of grain out to the homestead, where her father was taking care of the stock. She also bought her mother a fur coat, a gift that brought much pleasure and comfort.

While in Medora, Marguerite married Affie Matteson, whom she had first met at a box social when he was a youngster. It was a good marriage but times were bad.

This was the period of the great drought. Jobs, money and everything else grew scarce. The Mattesons went to Zenith where he worked in a grain elevator for awhile. When that job played out, they went to Savage, Montana, a small town about thirty-five miles north of Glendive. It was then that the world seemed to dry up entirely.

Streams that had provided water as far back as anyone could remember ran dry. The earth cracked open and the dust clouds rolled. Spring plantings never came up and fall plantings shriveled and died long before maturity. Even the native grasses withered and died as the winds blew their roots bare.

The suffering of livestock was shocking. Throughout the vast drought area, horses, cattle, sheep and hogs were dying of starvation and thirst. At Savage, men and women, almost as gaunt as their stock, drove the weary animals to the Government Station, where they were paid a small price for their property. The animals were then shot to put them out of their misery, for it was thought impractical to ship in feed and water to keep them alive. The expressions of defeat on the faces of the farmers as they drove their wretched stock to the slaughter, and the sounds of the shots as the animals fell, are vivid in Marguerite's memory.

In 1930, the Mattesons decided to move to Harrison, Idaho. They were out of the drought, but they could not leave behind the Great Depression. They bought a farm seven miles east of the little mountain town. There were twenty acres cleared and an orchard. At first, green grass, green trees, and plenty of good water made it seem like a bit of heaven. But those things did not pay for groceries and other necessities. To add variety to the daily beans, the couple ate porcupines and fish from Black Lake.

They tried to clear their land, hoping to make something from the timber, but although both did their very best, it didn't work out. Marguerite wore pants and high-topped boots as protection against the deep snow of winter, but neither she nor her husband had had any experience with felling timber and they barely escaped serious injury. It proved a slow and dangerous way to earn a living.

When Affie was offered a job as telegraph operator at Lookout Pass, they both knew it was necessary for him to take it. Marguerite was again alone except for her young son.

David, then nine years old, had developed rheumatic fever, and his mother had the work of nurse added to the routine chores of milking, cleaning the barns and all the other things that must be done on a farm.

David was still allergic to the milk of cows. The leader of the family's goat flock was a huge black billy with horns and an evil disposition.

Once when Marguerite was seated beside a cow, milking, Billy broke out of his pen unnoticed and came up behind her, giving her a nudge before backing off for a charge. Knowing what to expect, she jumped up and grabbed a pitchfork, but she didn't have time to get a good grip on it. Billy cannily knocked it from her hand and knew he pretty much had her at his mercy.

When he charged again, she stepped aside and jumped on his back as she would a horse. The goat buckled, bucked and ran, but Marguerite had him firmly by the horns and she hung on. It was quite a ride but at last he stopped beside a stump where a car chain was hanging. She grabbed it, forced it between his teeth as the bit of a bridle, and gave it a twist around his jaws and neck. Billy bleated with pain and didn't give her much trouble as she led him back to the barn, where she made him secure in his pen.

No one told the Mattesons what bracken fern would do to their horses until after three of them had sickened and died. One, a valuable 2,000-pound draft mare, fell in the barn and Marguerite knew the mare could never get up again. To end the animal's agony, Marguerite shot her with a revolver, and quartered the carcass with an axe. She hauled the butchered mare out into the woods piece by piece, then cleaned up the mess. So accustomed was she to solving her own problems that it had not occurred to her that she might enlist the help of a neighbor.

When all of the cows had bull calves, which at that time could hardly be given away, Marguerite came to the conclusion that the Lord just didn't want her to stay there.

During the early part of World War II, the Mattesons sold their farm and moved to Spokane, Washington. There Marguerite went to welding school with the idea of going out to the Pacific Coast and working in the shipyards. But Affie, who then had a good job, discouraged the venture. So Marguerite took up nursing instead—a vocation that undoubtedly was more in keeping with her mother's idea of "work befitting a lady." This she continued until ill health made it necessary for her to retire.

Marguerite Matteson now lives with her husband and son in their very comfortable home in Spokane, enjoying all the comforts of modern living and a well earned rest. But brushing aside the memories of many hardships and the struggle to make ends meet, there are times when the Gumbo Lily would like to be astride a spirited pony, once more riding the open range.

Tracks Of A Desert Rat

(Continued from page 24)

handled six-shooter with a fairly long barrel which I carried in my waistband under my shirt. Roland carried a short barreled .38 in the same manner, and each of us had about a box of cartridges loose in our pockets.

There was no chance of beating a ride on the little daily train coming through Humboldt. Besides, our enthusiasm was such that we didn't want to wait for a possible chance, so early one night we started walking up the tracks toward Prescott. It took us most of the night to get there, and hard walking it was too.

When railroad tracks are laid, inconsiderate engineers space the ties too far apart for one step and not far enough for two. Trying to make steps fit that gap is what makes Willie weary. Anyway it made Roland weary. One night of hoboing and twenty miles from home satisfied his craving for adventure. During the night he complained about the weight of the cartridges in his pocket. I added them to my own load. Then, in Prescott, we came to the parting of our ways.

AFTER WAITING several hours around the railroad yards, I thought we should walk the track up the grade toward Iron Springs and try to catch a

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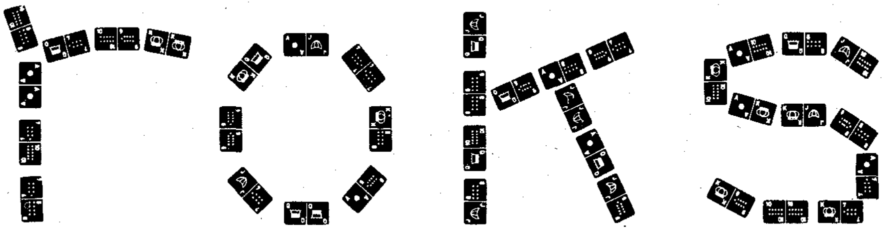

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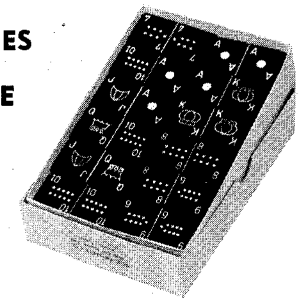

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freight on the way up, but Roland said he would wait at the depot and catch one there. It was agreed that if one of us missed connections, the other was to wait a day in Phoenix. I walked all the ten miles to Iron Springs. It was dark when a passenger train going my way pulled in at the Springs depot and stopped with the rear coach standing in the darkness.

I climbed to the top of the coach just as a lantern waved a "highball," and we were off. That coach was plumb bald-headed. For a while I wondered if I could hang on, but pretty soon I knew I had to. It was a warm moonlight night in August and after I found I could ride the thing, I enjoyed every mile. But I never tried any more passenger trains.

After waiting the agreed day in Phoenix, I grabbed a night freight going east. I had spent the last part of the previous night trying to sleep on top of a boxcar in the car yards and my blue serge coat and pants were smeared with pitch. I felt grimy and dirty and real hoboish, and to cap it all, a drizzling rain had begun.

There were no open boxcars on this freight so I climbed onto a tank car of oil. It had a walkway along both sides but no place to get out of the rain. When it became too wet and cold to take any longer, I worked my way over the swaying cars to where another hobo was riding in a gondola.

We were just getting acquainted a bit when a brakeman came weaving over the cars and yelled, "Hey, you guys, you've got to get out of sight! Some railroad bull will see ya, and I'll get in bad!"

When we didn't answer he said, "Tell ya what. If you guys have any money, I'll put ya under cover. Cost ya four bits each, though."

There didn't seem much choice, so we followed him over the top of the train to a refrigerator car where he collected the two half-dollars and left us in an empty ice compartment. Before he left, he lifted the side of a heavy wire screen between the ice compartment and the car's cargo and filled his shirt front with apples from a broken box. Grinning when he passed us, he said, "I get a nickel for each one from the 'bos who're ridin'."

Well, this wasn't so bad. The hombre I rode with was a carpenter by trade, a hobo at heart, and a talking man by inclination. He told of the many places he'd been, all over the U.S., mostly on freight trains. He also gave me a lot of advice about how to get along, and by following his advice I darned near got shot.

He told me not to hit the first freight that would be made up in the Tucson yards because there was a tough "shack" on it who liked to beat up on hobos. I must be sure to take a freight that left around eleven at night. He said he knew that crew and they were all okay. He also told me that if a yard "bull" grabbed me, it would mean two or three days carrying 'dobes on a building job near the yard, and a floater out of town. And, he emphasized, when they caught someone carrying a gun they would give the fellow the works.

This worried me some. I hated to part with my pretty pearl-handled gun, but I didn't want the works, either, whatever they were. I climbed out of the icebox to the car top and threw away all of Roland's cartridges and my own. Then I took my gun apart and threw it overboard, piece by piece, and a few minutes later we both dropped off the freight just outside the Tucson yards.

I WAITED for the freight the guy had told me to take. Behind the couplings of each boxcar was a small projection that, at least locally, was called the "bumper." I climbed up on one of them and was ready to go. The rain had stopped and a sliver of moon gave a dim light over the desolate desert. A few miles out of Tucson the freight stopped in a long cut, and brakemen carrying lanterns came along both sides of the cars, looking for free-riding hobos.

A car or two ahead of me a colored man dropped off the bumpers. Having no place to hide, he just stood beside the boxcar. I did the same by my car, and we waited to see what would happen. The brakeman on our side was a tall, rawboned tobacco-chewer who looked tough—and was tough as he looked. From what I learned afterward, I placed him as Maricopa Slim, the most hated shack on the road.

He stopped in front of the colored man. "Where the hell do you think you're goin'?" There was a snarl in his voice, and I sure didn't like the sound.

"Oh, I'm just goin' down to Benson," the Negro said, backing against the side of the car.

"You ain't ridin' on my train!" The brakeman jerked a long, nickel-plated .44 from his belt and swung the heavy barrel against the colored man's face.

The hobo staggered and raised a protecting arm. "No! No! Don't hit me no more, mister," he begged. "I won't ride no more. Honest!" The gun came down again and the colored man went out cold.

When the brakeman turned to bring the next course to me, I was away ahead of him. That railroad cut looked too steep to climb but right then I was in a climbing mood. On top of the cut I flopped on the ground and waited in the dim light until the brakeman got back to the caboose.

I didn't intend to be left out on that lonely piece of Arizona desert. When a lantern waved a highball, I scrambled back down the cut bank. I didn't realize I had been lying against a barbed wire fence, and the sudden move tore a long, three-cornered rip in the back of my coat.

The light was too dim for anyone to have seen me but that man with the gun must have heard the gravel rattle. He came running along the top of the train, jumping from car to car and shooting with every jump. He might have been shooting straight up for all I knew, but I imagined I heard bullets thudding.

Pretty sure I had not been seen, I climbed back on the bumper, and sure enough, he jumped that gap and ran on ahead. Then I did the most foolish thing of my life. I jumped down and went under that moving train and climbed onto the rods.

I had never been under a box car before. Under those old-style cars there were two round iron rods, approximately an inch and a half in diameter and about two feet apart, running the full length of the car. Stretching at full length along one rod, I had to pull my foot and one hand across to the other rod in order to keep from falling. The freight picked up speed and soon was rocking and rambling. Suction from the moving cars stirred the track ballast, throwing up cinders and pebbles I couldn't dodge. Below me the ties spun by in a steady grey blur, too dizzying to watch. I squeezed those rods and fervently hoped an arm or leg wouldn't cramp.

It was impossible not to remember a former night when I was traveling north toward Needles, California. I was riding the cushions that time and had to wait a couple of hours in Ash Forks, Arizona, for another train. I stepped into the depot waiting room and saw pools of blood on the floor. A yardman outside said a hobo had either fallen off the rods or had failed to get on them there in the yard and the car's wheels had cut off both of his legs. When riding those rods there was no chance at all if a 'bo lost his grip and fell.

I guess I was just lucky. Before the strain became too much for me, the freight stopped to put a car on a siding beside a lonely little station in the desert. I got off fast and sat on the good old solid ground until the freight's green tail lights faded, going east. I'd had enough of rods and gun-toting brakemen.

The only person at that place was a telegrapher in his little office beside the track. He told me there would be no more freights going east until the following evening, and that it was thirty miles to Benson. I walked that thirty miles before breakfast, and in August the weather around there was hot. Fortunately I found drinking water along the way because of the recent rains.

At Benson I paid for a passenger ticket to Naco. From there the Mexican train ran to La Cananea and the copper mines. I was nearly broke, but having heard the Mexican police were pretty tough, I used almost the last of my money for a second class ticket. It was a short run to La Mesa, which was the first section of Cananea, and the end of the line. This was my first time in a foreign country and I arrived somewhat the worse for wear, hungry, and with twenty-five cents in my pocket.

CANANEA was then a camp of several sections. I had walked from La Mesa to Ronquillo and was standing in front of the post office watching the antics of a raccoon tied to the end of a long chain when my brother Vic stopped in for his mail. He lived some miles from Ronquillo, and only came for his mail at long intervals. Luck was breaking my way again. I wouldn't have known how to find him, and I couldn't speak the Mexican language enough to make inquiries.

He broke the bad news to me. The panic, or depression, or whatever it was in 1907, was on and the Cananea Copper Company was laying off hundreds of men. I visited most of the mines, but after six weeks the bad news was getting worse. During that time over 3,000 workmen were laid off work. I knew the Arizona copper camps would be full of idle men and decided to take the train back to Yavapai County. Much to my gratification Vic objected to any more hoboing and staked me to traveling money, and in a couple of days I was back in Prescott where I'd started from, broke and still looking for a job.

MANY of those who write about the early days in the mining camps of the old West overstress the occasional shooting affairs. Those camps were rough and, at times, a gun was a part of a man's daily clothes, but after reading some of the ridiculous stories by today's writers, an old Westerner is reluctant to tell about true happenings of the kind. However, to round out any factual chronicle of those camps of the past half-century a few guns must pop.

This was Jerome just before the era of Prohibition. Arizona was wide open to gambling, and the saloons played a prominent part in the camp's activities. With their free and easy atmosphere they were somewhat of the nature of free club houses for the miners. They were also gathering points for a trouble-breeding element which, added to the bar whiskey and a population including several nationalities of the so-called more hot-blooded races, was bound to result in a certain amount of trouble.

The wagon road was the main street in Jerome. A short side street separated two rows of saloon buildings and on one side of this street, between two of these buildings, a dark and narrow hallway led to the back. It was open to the street, and inside was very dimly lighted. Doors led into the saloons at each side.

One summer evening I was meandering idly along the street and noticed a husky young Austrian a few paces ahead. The evening was warm and most of us were coatless, and this fellow's fine white silk shirt loomed up in the semi-darkness as he stepped into the hallway. Almost immediately he staggered out again with both hands clutching at his chest. Blood streamed down his shirt front. We rushed him to a doctor who said the stabs were deep but not fatal. In all innocence the fellow had walked into somebody's knife in the dark hallway, but he never saw his assailant and had no idea who did it, or why.

Jerome was very much alive at that time. The United Verde Copper Company's big mine was working a large force of men, both in the mine and in around the smelter. On the surface most of the common labor was done by Mexicans, most of whom were nice people and good citizens. Occasionally, though, a bad hombre among them made trouble for the law officers.

One night-officer at that time was a man named King. Posted at a vantage point on a street corner with eyes alert and gun holster tied down, he looked capable of handling the job. As it turned out, either luck was against him or he lacked that decisive bit of hardness the job demanded.

One night three knife men started a fight in the back room of one of the saloons and somebody sent for King. He went into the room to stop the fight and all three turned their knives on him. The officer was badly cut before others moved in and rescued him, and during the entire ruckus he never drew his gun. Another night, not long after he came back on the job he was framed again.

With Harry and another roommate I was lounging in our room in a lodging house located in the Mexican part of town just below the saloon district. We heard the sharp crack of a gun on the street, quickly followed by three more shots. By the time the last shot sounded we were on our way up the hillside, climbing stairways and a steep, rough trail.

We found nothing but empty darkness, but the next day we learned that King had been killed. A messenger had come for him, saying a Mexican was drunk and threatening people with a gun. It was very dark in that part of town, and he had been directed to a long, low stone house with windows facing the narrow road that passed along the front. From one of these windows King was shot as he

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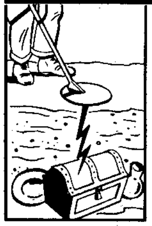

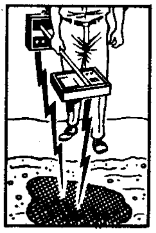

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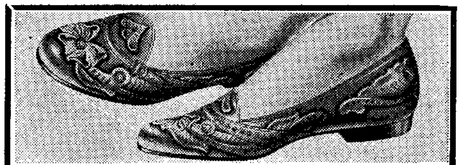

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passed by, and he had fired three shots to call for help as he lay on the ground. He died in the hospital a few hours later.

Faced with the need of a night-officer who could better contend with the bad element, the town management sent to another state for Johnny. Johnny and his three brothers and two sisters had been childhood friends of mine in McCabe. His father had been highly regarded as a law officer in other mining camps, and Johnny had an iron nerve.

He went about his work methodically and fearlessly, and during the following two years the bad hombres among the Mexicans gradually disappeared. He never reached for his gun unless and until the other man reached first for a gun or knife. But when that happened he was always ready, with his hands out of his pockets.

The same trick that killed King was once tried on Johnny. A man came into the Wigwam Saloon one night when Johnny was making his rounds, and said a drunk was loose with a gun in Mexican town threatening to shoot his family. Johnny started after him but was stopped by the bartender who slid a sawed-off shotgun across the bar.

"If you're going alone down there in the dark," he said, "take this along."

Johnny carried two short guns but he knew the merit of a scattergun at certain times and accepted the offer.

He located the house to which he had been directed, a frame building between two other houses. A narrow space separated the buildings, and crowding through this space he made his way toward the back door. When he stepped from between the buildings he found a man standing in a lighted doorway, and the man held a leveled gun. But this time it didn't work. A shotgun beats a six-gun in the dark.

AS TO MINING, most wandering prospectors know of amazing flukes of luck. Knowledge of the game did put the percentages in favor of the experienced prospector, but certainly luck does sometimes shake the hand of the greenhorn while kicking a more deserving man in the teeth.

Interesting tales lie behind the caved portals of many an old tunnel. Those long dead mines are rich in old miners' tales. Most of the old-timers are gone now, but it was my good fortune to get first-hand stories while memories were still fairly fresh.

Following The Gold Rush Trail Today

(Continued from page 28)

and Eliza Spalding, the first women to cross South Pass. Fifteen miles beyond, to the right of the road, is a fenced area maintained to protect the actual trail forks. The ruts can be seen separating, the left-hand road going to Fort Bridger and the right to Sublette's Cutoff.

At Farson, Wyoming, a sign denotes the Big Sandy Crossing. Inquire in Farson for roads that go through the Sublette's Cutoff country. One road, called locally the Old Mormon Road, goes directly west and crosses Green River by way of Dodge Bridge, and meets Highway 189 five miles south of Names Hill. This road is close enough to the old cutoff to provide the atmosphere of the country. Names Hill, with its hundreds of autographs, including Jim Bridger's carved in the rock face, is exciting. Opposite is the Names Hill Cafe-Bar where information concerning name locations can be had. The Mormon Ferry Crossing is a quarter of a mile away.

From Farson, a dirt road—but good in dry weather—follows the trail and the Big Sandy to Granger, Wyoming. This was on the road to Fort Bridger and Salt Lake. If the weather is damp, forego this and stay on 187 to Rock Springs going west on U.S. 30 to Fort Bridger. After visiting the fort, backtrack toward Lyman and go north to Carter, once a vital railroad community which, with the decline of rail travel, has become a ghost town. Follow the dirt road northwest from Carter to meet Highway 189 a few miles south of Kemmerer.

At Kemmerer turn west on U.S. 30N (later U.S. 30) and stay on this highway all the way to Glenns Ferry, in central Idaho. It follows the Oregon Trail closely, turns north at Sage, and crosses the border into Idaho a few miles beyond Cokeville. The Sublette Cutoff joins the Fort Bridger road between Sage and Cokeville. From here on, Highway U.S. 30 and the old trail run northwest along Bear River Valley, so well thought of by the emigrants. Passing through the towns of Montpelier, Bennington, and Georgetown, you reach the pioneer show place of Soda Springs, now a prosaic agricultural town. Five miles beyond Soda Springs at Alexander, Idaho, the Bear River makes a great bend to the south to wend its way to the Great Salt Lake. Along this part of the route local inquiries should be made as to the location of visible wagon wheel ruts.

IT IS AT THIS POINT that Hudspeth's Cutoff leaves the main trail and strikes off due west to join the Raft River route near the town of Malta, Idaho. It is possible to follow the Hudspeth's Cutoff by a series of often unmarked secondary mountain roads. Road conditions and routes should be carefully checked at each village. The trail passes almost through the town of Arimo, south of Arbon, north of Roy, and just south of Sublette. You will strike Route 77 just north of Elba and, turning left, will soon arrive at Almo and the City of Rocks.

At the cutoff the main trail leaves the Bear River and courses northwest, parallel to the highway and following the Portneuf River to Pocatello. A visit to the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, twelve miles north on Route 91 makes an interesting side trip. The locale of Fort Hall is near the town of the same name. Return to U.S. 30N, and continue west past the American Falls to a road going south at the Raft River, east of the village of Yale, Idaho. This is where the last of the Californians left the Oregon Trail. We must return to this point for the Oregon journey after completing the outline of the California trip.

The county road runs parallel to the east bank of the Raft River for a few miles, then turns west, crossing the river to join U.S. 30S, which follows the west bank just as the trail did. At Bridge, Idaho, the river and the trail leave the highway. Take the dirt road to the right marked for Almo and there ask directions to the City of Rocks, about six miles to the west on a dirt road. It was a great Gold Rush camping ground and is still something to see. The Fort Hall Trail was joined here by the Salt Lake Cutoff, to be described later.

After seeing City of Rocks, continue on the dirt road to Oakley and switch to the dirt road running south, close to the old trail along Goose Creek. There is a labyrinth of unmarked and unnamed roads in this region, and few places to make any inquiries. It is advisable to have extra gas, a jug of water, and food for emergencies. This is a big country and barren in many areas.

Keep a southwest course and you will eventually reach Highway 93; follow it south to a junction with U.S. 40 at Wells, Nevada, which is close to where the trail reached the Humboldt River. You are now ready for a three-hundred-mile trip down the Humboldt to the sink. The trail, the highway, and the river parallel each other for the entire distance.

Highway U.S. 30S west of Fort Bridger follows the Mormon Trail, originally called Hastings Cutoff. It is south of the highway and the traces still show. Go on through Evanston and enter Echo Canyon whose west end provides a fine vantage point from which to see the trail. The highway and railroad both run beside the trail for some distance. At Echo, Utah, turn south on Highway 189 and pass Echo Reservoir, formed by Echo Dam. Far below the surface of this beautiful lake lies the trail pioneered by the Donner party in 1846. Stay on 189 through Coalville, Hoytsville, and Wanship to Kimball Junction to join U.S. 40 going west. The trail is to the left of the highway and visible as it climbs over the ridge and crosses the summit a couple hundred yards behind Skyline Inn where the wheel scars show on both slopes of the ridge. Turn north on Route 239 to Emigration Canyon to see the Mormon Monument commemorating Brigham Young's discovery of the Great Salt Lake Valley in 1847.

In Salt Lake City one should visit the Mormon Museum and the Utah Historical Society. The latter is a mine of information about the trails in Utah, and excellent maps are available at a reasonable price. Leave the city by U.S. 40, passing around the southern end of Great Salt Lake to Grantsville which was an early Mormon town dating from emigrant days. In 1849 it was a preparation spot for the Salt Desert crossing. Soon after leaving Grantsville you will be confronted by the gleaming white Salt Desert that was such an ordeal for the emigrants. Hastings Cutoff reached the main California Trail about twenty miles west of Elko, Nevada.

Looking back more than a hundred years, it is now clear that the Salt Lake Cutoff was the best of all routes to the gold fields and one that is easily followed today. From Fort Bridger to Salt Lake City, it is the same as outlined for Hastings Cutoff. Go north from Salt Lake City on Highway 89, which at Ogden will be joined by U.S. 30S. The highway follows the trail closely on through Brigham City. At Corinne, Utah, a side trip to Promontory where the golden spike was driven to mark the completion of the transcontinental railroad in 1869, is an inviting prospect.

Continue northwest on U.S. 30S through Tremonton and Snowville into Idaho eleven miles to the village of Bridge. Turn left on a dirt road to Almo and the City of Rocks. Here the Salt Lake Cutoff joins the main Fort Hall road.

THE three-hundred-mile trip down the Humboldt along U.S. 40 is drab and dull even now, but for the wagoners it was an ordeal with few, if any, diversions to relieve the monotony. Today the towns offer some surcease from the undulating heat waves that rise from the scorching highway. West of Emigrant Pass turn left on Route 21 to Beowawe, Nevada. Near here, the trail crossed the Humboldt at Gravely Ford and this is also the location of the Reed-Snyder fight resulting in Snyder's death.

Farther on at Lovelock, Nevada, we come to the Big Meadows that brought joy to emigrants whose cattle had more than half-starved on the trip down the parched Humboldt Valley. Near the old trail separation twenty miles later, there is a fork in the highway. Along the Carson River Trail route, Highway 95 turns south to Fallon, Nevada. The Forty Mile Desert exacted a dreadful toll but the emigrants reached the river at Ragtown, six miles west of Fallon on U.S. 50. A trail sign and the Ragtown Bar pinpoint the spot where the thirsty travelers touched the Carson River.

The other trail fork and Highway 40 continued west over another forty-mile desert to arrive at the Truckee River at Wadsworth, Nevada. About halfway across the desert is Brady's Hot Springs, the stopping place mentioned in the diaries.

Outlining the Carson River route first: go west along U.S. 50 to Dayton, a trail campground and later the chief mill town for the Comstock Lode mines. Virginia City is a worthwhile digression from here.

Continue on U.S. 50 to Carson City, the Nevada capital, and turn south on Highway 395, ten miles to the Genoa road. Keep right to Genoa, the first town in Nevada and originally called Mormon Station. At the Genoa Bar they will tell you how to find the emigrant road over Carson Pass. Follow the instructions and you will reach Highway 88, crossing Carson Pass at the California state line. Once over the pass, there was no set trail—roads fanned out to meet the flourishing mining camps. Most Carson Pass travelers were en route to Placerville, Volcano, or other southern mines. The roads in this area lead to mining camps entirely.

The Truckee River route followed U.S. 40 through Reno, Nevada, in trail days a great, rich grassy meadow over which the harrassed emigrants waxed enthusiastic. The Donner Memorial State Park is near Truckee, on the site of their winter camp. Highway and trail continue west past Donner Lake and over rugged Donner Pass. Between the villages of Cisco and Emigrant Gap, Route 20 branches right. Take this direction and follow the trail as it drops into Bear Valley through Emigrant Gap. Once through Bear Valley, the trail reached the Yuba River diggings, the end of the road for many emigrants. Some continued on to the mines at Nevada City and Grass Valley or to Sacramento and Sutter's Fort, still standing and a "must" for trail followers.

FROM THE RAFT RIVER fork where the Californians left the Oregonians, the trail continued down the south bank of the Snake River close to U.S. 30S. Beyond Twin Falls, the Thousand Springs gush out of the bank across the river. Soon after, the highway goes to the north bank. Near here emigrants crossed the Snake in makeshift ferries, though Glenns Ferry is the site of the more popular Three Island Crossing. Beyond Glenns Ferry the highway cuts out a great bend in the river, much as the trail did, and moves cross-country through an arid swath to Boise, Idaho.

From Boise use Route 44 to six miles beyond Parma, Idaho, and cross the Snake River to Nyssa, Oregon. Inquire there for the Cow Creek or emigrant road to Vale, Oregon. This section has retained the appearance of the past and ruts are everywhere visible. The grave of Henderson

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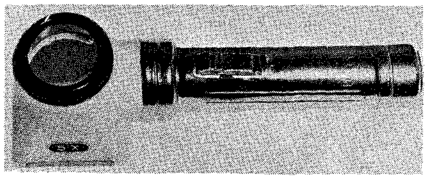

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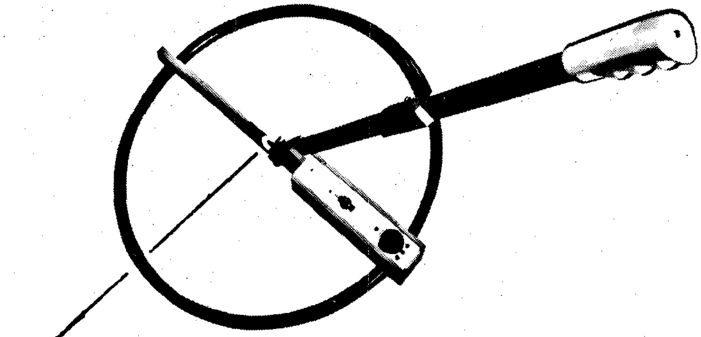

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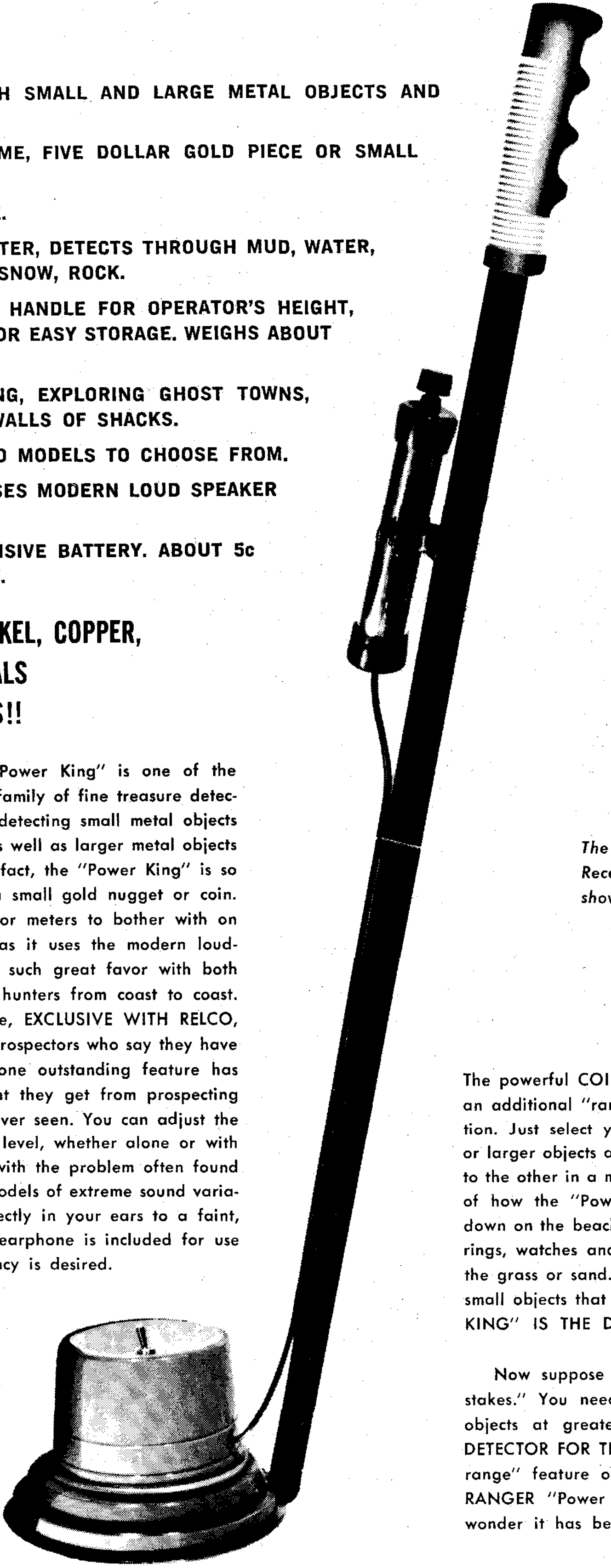

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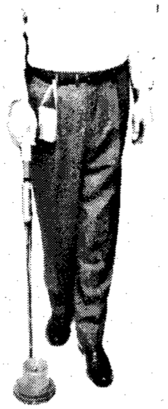

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who died of thirst is a mile out of Vale. The notable hot springs of emigrant diaries are at Vale, and the Malheur Butte rises among the onion fields on the road back to Highway 30.

Go northwest on U.S. 30, rejoining the trail at Farewell Bend. Here the trail and highway leave the river for the last time. Watch to the left for well-defined trail ruts.

U.S. 30 is a faithful replica of the trail moving through the valleys of the Burnt and Powder Rivers to the Grande Ronde Valley and the principal city of La Grande. Make a short detour at Pendleton to visit the Whitman Mission, turning right on Highway 11 to Walla Walla and left on Highway 410 to the mission site. Highway 410 will take you to the river; turn left on 730 and follow it to the junction at U.S. 30. Follow U.S. 30 to The Dalles, the boat terminus for those not using the Barlow Trail.

Return east from The Dalles three miles to continue with the wagon road, take Highway 197 south through Tygh Valley to Route 52, then turn right to join Highway 26 which goes along the Barlow wagon road. When you go through Barlow Pass and enter the Willamette Valley, you have reached the end of the trail.

The Intellectual Con-Man

(Continued from page 25)

ever, as soon as his boots were shined, he flung open the door and stalked up to the pair at the bar. Then he took a good hard punch at Lundin who didn't dare raise a hand to defend himself.

Moon turned to Wilson and sneered, "Do you want a taste of that, too?"

Wilson did not reply, but turned on his heel and headed for the door. Moon followed him, gesturing threateningly toward his gun and making abusive remarks. Clay had had enough. He had almost reached the door, when he suddenly spun around, whipped out his revolver and blazed away. His two shots hit Moon within one and one-half inches of each other, just below the heart.

Wild with rage and pain, Moon seized his opponent and the two men struggled around the barroom. All the while, Moon was clawing for his own pistol. Wilson fired again. The bullet went through Moon's pelvis and emerged from his thigh. He dropped to the floor. Wilson fired the last and fatal shot. It struck Jim Moon immediately below the right ear and passed through his neck.

By this time, people were milling around the door of the Arcade wondering who got shot. Those who knew were pushing and shoving to get a look at the defeated bully lying in a pool of blood near the wall opposite the bar, and at the man who'd had nerve enough to do him in.

Emma Moon was summoned. She came in the back door, nervously fingering the jeweled cross at her throat. No one could say she seemed overcome by grief as she viewed the body. Still, she was a gentle soul, and wept softly over the man who had been her husband. Then, holding a handkerchief to her lips, she whirled about and hurried away.

After the fracas, Clay Wilson made no attempt to escape. He quietly awaited the arrival of Police Chief Cook who took him in custody and relieved him of his Colt .45. If any search was made of his person or his room at that time, it failed to reveal any trace of the mysterious notebook. On June 20 Clay went on trial before Judge Sopris.

The daily paper had editorialized: "The *News* has no sympathy with murder or murderers. In this, as in cases of like nature, let the law take its course. Even if Moon deserved death for his offenses in the past or his danger in the present, Wilson must establish his warrant to act as his executioner."

Public opinion lay heavily on Wilson's side, and the courtroom was crowded. Most people were secretly jubilant at ridding the town of the obnoxious Mr. Moon. In fact, at the inquest, two of the coroner's jurors had wanted to exonerate Wilson completely.

Clay Wilson was probably the calmest person in the courtroom. He watched the flies buzzing lazily against the sunny windows. He surveyed each of the several witnesses, his gray eyes revealing nothing of what might be going on in his mind. When he was called to the stand, he spoke in a low, clear voice. He said Moon had been threatening him, although for a while he had thought the man was bluffing. And he readily admitted the killing.

The trial lasted two days. After hearing all the evidence, Judge Sopris was unwilling to take the responsibility of saying whether Wilson was innocent or guilty. He released the prisoner on $5,000 bail, and stated he would await action by the grand jury. For the first time Wilson's calmness seemed to desert him. His alarm was unfounded; in due course, the grand jury saw fit to acquit the accused on grounds of self-defense.

Following the killing and his acquittal, Clay Wilson became something of a local hero. His illegal activities frequently caused the police to invite him to move his headquarters elsewhere, but Clay's highly remunerative con game career blossomed as the rose. The authorities could never pin anything on him, no matter how they tried. He got the reputation of being a smooth operator, too clever to be caught.

Clay Wilson was an old man by the time the persistence of the police paid off. They got a conviction and clapped him into prison. That was when the law finally got a look at his little notebook. It was filled with entries in what appeared to be a mysterious code. What code? Was it a record of his crimes? Clay refused to tell. Finally it was sent off to be deciphered.

When the answer came, the authorities were flabbergasted. The notebook was a complete record of Wilson's crimes all right, but it wasn't written in code. Instead, being as he was—a genius turned criminal—Clay Wilson had neatly catalogued all his activities in Sanskrit.

The Strange Pay-Off

(Continued from page 13)

two years later brought his family out to the West Coast. At this time he was a fine-looking man, six feet tall, handsome, and well-proportioned. He wore a heavy beard and his dark, brooding eyes gave the impression that he was constantly worried, which he was not.

In California, Gridley tried his hand at journalism, banking, and the mail express business. His was the first mail express service to the upper regions northeast of Oroville. In 1860-62 Gridley's express route operated from Oroville to Honey Lake Valley, California, via Inskip and Humbug Valley. At Oroville it connected with Wells, Fargo and Company.

After the discovery of silver in Nevada, Gridley left California and settled in

Austin, Lander County, where he became senior partner in the firm of Gridley, Hobart and Jacobs.

THE Sanitary Commission was the forerunner of the American Red Cross. It had been organized in 1861 largely through the efforts of a New York clergyman, Doctor Henry W. Bellows, and a hundred influential New York women. Its function was the care of the sick and wounded among the troops of both sides in hospitals and prisons behind the Union lines. Its chief supporter in California was Thomas Starr King, a friend of Dr. Bellows.

Gridley had heard King speak in behalf of the Sanitary Commission many times, but his suggestion for auctioning the sack of flour for the benefit of the Commission seems to have been entirely unpremeditated.

The proposal was received with shouts and whistles of approval. A table was cleared of bottles and glasses and the beribboned flour sack was placed on it. The local auctioneer agreed to conduct the sale. Gridley himself then purchased it for $300. It was in his possession only a minute or so when a Republican bid $350 for it. The bidding went on with the "winner" paying the amount of his bid and "owning" the flour until somebody made a higher bid.

Something like a patriotic frenzy seized the crowd, which by this time was well vaccinated against snakebite and other mortal perils. Republicans bid against Democrats, miners against cowboys, landlords against mill owners, until all the twenty-dollar gold pieces in town were exhausted. Smaller coins were then accepted, and when they too ran out, somebody bid a town lot. A real estate man bought the lot at once.

Soon scrip, mining stock, and other negotiable securities were being accepted. By mid-afternoon almost $5,000 had been collected and Gridley still had his sack of flour. The procession then re-formed and paraded back to Austin, with Gridley the hero of the hour for having snatched victory from the jaws of defeat.

He sent the $5,000 to the Sanitary Commission in Washington and received a warm reply from Doctor Bellows: "The history of your sack of flour is undoubtedly more interesting and peculiar than any sack recorded, short of the 'sack of Troy,' and it would take another Homer to write it. I rejoice that you do not carry on your shoulders all the money it has made. . . . Allow me to congratulate you on your splendid success in our common cause. If it goes no further, it will make Reece River and Nevada shining parts of the history of our Sanitary Fund on the Pacific."

HOWEVER, it did go further. Gridley was invited to bring his sack of flour to Gold Hill and auction it off there. On May 16, 1864, he did so, with capitalists, speculators, prospectors, miners, and laborers all bidding up the price. The bidders were dubbed "The Army of the Lord" by the editor of the gold Hill *News*. When the sum of $5,225 had been reached, Gridley complimented Gold Hill for outdoing Austin. Cheering themselves to high heaven, the Army of the Lord marched to Silver City in the rain and held another auction there. From Silver City they proceeded to Dayton and from there to Virginia City.

There, in the capital of the Comstock Lode, Mr. Bonner, Superintendent of the Gould and Curry Mine, started the bidding with $3,500 to "raise Austin out of her boots." A total of $12,995 in coin was collected on the spot, plus a considerable amount of mining stock and a fine double-barreled shotgun. A final counting showed Washoe County adding $22,000 to the fund.

Gridley and his sack of flour became famous throughout the country. He sold and resold it in San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton, and, finally, in New York and other eastern cities. Every penny realized went to the Sanitary Commission—a total of approximately $275,000. Gridley paid all of his expenses out of his own pocket, and returned home broke as a result. His health had also been affected by his strenuous activities, and he found it necessary to leave Nevada for a more suitable climate.

Gridley came to Stockton, California, in 1866 without a dollar, being brought over the Sierra Nevada in a bed. Later, recovering somewhat, he became a partner of Henry Sargent in a grocery business on Hunter Street in Stockton. In 1868 he moved to Paradise, Stanislaus County, California, and operated a general store there until the time of his death in 1870. He was, says a eulogist, "too kindhearted to accumulate wealth; but he grew rich in kindly deeds and Christian grace."

As for the sack of flour, it never was made into pancakes, bread, pie crust or anything else, as far as can be ascertained. Gridley's old boyhood chum, Sam Clemens, wrote that he (Gridley) took the flour to the Sanitary Fair in St. Louis, where, after a final auction, it was made into small cakes which were sold for a dollar apiece. That would be a more romantic conclusion to the story of the travels of a sack of flour, but the evidence, alas, shows that this particular sack was given to the Nevada Historical Society on October 13, 1914, the 50th anniversary of Nevada's admission to statehood, Gridley's daughter, Mrs. Josephine Wood of Modesto, California, made the presentation. It can be seen today, ribbons and all, at the Nevada Historical Society Museum in Reno.

Gridley was buried in a section of the Stockton Rural Cemetery set aside for veterans of the Mexican War. For years his grave was marked only by a simple wooden board, but in 1882 the Rawlins Post Number 23 of the Grand Army of the Republic decided to erect a monument in his honor and to accumulate a fund for his family. One method used to raise money was the auctioning off of miniature sacks of flour at the San Joaquin Pioneer Society picnic at Goodwater Grove (Oak Park) where sixty-four people purchased the tiny bags.

The monument was dedicated on September 9, 1887. Today visitors to the little cemetery in Stockton may read a most fitting inscription:

"The Soldier's Friend"
Reuel C. Gridley
Born January 23, 1829
Died November 24, 1870
Erected by
Rawlins Post No. 23
Grand Army of the Republic
and the citizens of Stockton
September 9, 1887, in
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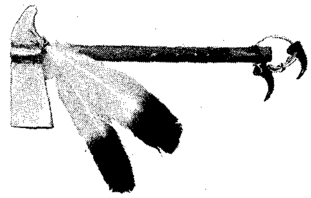

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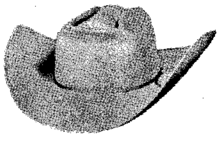

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Long before the turn of the century, this young man paused for a drink at the old village pump in Oberlin, Kansas.

Outrage At Oberlin

(Continued from page 20)

unearthly war whoops," O'Toole said. "They passed along the creek bank within twenty feet of us. Three of them rode down a cow path so close we could have reached out and touched them."

The terrified homesteaders watched while the Cheyennes destroyed the house. Feather beds were ripped open, the Indians laughing in glee as the feathers flew about. One tick mattress was ripped open and shaken into a well.

"Cows were shot full of arrows and pigs and chickens were killed," O'Toole added. "After destroying everything in sight, the Indians moved on, taking with them a team of horses. We remained concealed until after dark."

Forty of the settlers, thoroughly enraged, collected weapons and ammunition and gathered at the Keifer ranch. They planned to recover their stolen horses and to warn settlers farther north of their peril.

The forty men started on their expedition Tuesday morning, but they called it off when they discovered how grim and widespread was the toll from the raids. They felt compelled to turn their attention to the needs of the survivors, many of whom were wounded—and they gathered up the bodies. The victims were taken to a log schoolhouse in Oberlin. The dead were buried in a special plot in the town cemetery where, years later, a granite memorial was erected.

Henry Steffen, one of the first white children born in Decatur County, was four that September. His family had homesteaded southeast of Oberlin, in an area also settled by many immigrants from Eastern Europe. Steffen farmed on the old family place until 1946, when a son took over. Two victims of the Indian raid, Honock Janausek and his son, Paul, had taken a wagon load of flour from the Joseph Cilek farm, near the Steffen place, to Logan County. They were on their way home when they were ambushed and slain, their horses stolen.

Cilek knew that Steffen's father, Gus Steffen, was working as a Burlington railroad track foreman in Nebraska, and he realized that Mrs. Steffen and her four small children were alone at home. So, hearing of the Cheyennes' raids, Cilek hurried to the Steffen home. He gathered Mrs. Steffen and her children into a farm wagon with his own family and drove to a willow thicket. The frightened group remained there for three days.

"I have no actual memory of it," Steffen said several years ago. "But I can find that thicket to this day. Sometimes I go there and reflect on the changes that have occurred in my lifetime."

The greatest loss of life in any one location was at the farm of William Laing, where the father and three sons were slain in their fields. The boys were nineteen, seventeen, and fifteen. The Cheyennes threw Mrs. Laing and her two young daughters into their home, piled tepee poles against the house and set them afire. Mrs. Laing, half-conscious, managed to drag her two girls from the burning home, and they made their way to a neighbor's place. It may have been this pathetic family that Wise Wiggins saw when he awoke the next morning.

With that final outburst of savagery, Indian warfare in Kansas was over for all time. The Cheyennes never completed the long trek back to the Black Hills. Soldiers surrounded them in Nebraska near old Fort Robinson. In the battle that followed, fifty-five warriors died.

Chief Dull Knife escaped, as did Little Wolf. Both men fled north and joined their friends, the Sioux, and lived peaceably. Dull Knife died in his sleep in 1884 and is buried in Montana. Little Wolf is buried nearby.

The other Indian survivors of the Nebraska battle were returned to the Oklahoma reservation, a pathetic remnant of what had been a powerful and proud Indian nation only a few years before.

Big Hole Battlefield

(Continued from page 9)

white men's slowly diminishing ranks. Some of the less seriously wounded soldiers refused to leave the firing line until wounded again and compelled to quit.

With a detachment of twenty cavalrymen and Indian scouts, General Howard hastened to Gibbon's relief.

The Nez Percé chief had already sent the women and children and old men with the camp equipment toward the buffalo country, while his warriors held the soldiers pinned to that little patch of ground; and when his scouts warned him of Howard's approach, Joseph withdrew under cover of night. Just as the sun was setting, Captain Browning and his men came down the trail with the wagon-train, bringing ammunition and provisions that meant life to those famished men. That night the Indians fired a parting volley and left.

The next day, Gibbon sent burial details into the village to gather the dead. Those found, added to the men killed on the firing line, brought the total battle deaths to thirty-one. Twenty-five were soldiers, five were citizen volunteers, and one was the post scout, Henry Bostwick. Three of the casualties were officers: Captain William Logan, First Lieutenant James H. Bradley, and First Lieutenant William L. English. The latter had been mortally wounded and died later in Deer Lodge.

Gibbon had forty wounded, one of whom was himself; five were volunteers. This placed his total battle casualties at about thirty-five per cent. In searching the campsite and territory around the battlefield, the soldiers counted eighty-nine dead Indians—of whom only nineteen were Nez Percé fighting men. The killing of women and children in the attack on the village was unavoidable. Indian women fought savagely, and soldiers often had to kill them in self-defense. Those Nez Percé women were no exception, for they fought and died with their men, holding smoking rifles in their hands. Two wives of Chief Joseph and a daughter of Looking Glass were among the slain.

When General Howard who, with a small escort, had hastened ahead of his column, arrived on the eleventh, he found Gibbon sitting under a shelter of pine boughs, nursing his wound. After Howard's full force arrived on the morning of the thirteenth, Gibbon detached three officers and fifty men to accompany the general in pursuit of the Nez Percés, while he set out with his wounded and the battle-scarred remnant of his command for Deer Lodge, nearly a hundred miles away. Twelve miles from the battlefield he met a large party of settlers hastening to his relief with food and every comfort they could gather in a hurry.

MANY changes have undoubtedly taken place at the Big Hole Battlefield since I was there half a century ago; then the trenches, the rifle pit, the battle ravine, all were the same as when they sheltered those fighting men from Nez Percé guns. Almost every tree showed scars where relic hunters had chopped in their search for bullets before the ranger station was established, and one large pine had a hole cut entirely through the bole.

The shallow trenches and rifle pit which soldiers had scraped out with knives and bayonets had been changed very little by the passing years. The trees so hastily felled were still lying on top of the slight breastworks above the trenches, and the trunk and dead limbs of one large tree covered a shallow ravine that had sheltered a few men. Those defenses were woefully inadequate, with rifles cracking in the timber on all sides and bullets picking off comrades here and there, but they were the best those soldiers could do.

Keyes pointed out the position of the Indian village, but the creek bottom was so densely covered that it was impossible for him to say where Logan, Bradley and other men had died.

"If the soldiers hadn't climbed up here on this bench, not a man of that command would have lived to tell his grandchildren about it," Keyes commented as he pointed out the willow brush which was as thick as it had been on that morning when Gibbon's little army stormed into the Nez Percé village. It had been raining the night before, and we could see that the river bottom was covered with mud and water, probably not unlike its condition on the day of the battle.

Along the edge of the battleground, at the top of the slope down to the river, a row of mounds marked where fighting men were buried on the field. There was something very pathetic about those graves of "Unknown Soldiers" for, with the exception of officers, no record had been made of the men buried in each grave.

Only a few days before my visit, Ranger Keyes had found the skull of a soldier lying beside a grave, but whose it was he never knew for the graves were unmarked. It had been dug up by a pair of badgers whose young lives were cut short by the ranger's rifle.

A large granite monument, weighing six tons, was erected on the battlefield in 1883 by the United States Army in memory of the men who fought and died there. Cut in Concord, New Hampshire, it was shipped by rail to Dillon, Montana, and hauled the last eighty miles by oxen.

In 1910 it was necessary to completely cover it with a heavy iron cage, strong enough to hold a raging grizzly bear, to protect it from those who seem to take pride in defacing public monuments, even though at that time the Big Hole Battlefield was still far removed in the Montana wilderness. Names of the officers, soldiers and civilians who died there are inscribed.

Killed
Captain William Logan
1st Lieut. James H. Bradley
1st Lieut. William L. English
1st Sergt. Robert L. Edgeworth, Co. G.
1st Sergt. Frederick Stortz, Co. K.
Sergt. Michael Hogan, Co. I.
Sergt. William H. Martin, Co. G.
Sergt. William W. Watson, Co. F.
Corporal William N. Payne, Co. D.
Corporal Robert E. Sale, Co. G.
Corporal Daniel McCaffrey, Co. I.
Corporal Dominick O'Conner, Co. G.
Corporal Jacob Eisenhut, Co. D.
Musician Michael Gallagher, Co. D.
Musician Thomas Stinebaker, Co. K.
Artificer John Kleis, Co. K.
Private Matthew Butterly, Co. E.
Private William D. Pomeroy, Co. G.
Private James McGuire, Co. F.
Private John O'Brien, Co. G.
Prviate Gottlob Maus, Co. G.
Private G. McKindra L. Drake, Co. H.
Private Herman Broetz, Co. I.
Private John B. Smith, Co. A.
Sergt. Edward Page, Co. L., 2nd Cavalry.
H. S. Bostwick, Post Guide at Fort Shaw.
Citizen Volunteers.
L. G. Elliott, John Armstrong,
David Morrow, Alvin Lockwood,
Campbell Mitchell.

(Continued on next page)

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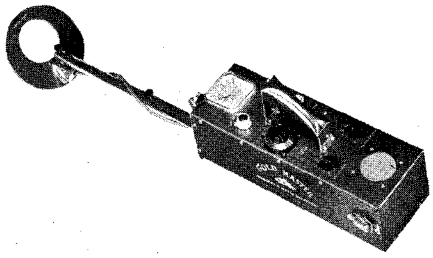

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FROM A COPY of the original letter of Lieutenant J. L. Van Orsdale, Captain Logan's son-in-law, kindly sent to me by Jack R. Williams, Acting Superintendent of the Big Hole Battlefield National Monument, it is stated that in compliance with an order, the Lieutenant left the post near Missoula for the battlefield on September 20, 1877, with a detail of eight enlisted men to rebury the dead. He found that fourteen, including Captain Logan and Lieutenant Bradley, had been disinterred. The officers had been scalped, showing that Indians as well as wolves and other animals had been at work.

Just who was guilty was not ascertained, but Howard and McGrath in *War Chief Joseph* express the opinion that it may have been a war party of Bannocks, known to have been in the region at the time, or possibly Bannock scouts attached to Howard's command. All were reburied with the exception of Captain Logan, whose remains were taken to Deer Lodge and temporarily interred in the cemetery; but according to all records Bradley was left on the battlefield, and as far as I have been able to learn, he is still there with his men.

Captain Logan was later removed to the Custer Battlefield National Cemetery, where he lies among other heroes of the Indian wars in the old Northwest.

The loss of two rings, cut by a Nez Percé from a finger of Captain Logan after the Battle of the Big Hole, and their recovery by Logan's son, many years later, is vividly described by H. M. Shoebotham in a special edition of *The Billings Gazette*, Saturday, May 11, 1963. The following is taken from Mr. Shoebotham's account.

When Logan came to this country from Ireland he settled in Florida, where he served as Master of a Masonic lodge. Whether he joined in Ireland or this country is not known. He could not have been in Florida many years, for records show that he enlisted in the United States Army in 1850. At any rate, when he left Florida, the members of the lodge presented him with a gold band ring covered with Masonic emblems.

The other was a seal ring with the family crest engraved on a violet colored stone, which had been handed down in the family for generations, and was given to Logan by his father when he left his native land.

For several years after the battle, Mrs. Logan, then living in Helena, tried to recover the rings by advertising in the *Army and Navy Journal* and in territorial newspapers, but without success. They had disappeared completely.

Mr. Shoebotham relates that some three years after the Battle of the Big Hole, a Nez Percé killed by Blackfeet near the Canadian border, wore the seal ring. It passed from hand to hand among the Blackfeet until it finally came into the possession of a trapper. One day when the latter was in Fort Benton, Billy Todd, who knew the story of the rings and was an old friend of Captain Logan, saw the seal band on the trapper's finger, and bought it. Then he sent it to the commanding officer of Cantonment Badlands on the Missouri River (north of Dakota), with the request that it be sent to Mrs. Logan. The C. O. dispatched the missing ring to Mrs. Logan in Helena.

For twenty-three years all trace of the Masonic ring was lost until one day in 1900, William R. Logan, a son of Captain Logan, noticed a band ring on a finger of a Piegan squaw who came into his office at the Blackfoot Agency to lodge a complaint. Always on the lookout for his father's long lost ring, Logan recognized the badly worn outlines of Masonic emblems when he examined it. He purchased the ring and turned it over to his mother.

The squaw told him how it came into her possession. Some time after the Battle of the Big Hole, a Piegan hunting party met a band of Nez Percés, and several Indians of both tribes were killed in the ensuing battle. A dead Nez Percé wore the Masonic ring, which a Piegan warrior cut from his finger. The Piegan wore the ring until his death, and then the squaw from whom Logan purchased it, inherited it. She was probably his wife.

It is possible that this was the same Nez Percé who had cut the rings from Captain Logan's finger. He may have had both rings, and the seal ring may have been appropriated by another Piegan warrior.

LIEUTENANT JAMES H. BRADLEY'S eleven years of Indian fighting in Wyoming and Montana began when he accompanied Colonel Carrington's expedition to establish Forts Phil Kearney and C. F. Smith along the Bozeman Trail for protecting emigration and shipments of supplies to the Montana mines.

Bradley's first engagement with Indians was probably the fight with the Sioux at Crazy Woman Fork of the Powder River, a few miles south of present-day Buffalo, Wyoming. On this occasion he was with a detachment of the 18th Infantry composed of twenty-one men and officers with seven wagons and two ambulances, commanded by Lieutenant A. H. Wands. They had left Fort Reno on July 20, 1866, to join Colonel Carrington, who had gone in advance to built Fort Phil Kearny. With Wands' column were three women, one of whom was his wife, her colored servant, and five children.

Sergeant F. M. Fessenden in Hebard and Brininstool's *The Bozeman Trail*, gives an account of what occurred at Crazy Woman Fork. Lieutenant N. P. Daniels rode ahead in search of a good campground, and as the column started down a hill, his horse came running back, riderless, with the saddle turned, and several Indians in pursuit.

The soldiers scattered the Sioux with a well directed fire, and then rushed down the hill where they formed a hollow square corral with the women and children inside. With only twenty-one defenders against about 160 Indians, the wagontrain seemed doomed. A chief on a hill, directing his warriors with a white flag, was shot at long range by Lieutenant Link with a sixteen shot Henry rifle. After the fall of their leader, the Indians retired to a grove of timber along the stream, and the soldiers decided to seek a better defensive position.

Before they could carry out this plan, the enemy came blazing at them from the timber, and after some sharp fighting, the soldiers gained the top of the hill, where they again formed a hollow square. Some of the men dug rifle pits. Fessenden said later that "it began to look as if it were all off with our brave little party."

Sighting a dust cloud on the horizon, they were afraid that more Indians were coming but it proved to be the wagontrain of Hugh Kirkendall returning to Fort Reno. That alone, according to Fessenden, saved them from becoming the principal actors in a Sioux scalping party. That night two volunteers got through to Fort Reno, and by daylight Lieutenant Kirtland arrived with a company of infantry and a mountain howitzer.

Hugh Kirkendall, whose timely arrival saved this little party from extermination, was the same Hugh Kirkendall who was wagonmaster of Colonel Gibbon's wagontrain at the Big Hole.

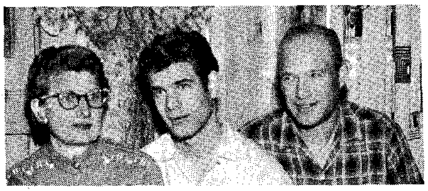
ALVIN LOCKWOOD was one of the citizen volunteers who lost his life in the battle. In a letter from Mr. Gard Lockwood, of Corvallis, Montana, he informed me that the Lockwood brothers, Alvin and Myron, were both with Gibbon. Alvin was mortally wounded during the fight in the river bottom, and lay helpless until found by his brother during the retreat. Alvin insisted that Myron leave him, which the latter was forced to do, and his body was later found by the burial detail. According to family tradition, he was buried in a long trench with other dead. Shortly after the battle the body of Alvin Lockwood was moved to the cemetery at Corvallis and reburied in the family lot.

Myron Lockwood was crippled for life by a shot in one hip. *The Battlefield Trail Guide* states that some of Chief Toolhoolzote's wild young men, in passing through the Bitterroot Valley, rifled Myron Lockwood's cabin of some provisions, but when Chief Looking Glass heard of this he made them leave three good horses in Lockwood's field as payment.

Editor's Note: Through D. E. Warren of Moscow, Idaho, we have secured a letter written by a pioneer of Salmon City, describing the Nez Percé uprising from the viewpoint of the settlers. The author of the letter, W. H. Falkner, says he wrote letters to everyone and told them all the news "except about our Indian scare last summer there was some fun and a heap of fuss, I reserved that for you and will have to get another sheet to write it on."

"WELL to begin with about the 7th of July they got (the people) an Indian scare or thought the Indians was coming into the valley to kill, burn and destroy everything before them. So they went to work and built a stockade, (I don't know whether you know what that is or not, if you was to see this one, I don't think you would know what it is.) in Salmon City and all the families for 20 miles around about once a week would "Scare" to town, we was righ(t) in the midst of haying, and live ten miles from town. We kept a team either in the wagon or the stable that we could drive to town any time in an hour. I believe Sam's folk went to town four times and the longest stay they made was four days at any one time. I staid at home and between their runs we got our hay all up in good shape. they keept it up untill about 12(th) of August when we got the news of the "Big Hole battle" that was fought about forty miles from here. I was away from home that day in the evening when I came home there was nobody here but Sam.

"Well says he what are you going to do now. Says I they (the Indians) are getting rather close. I think I will Scout a little. We Saddled a horse a piece and went to town that night, got a company of 20 Scouts. Next morning started toward the battle field, Scouting our way as we went. during the day a courier reached us that the Indians that morning came into the Valley 50 miles above Salmon City at the junction we went back to town got about 20 more men and started



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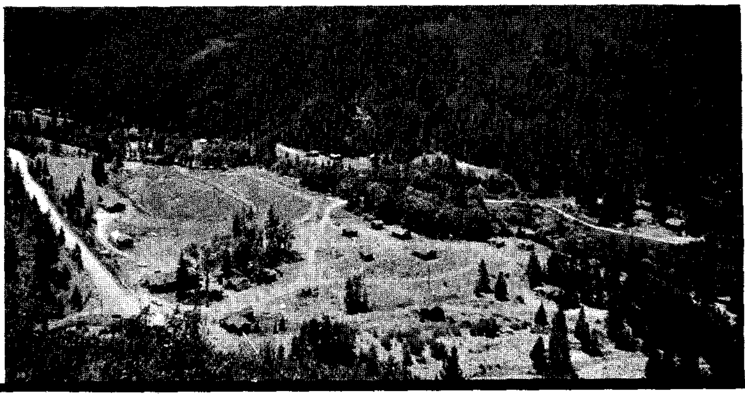

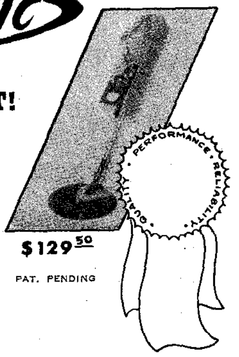

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again about day light, Slept none that night and keept traveling for 8 day, and nights you might say I had but one Square nights Sleep in the time, the rest was a few minutes at a time or in the Saddle as we rode along. and that we know of was never nearer than 20 mile of an Indian they were traveling all the time right away from us. They done no harm in the Valley of Lemhi but on Horse Prairie they killed 5 men Some. Old friends of mine one Old partner Wm. Farnsworth. (Smith will know him) and on Birch creek they killed 5 men and burned 8 wagon 100 miles from Salmon City loaded with freight for this place, there was three teamsters and two passengers.

"The teamsters were old friends of mine. (Smith may know them) Albert (or Alvert) Green, Jas. Hayden, and Dan Combs. all had lived here for ten years and were good men. We followed the Inds untill we came to where the wagons was burned and one mule killed, hunted around and found the boddies, They were badly used up some shot, anothe(r) Stabed, another with his head mashed all to pieces. We buried them there, four in one grave and one by Him-Self, where they laid untill the 3d of the Month when I and three other men took two teams with four coffins went out, (the coldest weather we have had got our three friends and one Strange(r) that was in one grave, brought them in 100 miles, and two weeks ago today gave them a christian burial.

"Such is our loss from the Indians. but it is late and I must stop.

Love to all, W. H. Falkner"

"Adios, Amigo"

(Continued from page 21)

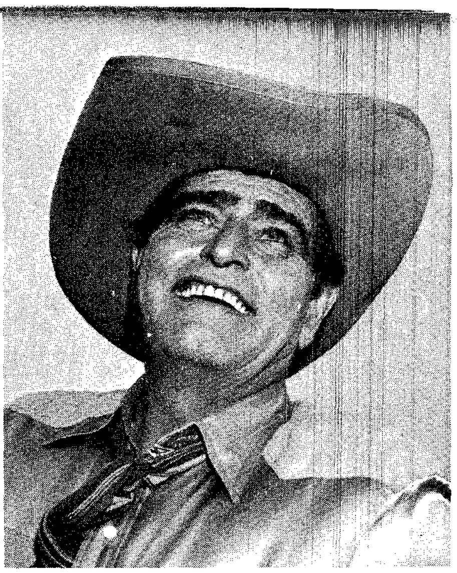
frowned upon any mistreatment of the animals, or anything that could be interpreted as such. If an agent of the society were suspected of being in the audience, the cowboys would wrap their spurs with cloth so as not to draw blood from any of the livestock they might ride.

Once, during a rodeo, Jack broke a steer's head to save another cowboy's life. He saved his friend's life, but it brought the Humane Society down on Hoxie and cost him a heavy fine!

In addition to his moving picture roles, Hoxie also became a star of his own circus and Wild West show. He was a headliner at other periods of his life with the Kit Carson and Buffalo Ranch Shows, the Sparks Show, the famous 101 Ranch Wild West Show and others. He toured this country, Canada and Mexico making personal appearances.

HORSES were Jack's life; he had twenty-five of them when he was with Universal Pictures. He naturally had the traditional and beautiful white horse, and Scout was more than just an ordinary piece of horse-flesh. He had been trained by Jack's half-brother, Walter Stone, and had a whole repertoire of tricks which he performed in movies and shows. Jack acquired Scout as a yearling in 1917, and this famous horse remained a favorite until its death in 1939 or 1940.

Jack Hoxie had many real life adventures that would have done credit to any of his Western movie thrillers. About 1933 Jack had a dude ranch called Broken Arrow at Hereford, Arizona. It was a regular cattle ranch open to guests. It was here that Jack kept his horses and dogs that he used in the making of his pictures or in circus work.



Jack Hoxie shortly before his death

During the time Jack wasn't making pictures or personal appearance tours, he would be working his trick horses. He had seven of them, all identical.

It was from Broken Arrow that Scout was kidnapped. Jack Hoxie is probably the only Western star who ever had his horse stolen.

One day as Jack was checking his remuda, he discovered Scout missing and a broken-down sorrel standing in his place. Jack traced Scout into Mexico. With the aid of the Mexican police he eventually recovered his horse, but it took five days. Scout was in very bad shape, having been abused until it was doubtful if he could recover. Only Jack's determined care and doctoring pulled him through.

Perhaps the highlight of Jack's career was with the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch Wild West Show of Ponca City, Oklahoma. He re-enacted various scenes from his movies with his co-star, Dixie Starr, his famous horse, Scout, and of course his old pal, Bunkie. Hoxie's acts always included trick riding and shooting, at which he was most adept.

Jack recalled one amusing experience with the 101 Ranch Show brought about by Colonel Zack Miller's suggestion for a new entrance. Zack wanted Hoxie to come riding in, with a gun in each hand and the reins in his teeth. Jack wasn't too much in favor of this but just couldn't refuse the Colonel. So Jack made his grand entrance astride Scout. The horse raced across the arena and stopped just short of the fence, almost bucking Jack off. Then Scout whipped around and raced back with Jack barely holding on. By that time both of his guns had gone flying in opposite directions. As they passed Zack Miller, the good Colonel almost fell off a wagon tongue laughing. Jack was lying crossways on the saddle—not a very dignified way for a cowboy star to be riding.

IN THE COURSE of his career, Jack met and associated with many famous personalities. Naturally, he had his favorites. Will Rogers was one such person. Jack taught Will how to do the drunken ride on a horse. William S. Hart, a well remembered old-time Western movie hero was Jack's favorite Western star.

Jack's prized personal mementoes were virtually all destroyed in a fire at Broken Arrow. One relic that escaped was a saddle owned by Pancho Villa. Jack and Tom Mix went down into Mexico to get some background photographs for their movies and were invited to be Pancho's guests. Both were given presents by the old general and that is how Jack came to be the proud possessor of Villa's saddle. Another possession that Jack was extremely proud of was a matched pair of Colt New Service revolvers, caliber .45, silver-plated, engraved, and with pearl grips. He also had two Colt Frontier guns, one of which he gave to his wife, Bonnie, and the other to me.

Jack Hoxie was never "retired." He made personal appearances and received reams of fan mail from a host of friends who had never forgotten him. At the time of his death, he was writing his memoirs.

Jack Hoxie was one of the Hollywood stars who believed he had a responsibility to his public. They saw him on the screen as a rugged, admirable, honest man, and he tried, in real life, to be the same sturdy person as the characters he portrayed. He was a rugged piece of the pattern he help to make—the pattern of the West—Hollywood's version, but still a part of the saga.

Were There 2 Buffalo Bills?

(Continued from page 35)

One "incident" that could only have involved him and Cody occurred when they stopped at a farmhouse one night just as the farmer's wife was trying to catch a chicken. His "friend" jokingly invited him to show his skill with his revolver. DeVeny drew down on the chicken and by accident shot its head off. After that he never again had to prove his skill.

In 1861 DeVeny migrated to Portland and opened the first chiropodist parlor west of the Rockies. The business was successful, and for a time there were six members of his family in the business—his two daughters, three sons, and himself. The office was located in the Corbett Building for forty years. In 1945 the practice was purchased from the DeVeny heirs by Dr. Hans Lee Pearce who still operates it under the original name.

Cody and DeVeny probably met as boys back in Nebraska—most likely confronting each other in surprise on some dusty frontier street one day—and then after Cody became famous, they started the masquerade like a couple of lovable scalawags working both sides of the street at the same time.

Research indicates that DeVeny filled some of Cody's western engagements. A Buffalo Bill buggy was kept in Portland with a matched team exactly like the one used in the show. When an engagement was coming up, Cody would wire DeVeny. Buffalo Bill visited Portland a number of times, but he and his friend were seldom seen or photographed together.

Not even the surviving relatives of DeVeny are sure of what the two old rascals were up to, but whatever it was, they kept the secret to the very end.

Walt Coburn's Tally Book

(Continued from page 17)

"I'll wait till you kill your first breed, George," Old Tex spoke in a lazy drawl. "Then I'll take his."

Another time, some dude who had gone into the cattle-raising business claimed that Old Tex was butchering his beef. He showed up at Rocky Point one evening in winter with the stock inspector. Old Tex fed them big thick T-bone steaks that night and the next morning.

The stock inspector wanted to look at the hide that went with the meat they

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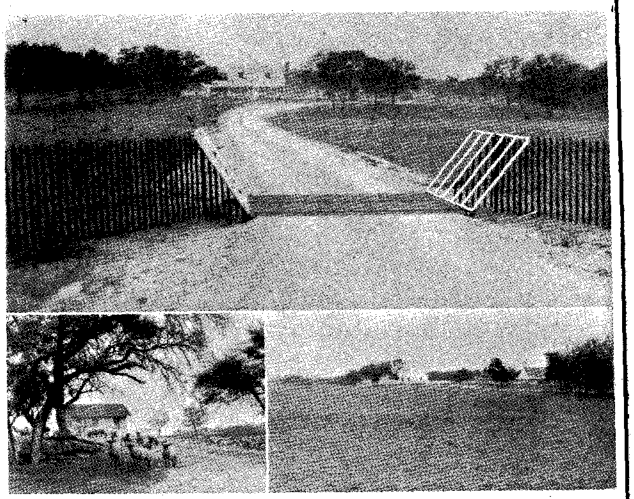

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had had for supper and breakfast. Old Tex told them to saddle their horses. He rode along with them down the frozen river a mile or so to where there was a big open airhole in the ice, and pulled up.

"Kin you dive, George?" asked Old Tex, a twinkle in his puckered eyes.

I was all alone at the Rocky Point line camp, wintering cattle, when Old Tex rode up on his flea-bitten gray. He had come to see how I was getting along and figured on staying for a few weeks with me. One evening a newcomer from across the river rode over to visit. He was a big, loud-mouthed, know-it-all kind of homesteader nester. The talk got around to flood time and how high the water ever got. Tex said the high-water mark had left a rim on the lone pine on the high bald clay butte and there were petrified fish and oysters there to prove it. The nester laughed derisively and cut Tex a hard look, and the talk died out in the cabin. The nester pulled on his fur cap and coat and went back home. Next morning after breakfast Old Tex pulled out.

"I thought you were going to stay on for a few weeks more, Tex," I said.

"There's too damned much argument around here." He spat tobacco juice in the snow and rode back to Rocky Point.

I knew Old Tex when I was a kid and he was white-bearded then. I reckon he's dead now. And even if the waters of the Fort Peck Dam had not backed as far as Rocky Point to cover it as one of the great landmarks, I still never want to go back. I want to remember it as it was. A log cabin, sod-roofed saloon, where we drank whiskey out of battered tin cups. Old Tex and his flea-bitten gray cowhorse and the water spaniel he called Sherlock Holmes' Hell Hound. Where Kid Curry and the Wild Bunch drank whiskey with Old Tex. The frozen river, or in the summertime the muddy smell of the riverbanks and the wild roses in bloom. The slap of a beaver tail in the moonlight, or the boom of a horned owl. Rocky Point Crossing on the Missouri River where men like the members of the Wild Bunch, who heard the owl hoot, were always welcome. I want to remember it all as it was then.—Walt

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Siesta Town

(Continued from page 34)

event usually lasts from Saturday afternoon until Sunday afternoon. There is always a colorful parade, and music all day . . . in the Plaza, in private homes, and in places of business.

The big event of the Fiesta is a Saturday night dance. At this time a Queen is chosen. This is the time to which the young girls around La Mesilla look forward with delight and anticipation.

On Sunday morning a special Mass is held in the beautiful Church of San Albino, which stands at the western end of the Plaza.

At noon there is a bountiful feast of roast beef, barbecued lamb, frijoles, and other delicious Mexican and American food. Everyone is welcome.

This is really Fiesta as only the Mexican people know it. Fortunate is the visitor who happens to be in La Mesilla on this day. He will have many happy memories to cherish.

"This," he will say, "is the West as I've always pictured it."

Wagon Ride To Death

(Continued from page 16)

signed to help Carrol buy the land through future labor for Hawkins. Hawkins also bought some personal property of Lincoln at this time, paying $150.00 in cash.

These cash transactions by a normally more or less insolvent man looked interesting. Were there more of them? The investigators redoubled their efforts.

The search was rewarding. First, they learned at the Freedom store that the man had made an abrupt change from buying in small amounts on credit to larger purchases for cash. Frank Vernam, the Freedom merchant-postmaster, said this had started in January. Then, in April, he had bought a $30.00 bicycle for his son and a $22.50 sewing machine for his wife. Vernam said Hawkins was carrying a large roll of bills at the time of this last purchase. Though it was an unprecedented circumstance, he supposed the money was merely from the sale of farm produce.

Much the same reaction met the payment of a note in Bartley and a three-year-old doctor bill in Cambridge. Hawkins' ready cash also bought a team of horses at Stockville, in January, as well as a buggy and cultivator from the Babcock Implement Company, in Bartley, not long afterward.

In addition, he bought a second team at Arapahoe, and spent the night with his brother-in-law, J. W. Snouer, on the way home with this purchase. Under stiff questioning, Snouer testified that Hawkins had considerable money with him at the time. In fact, he admitted spying on the other through a stable window. Hawkins, believing himself unobserved, had been sorting a large stack of bills into two packets on the floor of an empty stall.

Guy Moniarity, of Cambridge, likewise testified that he had seen Hawkins carrying a large roll of bills in McCook early that spring. He described the roll as being about the size of his wrist.

Altogether, it seemed like considerable opulence for a man supposed to be hard put to make ends meet.

STILL, there was nothing conclusive about it. Hawkins insisted the money was the proceeds from his 1897 crop. A rough estimate credited him with having raised seven or eight hundred bushels of wheat and a like amount of corn. He had also sold a dozen or so hogs weighing between one and two hundred pounds. At the then current price of 55 cents per bushel for wheat, 44 cents for corn and $3.35 per hundred for hogs, the net would be a tidy sum, even after expenses were deducted.

Maybe the man was as innocent as he claimed. None of his close associates, including Conklin and Carrol, had displayed any suspicious wealth. Neither had there been any evidence to refute the story of parting with Jansen the night of December 13. It left the investigation at something of an impasse. Summer had already dragged on through most of July without developing any definite conclusion.

Bradbury, however, clung to the belief that the secret lay with Hawkins. His urging sparked the decision to put an undercover man on the job. Accordingly, the young fellow who appeared as a drifting farm hand managed to secure a transient harvest job with the suspect.

Meanwhile, an event so fantastic as to be almost beyond belief arose to add a bizarre fillip to the case. This started when the sheriff received word that

Hawkins, with Reuben Conklin and one of his brothers, had made an apparently aimless trip to North Platte. Such a long drive without visible purpose seemed worth investigating.

They first called on Reuben Conklin, then living six miles west of Stockville. The man at first maintained that he knew nothing about Hawkins' business. His brother, Emory, had been with the latter, and he had merely ridden with them as far as Curtis, where he had employment with a man named Jerry Hinton. That was all.

Conklin, however, was somewhat backward in both speech and wits. Under the press of extended cross-questioning, the investigation was able to piece together a story that verged on the incredible.

Conklin, it appeared, had been at Mrs. Hawkins' place earlier. There he overheard his brother and Hawkins plan a trip to North Platte. The object of the journey was to kill some tramp, bring him down into the Stockville country, and pass him off as the confessed murderer of Jansen. Their idea was a play for the reward money. He, himself, didn't want any truck with such a complicated proposition, so he had gone back to his harvest job and left them to work out their own problem.

The fact that their informant wasn't the type for elaborate flights of fancy was all that persuaded them to put any credence in the yarn. As it was, they were stepping rather gingerly when they bore down on Emory Conklin.

But their luck held. The latter soon melted under pressure. His claim, however, was that the scheme was all Hawkins'. In fact, he thought the other was somewhat off his rocker. He had simply gone along to keep the man out of trouble. That was why he had persuaded Hawkins to spend the night at his brother William's place, eighteen miles south of North Platte, and then insisted that William and another brother, Elijah, accompany them on to the railroad town the following day.

William Conklin, Hawkins' step-son-in-law, told substantially the same story. The older man, he said, had propositioned the three brothers to help him garner the Jansen reward. North Platte, as a division point on the Union Pacific Railroad, was a popular stopping place for hoboes. Hawkins had the idea of killing some unidentifiable bindle-stiff and transporting him south to a suitable spot, with the brothers backing up his story of having captured the murderer after a fight and getting his confession before he died.

"Craziest thing I ever heard of," averred Conklin. "He even had it figgered he'd prop the stiff up in the wagon seat, stick a pipe in his mouth, pull a hat down over his eyes, and haul him home in plain sight. I was plumb scared he was loco enough to do it; maybe even kill one of us. That's why we all went along till we talked him out of it."

How much truth this story contained is uncertain, but something did upset the murder plans, if such was actually intended. The four men stayed in a body while in North Platte, spending most of their time in Liang's Saloon. The only extraneous incident was Hawkins' purchase of a newspaper at the printing office. As none of the party could read, they had taken it to A. F. Blankenburg's Harness Store.

Blankenburg was acquainted with the Conklins and knew of Hawkins. While the former contemplated buying a bridle, Hawkins asked the merchant to see if there was anything in the paper about a reward for three or four men who had ridden out of Indianola with Thomas Jansen the preceding winter.

As the paper proved barren of the desired information, the men immediately left. They were seen headed toward home soon afterward.

Nothing about the affair made sense. The authorities were undetermined whether it was a clever scheme to confuse the investigation or simply a backward mind hoping to take advantage of circumstances to pull a fast one. In either case, Hawkins had managed to crowd himself farther into the limelight.

ON THE HEELS of this, the suspect fired his new hired man. "He was a good enough worker," Hawkins told a friend, who chided him for losing the best hand he ever had, "but it was some sort of an act. The s-o-b was an educated jasper; an' no educated man'd shovel bundles for a dollar a day. I figgered he was some sort of a detective snoopin' on somebody 'round the neighborhood."

All of which was an oversized flash of reasoning heretofore missing from the scene.

The special agent's report was brief. Hawkins' suspicions had shaken him out of the tree before he had started climbing. However, he recommended investigation of an old well in the canyon north of Hawkins' place. It appeared to have been filled recently with straw and manure—a decidedly strange material for such a purpose. Hawkins had been queerly reluctant about any allusion toward the place. As a matter of fact, the detective believed his off-hand questions about the well, rather than his education, had caused the dismissal.

Was Hawkins a genius, a madman or a fool? Or did he have no connection whatever with the affair? It seemed impossible that anyone save a very smart performer could have disposed of Jansen and so cleverly covered his tracks. Hawkins' actions, in contrast, displayed all the crudity of a zero intellect. The North Platte incident could have been either a crafty diversion effort or the crackpot working of a fogged mind. The heavy spending suggested ill-gotten gains on one hand and the natural reactions of an underprivileged farmer suddenly blessed by nature's bounty on the other. Would the new lead prove to be only another two-faced joker?

The well in question was a couple of miles north of Hawkins' home. It was on the land Carrol had bought from Lincoln, via Hawkins, on January 19, and lay in the bottom of a canyon a half-mile from the Rawlins place, on which Carrol lived. A north-and-south neighborhood road ran through the canyon to provide access to the main Indianola Road. It passed perhaps fifteen feet from the well.

But it was the material used for filling the hole that had excited the detective's interest. Old dug wells were habitually filled with well-settled earth; not some quickly decayable matter which would soon disintegrate and leave a death trap for unwary man or livestock. This expedient had all the appearance of someone being in a hurry, unable to wait for the deeply-frozen ground of mid-winter to thaw.

The thing, now, was to locate that someone. As usual, the trail led to Hawkins. Several of his neighbors had seen, or heard of, the man's queer method of well filling. Then it was discovered that George Hudson, a Stockville liveryman, had driven to Hawkins' place in February, in connection with a proposed trade

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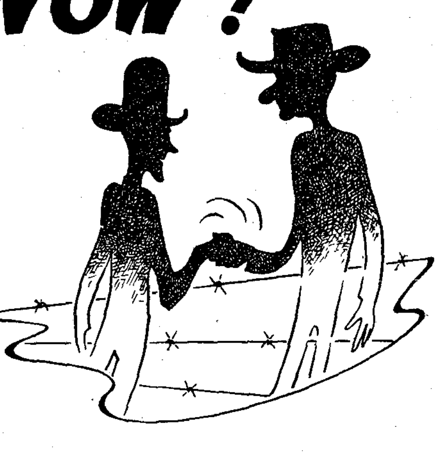

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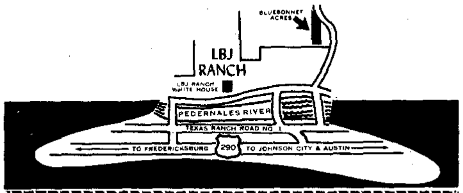

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for the latter's farm. Robert Richey, a friend, had accompanied Hudson on the trip.

These men concurred in their statements that they had followed the canyon road to reach Hawkins' place. They had not seen the well, although they had met Hawkins and his son with a load of manure a short distance below it. The boy had stayed with the manure wagon while Hawkins conducted his visitors back to inspect the property in question. Hawkins, they stated, had made some vague reference at the time to filling up an old well.

The date of this incident was established as February 15 by Hudson's son, John. He provided a record of some horse feed deliveries made while he was in charge of the barn during his father's absence.

The ensuing notice focused on the well brought a voluntary statement from A. Y. Lincoln. He said he had been through the canyon sometime in mid-December, checking on some hay he had stacked there. He still owned the property at that time. On this occasion, he had noted where a fresh wagon track had swung away from the road to pass within a foot of the well. His offhand conjecture had been that someone had used that means of disposing of some junk—a common practice in the neighborhood. Carrol had bought the place shortly afterward, and the incident had been forgotten.

This brought Carrol into the picture, but he stoutly denied any connection with the affair. Nor was there any proof ever offered that he had assisted Hawkins. He did admit, however, and quite frankly, that Hawkins had discussed the matter with him in January or February. The latter had insisted that the well was a livestock menace and was determined to fill it immediately. Moreover, he claimed it was Hawkins' persuasion that had induced him to fence the canyon road and to post no-trespassing signs soon afterward. The road closing was defended as an effort to keep out certain undesirable neighbors.

Perhaps it was. There had been some friction with a nearby land-owner. The significant fact, though, was that everything contrived as usual to spotlight Hawkins as the central figure.

BUT DID the final answer lie in the well? The authorities were beginning to look on it as their last trump. They inspected the place on August 8 and immediately started hauling out the straw and manure. The hole was about 4 feet in diameter and 130 feet deep.

Carrol came by shortly after they began work on the well. It was then about 11 A.M. He stopped only long enough to see what was going on, then continued on to Peterson's ranch where Hawkins was working.

Warren Latham, one of the crew then threshing at Peterson's, said Carrol arrived there during the noon hour and drew Hawkins aside for a hurried conference. Both men worked at the thresher that afternoon, then departed together, going toward Hawkins' place.

Hawkins failed to return to work the following day. Someone reported he had gone to Cambridge or McCook. It was indicated he had gone to hire a lawyer. His brother-in-law, Snouer, was later quoted as having advised him not to hire a lawyer before he was even arrested. True or not, such a move had all the earmarks of a typical Hawkins gesture.

Meanwhile, work at the well continued. The afternoon of the 9th saw the last of the manure removed and the body of a dead man exposed. The corpse was partly buried, head down, in the mucky well bottom. A large rock lay on top of it, evidently dropped later from the surface. The heavy seal of soggy manure had delayed decomposition enough that identification was easy.

A hastily assembled coroner's jury met at the well the following morning. Jansen's body, exposed to the air those several hours, was found to be in a rather delicate condition. Raising it as an undamaged unit, with only the makeshift equipment available, appeared problematical. It was decided to first secure the identifying head alone as a safety measure. Accordingly, Frank Green, a local youth, descended into the well and decapitated the body with a corn knife. The undamaged head was safely raised to the surface in a half-bushel basket padded with sacks. The rest of the body followed later in a crude sling.

Examination by County Coroner, Dr. E. S. Case, disclosed a fracture at the base of the skull. The only other injury was some broken ribs, where the rock had fallen on the body. Obviously there had been nothing accidental about the death. This was made more evident by the fact that the man's watch and money-bag were missing, and both of his shoes had been removed. One shoe was found under the body and the other on top of it. Current opinion held that they had been removed in a search for secreted money.

With the accumulated evidence before them, the five-man coroner's jury lost little time in recommending the arrest of Hawkins as wholly, or partly, responsible for Jansen's death.

Hawkins was taken into custody immediately. He offered no resistance. Moreover, he professed total ignorance of the crime. He did not try to shift the blame onto anyone else, nor did he make any suggestion toward a different summing up of the evidence; he just didn't know anything about it.

Yes, Jansen held a mortgage on his farm and certain livestock; but that was a recorded business contract which no death could resolve. Yes, he had brought Jansen out from Indianola that December evening, but it was only a neighborly gesture terminating at Hammond's Corner. Yes, he had spent considerable money since January; but it was only the results of a good crop. Yes, he had filled the well, but only as a safety measure; he didn't know there was anything at the bottom of it. Yes, the North Platte affair was true; but it was only an effort to learn the facts about the reward offer. The tramp-killing item had been only a joke and immediately forgotten. He had no alibis, no ideas. The whole deal was simply beyond his understanding.

To offset the pleas of innocence, several witnesses claimed to have seen Hawkins in possession of a watch that resembled Jansen's. Unfortunately, some confusion with a couple of other watches the former had used for trading precluded any definite conclusion. Hawkins' house was searched without results. No trace of the black bag or other Jansen effects was ever found.

Under cross-examination, Mrs. Carrol stated that the suspected man had asked her to wash a bloodstained quilt while she and her husband were staying at his place in January. She described the dried bloodstain as being about the size of a hat. Inclement weather at the time had caused her to bypass the task. The quilt had meanwhile disappeared.

Two men were found who claimed to

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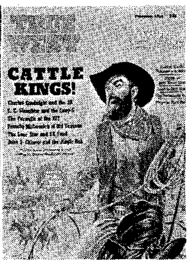

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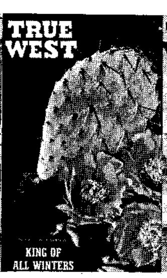
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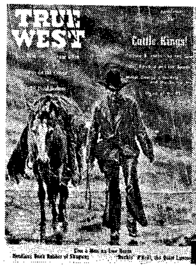
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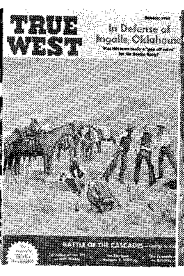
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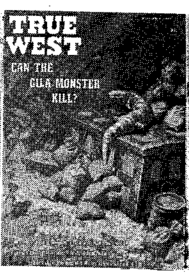
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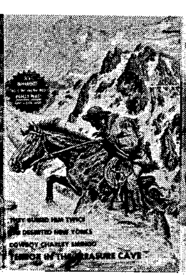
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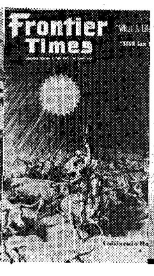
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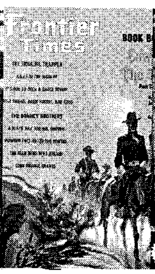
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have heard Hawkins threaten to "knock the old man off," if he didn't quit pestering about his interest payments. Another acquaintance, who knew of the mortgage, said Hawkins had lowered his head and driven away without answering when asked how he was getting along with the old fellow who held the papers on his place.

ALL IN ALL, it was an imposing array of circumstantial evidence that faced Hawkins in the Stockville courtroom on December 12, 1898. He still professed his know-nothing innocence.

His defense challenged the slaying charge with half a dozen witnesses who claimed to have seen Jansen alive in February and March. They also produced a Bartley merchant who stated he had lent Mr. Hawkins $100.00 in July. Mrs. Hawkins likewise said she had given her husband $119.00 in small amounts that spring. She and her son both declared the sewing machine had been bought with her personal funds and the bicycle with his. There was a scattering of testimony in Hawkins' favor from other sources, but it was too weak to sway the jury.

The twelve good men and true returned from their nine-hour huddle, the morning of December 22, to hand in a verdict of guilty.

It was at this juncture that the fantastic parade of Hawkins incongruities reached its final climax. In the brief, tense interlude before District Judge George W. Norris, pronounced the sentence of life imprisonment, Sheriff Bradbury discovered the prisoner had a loaded revolver concealed on his person. The man ran true to form to the very last.

Though conjectures about associated conspirators for whom Hawkins took the rap were neighborhood gossip for the next quarter-century, no other indictments were ever made. The unexplained angles of the case, whatever they were, remained behind Hawkins' sealed lips to the end.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 39)

Ezekiel became a prominent, respected citizen of the Cherokee Nation, who served in the Union army during the Civil War and afterward, in 1867, was made sheriff of Going Snake District. He would have gone down in the annals of history as a lawman and member of the Cherokee Council—a place appointed only to the best characters—except for the incident in 1871 at Going Snake Courthouse that literally shot him into widespread notoriety.

Mr. Proctor had gone to see a white man named Beck who ran a corn mill near Tahlequah. One version is that, as sheriff, he went to arrest Beck; another is that his business with the white man was personal. A brief quarrel ensued and as Proctor raised his gun to shoot, Beck's Indian wife ran between them and received the fatal bullet. Beck ran around the mill and escaped.

At that time the tribal courts claimed jurisdiction where the parties involved were all Indians, and the U. S. courts claimed jurisdiction where one party was white. The tribal officers arrested Proctor on the charge of killing the Indian woman.

Beck, in the meantime, had gone to Fort Smith, Arkansas, and filed charges against him for the attempted murder of himself, a white man.

A party was organized which included Paul Jones, an old scout; White Sut Beck, an Indian and relative of the dead woman; Eugene Bracken, a Muskogee pioneer; and several others headed by Major Owens. They went to the mill and, learning that his trial was then being held at Going Snake by the Cherokee court, they went there.

The posse decided to wait and see if the Cherokee court would turn Zeke loose on the plea of accidental shooting; if so, they would then arrest him on the charge of attempted murder of Beck.

The room was full of Indians, mostly armed. An Indian bailiff met them at the door and invited them in. White Sut Beck, seeing Proctor, raised his gun and the Indians, thinking this a signal for an attack on them, opened fire, and the shooting became general. Judge Alberty, along with Major Owens and several others—both federal men and Indians—were killed. The nearest count of the number killed is eleven or twelve. Proctor escaped with only a slight wound.

This fracas widened the gulf of discord already existing between the U.S. and Indian authorities and the President ordered a thorough investigation of the case. A long controversy ensued in which charges and counter-charges were made on both sides. It was finally settled with no individual being punished on either side. As for Mr. Proctor, the murder charge against him was dismissed but the regular pattern of his life was disrupted.

THERE WAS ONCE a stage stop near Siloam Springs, Arkansas, half in Arkansas and half in the Cherokee Nation. There was a white line down the middle of the floor, dividing the two states, and when border characters were sought by the sheriff in Arkansas, they would casually step over the line into the Cherokee Nation or vice versa.

Whether Proctor took advantage of this or not, there is no report but because many of his belligerent activities were staged around the border towns, he was caught more than once in Arkansas.

His defense lawyer was the famous Wythe Walker of Fayetteville. It is alleged that Mr. Walker finally arranged a meeting between Zeke and the marshal at which each signed an agreement that if Zeke would lay down his guns, the marshal would stop pursuing him. Probably from this story and the compromise between the two nations sprang the legend that Zeke was the only party with whom the Government ever signed a private peace treaty.

True or not, Mr. Proctor subsequently found himself in the "right places at the right times." He was a member of the Cherokee National Council in 1878. In 1894, when Sheriff Walking Stick was killed, Zeke was appointed sheriff in his place. At one time he also served as U.S. marshal under Judge Isaac Parker in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

We may assume the calmness of his later life was broken only by skirmishes with the outlaws he was expected to arrest. He died a natural death and is buried in a rural cemetery near his home —with his guns on.

TRIAL BY JURY

By T. W. Paterson

LIKE THE AMERICAN WEST, law did not come easily to the Canadian frontier. Often the Crown presented evidence which overwhelmingly indicated a prisoner's guilt, only to have the

(Continued on page 68)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

GREAT EXPLORERS!

President Thomas Jefferson organized the greatest exploratory expedition in American history when he sent his friend, Meriwether Lewis, and party to discover the unknown resources of the Upper Missouri and the Columbia River basins.

In a new biography, *Meriwether Lewis* (Coward-McCann, $6.95), the author, Richard Dillon, describes the achievements, and reviews the failures of this complex explorer whose unexplainable demise shocked a nation. After some introductory pages giving Jefferson's reasons for initiating the western expedition, the book deals with Lewis as the key man whose wisdom in planning was largely responsible for its success. His detailed report of Indians, resources and opportunities eventually triggered our national western migration, settlement and development program.

Welcomed as a hero by his countryman, Lewis was appointed Governor of Louisiana Territory, but failed because of overwhelming fiscal and personnel matters and political pressures. He decided to go to Washington for advice and help but met death in a wayside hotel on the Natchez Trace. The author presents a number of theories advanced to explain the Governor's mysterious death but he admits that the truth still is unknown. Highly recommended.

Howard S. Aronson's *Zeb Pike* (Naylor, $3.95) is a simply written story of western exploration for the small fry. There are ten big color plates—some of them very good indeed, plus other drawings by Fred Darge. The attempt to locate the source of the Mississippi and later the trip to the Rockies where Pike discovered the peak named for him make entertaining reading for all. An easy-to-take history lesson.

EARLY SAN FRANCISCO

A French Journalist in the California Gold Rush (The Talisman Press, $12.50) is made up of the letters of Etienne Derbec as edited by A. P. Nasatir. Derbec was at the diggings and spent some time at San Francisco during the Gold Rush days. Later Derbec edited the famous San Francisco newspaper *Echo Du Pacifique* and most of his career was spent in California. The footnotes by Dr. Nasatir are based on much research. The preface tells of his search for Derbec material and the introduction covers a rather detailed account of the life and work of Derbec in California. This is a good job of book making with map endsheets, illustrations, notes and an index. And it is a real first class contribution to our knowledge of the French in the Gold Rush when some 32,000 of them were in the diggings at the heights of the excitement.

San Francisco As It Is (Talisman Press, ($10.00) edited by Kenneth M. Johnson, presents the bay city as it was in 1850-1852 according to the stormy headlines and caustic editorials of the pioneer newspaper, the San Francisco *Picayune*. A rash of newspapers sprouted up to report the news of the booming West Coast city but most of them soon withered away under competition from the sturdier *Picayune*. The paper played up the social life of the new glitter set that circulated around the splendid theatres, hotels and aristocratic watering places. Editors righteously deplored the criminal acts of the First Vigilance Committee headed by the excommunicated Mormon, Sam Brannan. Fires were constantly in the news until the city fathers outlawed building of inflammable wooden structures that burned and threatened the whole city with extinction. The introduction by editor Kenneth M. Johnson, the section on rare early San Francisco photographs and maps are important features of this book.

MORE TREASURE TRAILS

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old-time movie fans and also will give youngsters a close-up of the early moving picture history.

LAST DAYS OF THE FUR TRADE

The Fur Trade on the Upper Missouri 1840-1865 (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by John E. Sunder recounts the last twenty-five years of fur exploitation in the Big Muddy basin. Prior to 1840 the fur trade had been pioneered by Ashley, Henry, Bridger, Fitzpatrick, Glass and many others already accounted for by several historians. Less is known about the era after 1840, when the trade was dominated by Pierre Choteau of the American Fur Company and many small cutthroat competitors. Business and cultural life in the Upper Missouri basin hummed about the far-flung trading posts where hostile Indians and white outlaws were a constant threat. The author has crowded in an immense lot of fascinating detail about fur trappers, as well as trade and the warfare with Indians. This was the era when river steamboats carried supplies upstream and returned with furs, robes and other pelt for receivers in St. Louis. Riverboating is one of the best features of this commendable book. The excellent illustrations and long bibliography are other worthy additions.

A DIFFERENT COOK BOOK

Peg Bracken makes cooking easy with *The I Hate to Cook Book* (Crest Book, 50c), a collection of 180 quick recipes for tasty snacks, outdoor eating and basic meals. Her comic style and crazy names for dishes, like Hellzapoppin Cheese Rice, make the book fun to read. Her wide coverage of U. S. recipes provide broad choices for people with different cultural and geographic origins. Also there are numerous dishes for western palates including Sweep Steak, Skid Road Stroganoff, Pedro's Special, Let 'er Buck and Tia Juana Tamales. This is a bargain cook book.

BRACERO!

The shift from hand labor to cotton picking machinery in the Texas Lower Rio Grande Valley in the late 1950s and early 1960s is a modern example of the effects of mechanization on people, communities and industry. The facts of how the Department of Labor solved Mexican wetback and bracero labor problems makes up the content of a cleverly written book, *Vanishing Bracero*, (Naylor, $2.95) by Rio Grande Valley cotton ginner, John J. McBride.

The wetback era came to a virtual end and cotton picking became mechanized following a climax of legal battles between cotton farmers and the Labor Department. While the decision almost eliminated braceros as a laboring class in the United States, mechanization increased net production to farmers who reluctantly had given in. McBride tells an impartial story laced with sufficient comedy to hold the reader's interest.

FRONTIER PANORAMA

Anyone wanting a quick review of historic events of the Great Plains and Northern Rockies will enjoy the reprint of *Vanguards of the Frontier* (University of Nebraska Press, $1.85) by Everett Dick. The twenty-three chapters cover at least one topic of interest to most any western buff and the variety extends from fur trapping to dry farming. There are acceptable accounts of the fur companies, mountain men, military actions, Indians and missionaries in the first chapters. The key events of overland adventure include the Mormon trek, the Oregon and California Trails, gold seekers, stage driving, pony express, freighting and railroad building. There are two fine chapters on cattle driving and early ranching in the Great Plains and another throws some highlights on sheep ranching and the cattle-sheep wars. Illustrations by Bodmer from the hard cover edition turned out well and the excellent bibliography and copious index will appeal to readers.

INDIAN ALLIES

Apache Indian Scouts (Privately printed by the author, 1111 Vista Grande Road, El Cajon, California, 92020, $3.00) is by Colonel H. B. Wharfield, USAF, (Retired). As a lieutenant in the 10th Cavalry in 1918, Colonel Wharfield commanded a detachment of Indian Scouts. His interest in the Scouts was steadfast from that time on and upon his retirement he did much research on their services in the official records. He also searched the files of the magazines and newspapers and bit by bit assembled the material for his worthwhile booklet. Some new material on the deportation of Geronimo (Chapter 4) and on the legal affairs of the Apache Kid (Chapter 6) are of particular interest. Actual cases of the various enlistments and discharges of several Indian Scouts illustrate their intermittent services and explains why many of them did not earn retirement pay.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 66)

accused released by a friendly jury. One such verdict was remembered by Charles Taylor, the last original pioneer of the Vancouver Island community of Alberni, who died in December, 1964, at age eighty-six.

He told me, "The Anderson mill was one of the first export mills on this coast. Originally started to export ship's spars, it operated for five years. Formed by a British syndicate, the mill acquired almost 1,600 acres from the British Government. Also included were several hundred acres of good bottom land on the Alberni Canal, which were cleared and fenced in as a farm.

"This land was stocked with livestock, and vegetables were planted, under the charge of a man named Henry," Mr. Taylor recounted. "Henry planted potatoes in the lower end of the farm. Nearby was a slough that extended in from a harbor, deep enough to float a canoe at high tide.

"About harvest time, Henry, in looking over his crops, found that a number of rows had been dug and the potatoes removed. Nearby, he found marks in the mud where a canoe had landed, and prints of bare feet leading to his vegetable patch."

Deciding to wait for the thieves the following night, Henry loaded a musket with dried peas, but "probably dropped in a few buckshot," and hid behind some bushes.

Before long, he heard a canoe being paddled up the slough and landing at the bank. He could just make out several figures stealing into the field and beginning to dig. Raising his musket, Henry fired at the nearest thief, striking him between the eyes. The intruder fell dead over the sack of potatoes he was filling. His companions escaped in the darkness.

Bending over the body, that of an Indian, Henry realized with a shock that the man was dead. He staggered back to his cabin dazedly, calling to his part-

Charles Taylor

ner, "Jack, I'm afraid I've shot an Indian."

"The news soon spread," recalled Mr. Taylor, "and Malcolm Sproat, manager of the Anderson mill, who also served as magistrate, was notified. He immediately called an inquest and selected a jury. After all the evidence had been presented, he instructed the jury to retire to consider a verdict.

"But Henry was a popular man and no one wanted to condemn him, so the ruling reached was that the Indian had died from 'falling from a precipice.'

"Well, Sproat was shocked, to say the least. He told the jury that the verdict was absurd, as the country was flat for miles around, and sent them back to reconsider. They soon filed back in with the decision that the Indian died 'from the bite of a dog!'"

Disgusted, Sproat dismissed the jury and ordered that Henry be held and sent under guard to Victoria, the province's capital. But somehow—the facts are lost—aided by friends, Henry escaped and fled the country, never to be seen again.

THE NAMING OF A SPRING

By Reed H. Blake

NORTH of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado near the Utah line, a spring of cool water bubbles out from the base of a large red hill. The first white settlers in the area, long a watering place for Navajo and Paiute Indians, were massacred by the red men. As new settlers moved onto the site, a fort was built for protection and it became an important cattle-buying and shipping point.

Today it is Pipe Spring National Monument, "a historic Mormon fort which commemorates a significant phase of the great westward movement by the American pioneer."

The naming of the location, by the first white men to visit the spring, occurred in the fall of 1858.

William "Gunlock Bill" Hamblin, famed hunter and Indian fighter in whose honor Gunlock, Utah, is named, rode southwest with a party of men from the little southern Utah settlement of Santa Clara. Led by his brother, the immortal frontiersman and peacemaker, Jacob Hamblin, the party was going into the Indian land south of the Colorado, to the Moquis people in particular, in an effort to obtain an eight-year-old white boy who was supposedly stolen. William Hamblin, like most of the other men in the party, was experienced and capable of making the journey into this area where few white men had dared venture.

He had come west ten years earlier, driving a team across the plains for George A. Smith, one of the apostles in the Mormon Church. After reaching the Mountain West he had worked for Smith a few years, at which time he received the nickname "Gunlock," for his skill in repairing firearms for the early settlers in Utah Territory.

"Bill Hamblin," Smith once marked, "could make a leather spring for a gun which would work all right."

THE GROUP had been traveling for three days when they reached the Indian watering hole then called "Yellow Rock Water" by the natives.

Gunlock Bill was considered at this time the best rifle shot in the Southwest. Knowing he would readily accept a wager, some of the men tricked him into shooting at a handkerchief at fifty paces. The handkerchief was made of silk and, when hung by the upper edge only, gave way to the force of a bullet—a fact unknown by Hamblin.

When he failed to produce a hole, Bill was not only angered, but confused. He turned the handkerchief over in his hands. Then, in an effort to redeem himself, Bill turned to Dudley Leavitt who stood smoking a meerschaum pipe he had purchased while a member of the Mormon Battalion.

"I'll shoot that pipe out of your mouth," Hamblin said and bet him $50.00 he could.

Leavitt refused, but placed the pipe on a rock near the spring. In his quick, sure manner Hamblin raised the rifle, then stopped.

"Face the bowl toward me," he commanded.

The pipe was turned. Gunlock Bill promptly and neatly shot the bottom of the bowl out without touching the rim—hence the name, Pipe Spring.

VISITOR IN THE NIGHT

By Russ Underwood

WAY BACK in 1911, boys of the near-pioneer times had to improvise their pleasures, especially in the small Idaho town where I was raised.

I used to look forward to summer when I could strap a bed roll, frying pan, slab of sow belly, flour and trout flies on my back, and hike way back in the mountains for a week or ten days of roughing it. Scattered throughout the mountains were scores of prospectors' cabins, none of which were ever locked up in those days.

When the spring thaw set in, the old-timers would start out for the mountains with their grubstakes to put in a summer of prospecting.

They would build these cabins out of logs, put in a wood burning stove, build a bunk, a table, a chair or two, and with a few pots, pans and dishes, they were ready for business. The men were always able to pan enough gold out of the mountain streams during the summer to take care of their small needs during the winter in town and still have a grubstake for the next trip.

Vandals and petty thieves were few and far between in those days and anybody could use a vacant cabin as long as he left it as he found it. This particular summer, an old prospector friend of my dad's was on a trip to Alaska so I knew his cabin would be unoccupied; it was my destination. Realizing it would be after dark when I arrived, I had fixed some sandwiches. After my long hike I sat down by the mountain stream and ate before going into the cabin. I didn't bother with lighting the lamp, just threw

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my blanket on the bunk and was soon fast asleep.

I don't know how long I had slept but something caused me to become wide awake all of a sudden. I had a strange feeling that I was not alone in the cabin and as I lay there dead still (the only noise being the sound of the creek in front of the cabin), I heard what sounded like someone breathing heavy and a deep sigh. I couldn't tell where it was coming from.

The moon was beginning to shine in the one window and as my eyes became more accustomed to the darkness, it seemed like I could make out something or somebody lying on the rafters directly over my head. I thought at first that it was my imagination but pretty soon I was able to make out a human face looking down at me. It was oval in shape and very white against the darkness of the cabin. I could make out what looked like long black hair hanging down from the face and moving back and forth in the breeze coming from the open window.

I started to slowly edge off the bunk as a pair of eyes followed me inch by inch. When my feet touched the floor, I lost no time in getting out of that place.

Outside the cabin I stood for what seemed like ages not knowing what to do, when I saw a lantern bobbing up and down the mountain trail. It kept getting closer and closer and at last I could hear voices. I couldn't run to meet them as I didn't have any shoes on and I was too darned scared to go back inside the cabin to get them. When they finally got close enough, I could see three men; two were officers of the law.

They asked me if I had seen a woman roaming around, but I was too scared to talk. All I could do was stutter and point toward the cabin. They disappeared inside and in a few moments reappeared with what looked like a wild woman. The officers explained that she was the wife of the third man with them. He was the hostler at the half-way house where the stage stopped to change horses and to allow passengers to eat.

The woman had been a mental patient and had gone berserk earlier in the day and seriously injured two of her small children.

You can rest assured I didn't do any more sleeping that night. This experience left such a deep impression on me that to this day as I lie in bed at night I can often see that white oval face and those staring eyes looking down at me.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 5)

him. When he came out with the fellows (I never will forget this) he took off across the jail lot, down a back street, with no hat on. No one ever saw him again. We broke into the cops' office and got fifty quarts of whiskey. It was I. W. Harper, good whiskey, 100 proof. The bootleggers were doing big business that night—crap games along the sidewalk.

About that time the county attorney, sheriff and his deputies arrived from Eldorado, Kansas, the county seat. They didn't try to stop us. After the sheriff arrived, one cop came walking down the street, gun in hand. Some guy threw a brick, and got this cop in the back of the head. He went down and out just like a light. The fellows went to kicking him in the face and head—blood all over. Two of the deputies stopped us and took him out of town; that was the last of him.

The chief and his brother went to Oklahoma and were lawmen there about a year. Then the two were shot and killed. They were tough guys.

I am not in the best of health. The old hands, eyes and nerves are not as good as they used to be. I could tell you more about this—it would make a long story—but is too much writing. Come on, you fellows who were in on this, and you guys who were in jail, let me hear from you—and that little Irishman, also.—Clarence Esley, 36 Oak Knoll Loop, Walnut Creek, California.

Ella Ewing

Dear Sirs:

Hi thar! Just couldn't resist writing to thank you for publishing, and Bess Meredith for writing, the fine article on Miss Ella Ewing. I was born and reared in the next county to Miss Ewing, and to us here she was never just a circus attraction, but a wonderful, warm-hearted person.

Having spent many years of my life as a student and researcher of Western Americana, I can truly say that the articles in your publications are by far the best and most authentic of any magazine published.

My own State has produced some outstanding personalities from the wild West viewpoint, and my interest for the West was sparked when as a child an old, old man told tales of his adventures along the Santa Fe Trail, and in Mexico. My own county was notorious prior to, during, and just after the Civil War, for its outlaws, bushwhackers, and horse thief gangs (the Fox River outlaws, for instance). It claims the farthest north fought battle of the Civil War (at Athens) and has a two-day observance of same every year.—Kenneth Doud, Rt. 1, Revere, Missouri 63465.

Mystery Solved

Sirs:

In your May edition of FRONTIER TIMES, page 19, is an article about Trementina, New Mexico. I was in that little town for six weeks in 1918. It was a nice little Mexican village; all buildings were well kept. The main industry was sheep and goats. Then it had a Methodist Mission, a nice hospital, with a nurse all the time, post office and store.

There were just three American women, the nurse, postmistress and myself. (I am now eighty-one years old and still working.) I stayed at the hospital the six weeks. My youngest child was born there forty-seven years ago. The doctor was thirty miles away with the Rio Grande between. And when I needed the doctor, the Rio Grande was out of banks and the doctor could not get across. If it had not been for the good Mexican women and the nurse at Trementina, I would not be here. We lived on Bell Ranch fifteen miles from Trementina, and that was our post office. I could hardly realize a town could go down like it did.—Bessie V. Gardner, 1315 E. Colorado, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

Dear Sir:

We have thoroughly enjoyed your article and pictures of Trementina. In July of 1962 we made a special trip to this ghost town—only spent a couple of hours, but we took some very good pictures. When we were there, the bell was in the church steeple. The old piano and the seats were in place in the church. Two houses were in fair condition. The flooring had been removed from most of the rooms of one house.

From the road (State road 65) it is approximately three-fourths to one mile to the church across the pasture. Farther down the road a short distance is the creek, and you will find ruins.

A woman in Tucumcari had told us that Trementina was not a ghost town and that people still lived there. So we thought maybe we were on the wrong road, since they do change the road now and then. We had planned to go back again and maybe find out just where we were. But since your article came out in FRONTIER TIMES, we are sure of the place. We do plan to return there some time this summer.—Mrs. Fannie Groom and Mrs. Mable Lee Ray, 1006 N. 3rd, Lamesa, Texas.

Correction

Dear Mr. Small:

In your March, 1965, FRONTIER TIMES, the story, "Marked For Death," by Dorothea M. Fox, has a picture of a Ranger listed as Carl Hochner. His real name is Carl Kirchner and his wife is still living at Barksdale, Texas. She has one of these pictures.

I enjoy your magazine very much.—Edna Wheat Beam, 917 Hillcrest, Kerrville, Texas 78028.

Thanks, Edna. The handwriting on the back of old pictures is often impossible to decipher correctly. I'm sure the author will be grateful for this new information about this rare photograph.

Can You Help?

Dear Sir:

Before reading Mr. Abdill's story, "Battle at the Cascades," my son Jeff, Gus Slaughter, and I searched the area from the Lower Cascades to the Upper Cascades for the old garrison once under the command of Phil Sheridan. We found the old portage railroad bed, along with a 3½-foot section of narrow gauge rail, a two-pronged marker that once held a signboard, and numerous railroad spikes.

In your story, the map indicates Bradford's Store and the spot where the steamer *Mary* was anchored during the battle. Between these two points we dug up an old Army canteen with the following name on it: J. H. Rohrma, Dec. 29, '64 and these letters followed the name—NCOUNT. The canteen and other relics were dug up from a depth of from ten inches to three feet with the help of a metal detector.

Would any of your readers know (1) who Rohrma was and what the letters mean following his name; (2) where the old garrison was located and can parts of it still be found today?

We would appreciate any information.—Alvin R. Leichner, 3736 N. E. 18th Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97212.

Howdy Pat:

Not long ago I was out rabbit hunting and an old letter blew against my leg. It must have come from one of the old houses in Elk City (Oklahoma). The letter is dated April 20, 1893, Pearmond (or Pearmont), Montana. It was written by Mrs. Eula H. Goodnight to her cousins, Ida and Jerry Lauderdale.

Mrs. Goodnight was nineteen years old and her husband was twenty-nine. She said they had arrived at the N-N Ranch at Pearmond on April 9. (I have been unable to find this town on the map.) They had to stay at Wolf Point for a week because the river was so high they could not cross. Did she mean the Missouri? I don't want to pry into someone's private life, but I think it would be interesting to find out who these people were and what became of them if anyone can help.—Billy Ray Webb, 1213 LiveOak, Midwest City, Oklahoma.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to hear from anyone who has pictures of the building of the Union Pacific Railroad from the beginning. My grandfather was at the driving of the golden spike and left a diary about it. His name was Nils Lindgren and he later lived at Ortonville, Minnesota. I would also like to find a picture of the Minnesota Chief threshing machine, as my grandfather owned one.—W. E. Swanson, 253 Born Street, Secaucus, New Jersey.

Dear Joe:

In 1886 Geronimo was running wild and Washington was having no luck in capturing him. They sent for the mighty Second Cavalry from San Francisco to do the job. The Second was sent to Fort McDowell near Phoenix, then overland across barren country in May to Ft. Lowell near Tucson. The supplies and families went in escort wagons; I was three weeks old.

I remember my mother telling about that trip. Some of the horses got sore backs and the troopers had to walk and lead them. Then the troopers got sore feet and begged to ride in the escort wagons. I also remember Mother telling of how hot it was in the adobe quarters of Ft. Lowell. She would pin me onto a wet blanket and hang it between the two adobes to get a little air.

When Geronimo surrendered, the Second was sent back to San Francisco. I went back to see what was left of Fort Lowell, seventy-six years later. Wonder if there are any of the old Second left? My father was Joseph Davis, A troop, Second Cavalry, the ones who found Custer's outfit on the Little Big Horn.—Fred Davis, 3100 Washington Street, Vancouver, Washington.

Dear Sirs:

I have read your informative magazines for four years. If you can't help me, I don't believe anyone can. My father was guarding the Texas border at the time of Pancho Villa's raids. He is deceased and we have very little information on this period of his life. If anyone knew him at that time or later, we would appreciate hearing from them.

His name was Earle Collins. At that time he was a boy in his teens serving with the Indiana National Guard. I think he was on the border about one year. From there, he went to France and later served in Panama.—Patricia Collins, 817 Joseph Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70115.

Dear Sir:

I am trying to find the descendents of my great-uncles, Delbert and Jay Glenn. They were born around Austin, Texas. I think their father was a surveyor. My grandmother (their sister) was named Mary Cornelia. I seem to remember that part of the family lived in Butte, Montana.—Mrs. James A. Green, 4806 Kinglet, Houston, Texas.

Dear Joe:

I would so like to know if any of your old-timers remember my great-aunt, Ada (or Addie) Stewart, who operated a boarding house in Sonora, Texas, about 1898-1900. Or if they remember a cowboy by the name of Bailey Pool, who was stone deaf but an excellent lip reader, and who many times when I was a child told me of his adventures on the cattle trails of Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Kansas. If living, these two would be considerably past a hundred years old. Please let me hear from anyone who knew them. Their lives were wonderful. Any letters will be promptly answered.—Mrs. Leslie A. Clark, P. O. Box 315, Thrall, Texas.

(Continued on next page)

Miscellaneous

BARBED WIRE WANTED! Old and unusual types. Send samples for appraisals. Jesse James, 3709 East 56th, Maywood, California.

20 RECIPES. "HOW TO COOK DOMESTIC and wild rabbits." $1.00. Lula Williams, 263 East 7200 South, Midvale, Utah.

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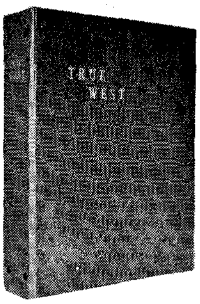

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Cattle Country

Dear Sir:

I read in your last issue about the rough string riders. I happen to be one of them like my old friend, Milt Hinkle. The L. F. D. boss didn't let no grass grow under his horses. I rode the Whitlock sorrel and broke the Rocky Mountain black, or broke at him, and several other black horses.

I broke horses two summers at the Yellow House Ranch and two summers at the Four Lake Ranch. I stayed one winter at the east camp of the Yellow House, at present the town of Littlefield. I worked for Hauphill, a good cowboy and all 'round hand. I crossed the Plains seven times with trail herds to the Z-L Ranch to Bovina shipping center.

I left the I. F. D. for Oregon. Here I worked for the Miller and Lux rough string, and believe me they were "ruff"; and then to Old Ft. Reno and from there to various Wild West shows. I worked in eight different western states. I worked with a lot of good cowboys that couldn't break horses, and rode with a lot of top bronc riders. Was bucked off twice, once on Whitlock sorrel, and on Sky Rocket in San Francisco.

We have taken FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST for several years, and we enjoy them very much. I see a lot of pieces about boys I used to know and work with. At present I am retired.—Luther Swanner, 1835 Glider Street, No. Las Vegas, Nevada.

Dear Editor:

Last week we received at the *Portales News-Tribune*, where I am Society Editor, a copy of FRONTIER TIMES with a flier attached, saying there was an article in it about our locality. I decided it must be "Rough String Rider," by Milt Hinkle, and sure enough, I hadn't read far until I found the name of someone I had known—Hamlin Hill—and a little farther on, the name of my home town.

I read the piece with great interest, and when I had finished, I called Mrs. Hamlin Hill for a chat about it. She remembered every one of the names I read to her out of the article and I promised to save it for her.

Mrs. Hill said she knew Milt Hinkle well. The Hills came to New Mexico in 1902 and this has been their headquarters since, although they visited around and worked on ranches over a big territory in West Texas and Eastern New Mexico. Hamlin—he's known around here as "Ham"—has been dead several years. I've heard a great deal about Buttermilk Smith, also mentioned in the article, but didn't know him personally.

I like FRONTIER TIMES and TRUE WEST very much and I always save every copy I get hold of—there is always something I'd like to keep for reference, or just to read again.—(Mrs.) Georgiana Cooper, 1206 W. Fir, Portales, New Mexico 88130.

Mining Country

Dear Editor:

I sure like the picture of the cover of the April FT. It seems so real. The man with his hand on gun looks like he is going to shoot his partner. That is what makes treasure hunting so dangerous. I was threatened with a gun two times in my life, treasure hunting. I don't care to be there when a treasure comes out as some of the bunch sometimes go crazy and want to kill his partners to get it all. I will stick to hunting mineral veins and deposits.

I read a story in the *California Mining Journal* last May about a rich stream bed in Bold Rock Canyon on the Middle Fork of the Feather River. Then a man wrote about finding a wash basin of gold in seven wheelbarrow-loads of gravel. He had the claims filed just where the water came out of the canyon. A man figured out a way to get in the canyon with a helicopter. He made one test hole. In a short time in the afternoon he recovered four ounces of gold that proved to him it's good placer ground. He is going to put in machinery and clear the canyon.

When I was prospecting in 1913 the Government estimated $6,000,000 in the canyon. I could never make anyone believe it was in there. That helicopter deal gives me a idea. Not far from there I took out $5,000 in gold in a period of five years right on top among the boulders. If a person with the right kind of equipment could fly machinery in there, there is a chance to shovel gold into buckets.

I know where there are lots of large silver veins and copper and quick silver, but I am too old to prospect anymore. I have many treasure and mining articles that I have written, but people don't believe me. I was called the crackpot of San Saba. I sure enjoy the TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES stories.—Thomas Moore, P. O. Box 1005, San Saba, Texas.

Every Man to His Own Taste

Howdy Pat:

I just read the story "Shadow of Shipman Park" and got quite a laugh when that trapper, Green, said, "One Porky was enough," 'cause it tasted like a pine tree. He was so right! Eat a porcupine that's been eating evergreen bark (if you're *that* hungry) and it's like eating a pine tree or cedar tree. But get one that's been living in hardwood timber and they don't taste too bad. Some people will kill one and skin it, then throw it to the dogs, 'cause after it's skinned it looks somewhat like a "baby with its head cut off"! Reason enough to "up-chuck" your breakfast anytime. And the author was right when he said that trapper was served a banquet. "Elk steak, spuds and gravy, hot biscuits, home-churned butter, coffee with cow's cream, and dried apple pie" is a *banquet* any day, even in these modern times. It sure as hell beats a T-V dinner!—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington.

Hoss Traders!

Dear Editor:

I am an African lad of Nigerian nationality, nineteen years old, five feet, three inches tall and weigh 140 pounds. I am seeking friends in all the wonderful country of America, regardless of age or sex and through your helping hand this could be achieved by having my name and address published in your educational paper.

I want to establish an exchange project: African origin articles for the American products. The articles include ebony carvings of elephants and human figures, Maks daggers, alligator skin purses, handbags, wallets, slippers, briefcases, and tanned skins as tiger, leopard, zebra, jaguar, antelope and others as well, in return for shirts, suits, jackets, sweaters, cameras, belts, hats, all in medium sizes.

Sir, I shall be very glad and my dreams all come to a reality by putting my request in your widely circulated paper.

May God in His holiness bless you and crown your efforts. Amen. Thanks in advance.—M. A. Fabolude, 2, Oak Street, Lagos, Nigeria, Africa.

Anybody Else for this Idea?

Gentlemen:

It is a sad day for me, although the sun is hammering at the Los Angeles smog, and the birds are exercising their vocal organs. They don't understand the predicament I am in, or I am sure their songs would be of a sad nature.

You see, I have been keeping the copies of your wonderful magazines for a long time. They have kept me in out of bad weather, and filled many hours with complete contentment. Some of them have made me sick, especially the prospecting and treasure stories. The fever finally leaves, sometimes after I have made a trip to the area where the millions are waiting, and I guess still are. Most of the time, the next issue just kindles the fire and the fever comes again.

Now my collection has grown to the point where I have trouble trying to find a particular story. And it always turns up in the very last magazine on the bottom of the pile. I was contemplating cutting all the treasure stories out, when a thought hit me about the same time we had the Alaskan earthquake. Why don't you print a book with all the treasure stories included? Then I could save my magazines.

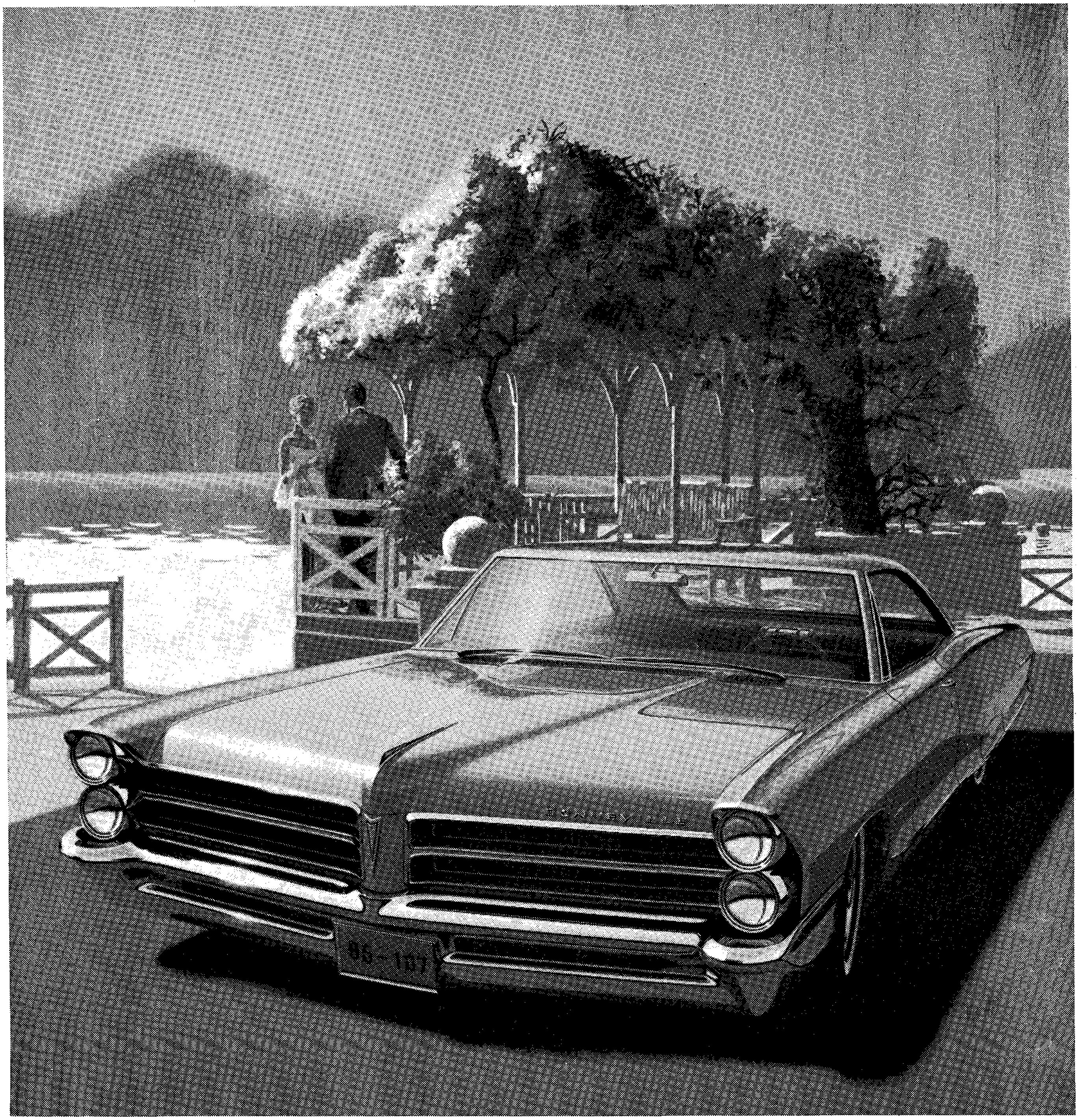
You see, it's like this. I don't want to destroy my magazines, yet it isn't practical to lug all of them around the country. And if I cut them up, I will probably feel worse than I do now. I'm sick, sad and uncomfortable.—Sam Wolfe, 11402 Bryant Road, El Monte, California.

How about hearing from more who want the same thing?

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. **Gold Coin Roller** *(see below)
Dr. Westacott, owner
2. **Plum pudding pan**
Sandhills Museum, Valentine, Nebraska
3. **Ice cream dipper**
Simpson Collection
4. **Wagon Odometer—to show mileage**
Sheridan County (Nebraska) Historical Society
5. **Baby pacifier**
Beeson Museum, Dodge City, Kansas
6. **Bed warmer (filled with hot coals)**
Harbaugh Museum, Wellington, Kansas
7. **Steelyards scales**
Harbaugh Museum
8. **Cabbage shredder**
Sandhills Museum
9. **Bread toaster**
Mrs. J. E. Moore Collection
10. **Butter dish**
V. Reynolds collection
11. **Reform pistol—4 rising barrels, 25 cal.**
Harbaugh Museum
12. **Sewing bird**
Mrs. J. E. Moore Collection

**Note to No. 1: Government minted coins, with hardening alloys added, were much stronger and more long lasting than pure gold. The Gold Coin Roller was used primarily by dentists to obtain gold for filling teeth. It was also used to get hard gold for belt buckles and other fancy metal work. Defacing coins was not illegal in the Old West.—Author.*



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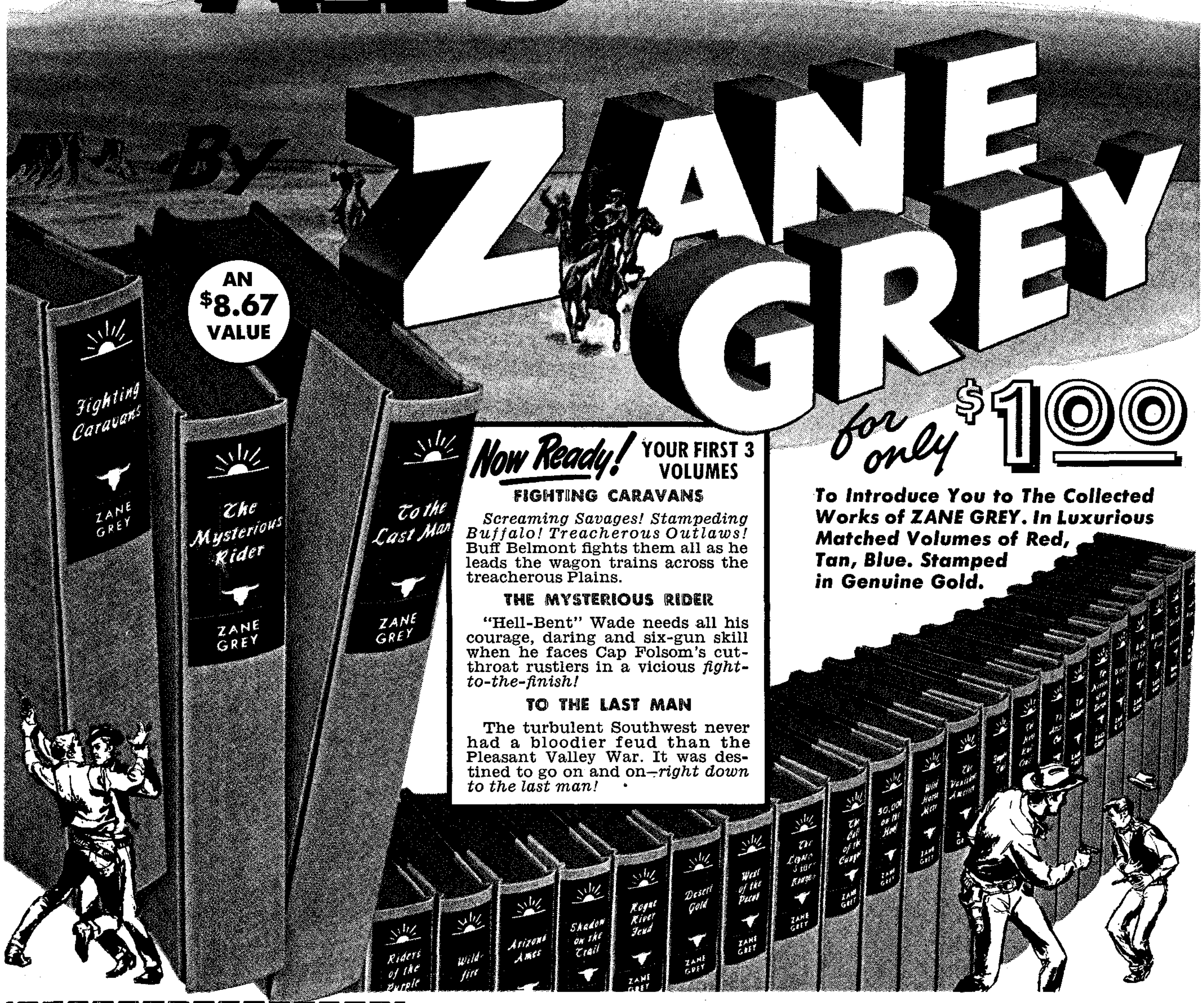

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